

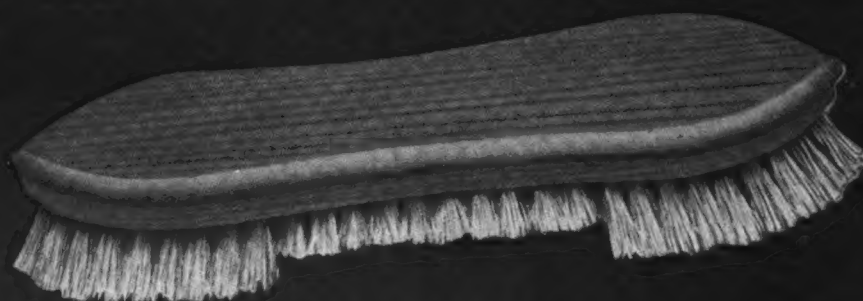
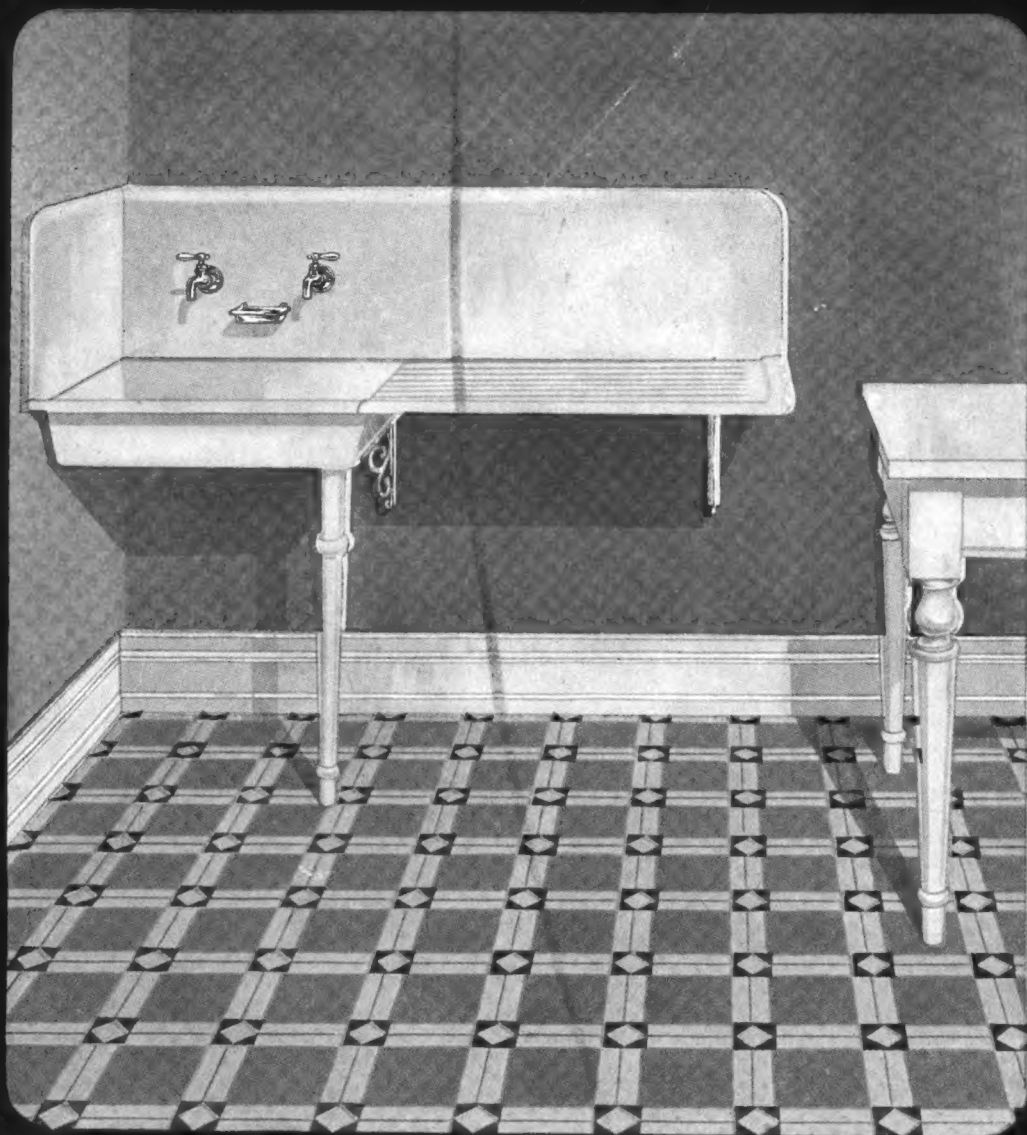
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Everybody's

Magazine



April 1919
20¢



Kitchen Economy

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"When I get down I'll break your head!" shouted Billy.

Illustration by Ernest Fuhr for "Tam o' the Scoots," Page 58.



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Germany—At the Beginning

By Herbert Corey

Everybody's Correspondent in Europe

FOREWORD

THIS is the story of the first American to enter Germany after hostilities had ceased—Mr. Herbert Corey, who has for more than a year been *Everybody's* war correspondent.

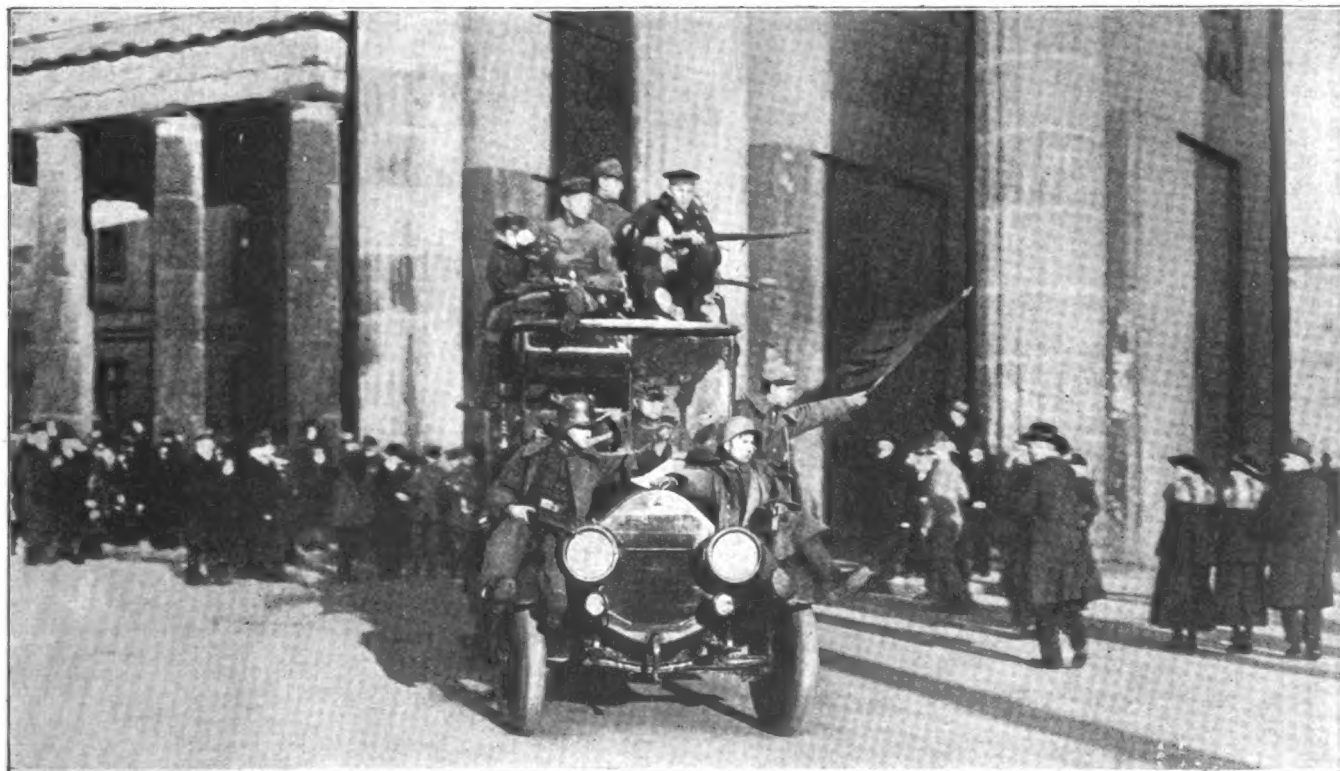
Ten days after the armistice was signed, and while the German armies were still in process of withdrawal from their former positions, Mr. Corey crossed the hostile lines. He felt that he could obtain an understanding of the conditions which brought about the German revolution and properly assess the revolution itself only by entering Germany.

To do so he drove into the midst of General von der Marwitz's Fifth German Army immediately after it had evacuated the region of Metz. At Trèves he encountered representatives of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council which had overturned the Hohenzollern dynasty—and was by them sent to Berlin. In two weeks he traveled more than twelve hundred miles by automobile and troop-train. He spent one week in Berlin itself.

The leaders of every faction talked with him—including Field-Marshal von Hindenburg and General von Groener, who is Ludendorff's successor. German staff-officers spoke of America's part in the war, and diplomats criticized the futile submarine campaign which had "fooled Germany, had not starved England and had forced in the United States."

Among the revolutionists only Liebknecht, then the leader of the German Bolsheviks, refused to be questioned. Scheidemann, of the Committee of Six, threw a new light upon the conditions which surrounded the Kaiser's abdication. Haase and Barth of the Council of Six revealed some of their plans for the future. The young leaders of the revolutionists talked with astonishing candor.

Events are moving rapidly in Germany—but what is happening to-day may be the more easily understood in the light of this vivid, first-hand account of the revolution in the process of formation.



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The red flag in Berlin. Soldiers of the Ebert Government on an armed car at the Brandenburg Gate.

ON THE surface the revolution in Germany seemed simple as a snowslide. It had either swept away or buried the things of the old order. Three days after it began the Kaiser was in Holland and the Crown Prince, in a soiled sweater, was borrowing the makings from a reporter; and twenty-odd pennyweight sovereigns were assuring the peoples that they had given up their thrones quite without reward or hope of future recompense. Plans were being made for a United States of Germany. Every one asserted that the future should be free.

That was the way it looked on the surface at the beginning. The army cheerfully took orders from a Workmen's and Soldiers' Council of revolting sailors and soldiers and disgruntled cabinet-makers and fed-up cobblers. The navy had become as democratic as a camp-meeting. Red flags floated everywhere alongside the flags of state. The Council of Six, appointed by the Socialistic organization of Berlin alone, sat at the big desks in the palaces of Administration on the Wilhelmstrasse. They ruled the country, so far as Germany was being ruled. The administrative machinery of the former imperial government had not been destroyed. New men were directing it. That was all.

The one note of discord was furnished by Liebknecht and his Spartacus group of agitators. Back of Liebknecht was the fear of Bolshevism and civil war.

That was the way the German revolution looked on the surface. Any one would have been justified in believing—at a distance—that the German Michel had at last found his soul. It looked—from a distance—as though a wave of freedom had washed away the autocratic dikes. The German problem promptly became the most interesting problem in the world. If this ferociously efficient nation of seventy million people had become really converted to democracy it might well set a world's pace. No one will deny German vigor. If the change of form had really been prompted by a change of heart, democracy and the square deal would be gainers.

Because of these things I went to Germany to investigate, ten days after the armistice went into effect. Germany was still an enemy country, but I wanted to see this revolutionary infant while it was still in its swaddling clothes. I wanted to see what it would grow into. I do not know precisely what I hoped to find. Sometimes I looked for a Germany under conviction of sin and full of penitence and hope. Again I suspected a fake revolu-

tion under cover of which the Kaiser and autocracy were sheltering. Over the frontier line in France we had known surprisingly little of what had happened in Germany. We saw only a few float facts on the surface current.

Every one I met in Germany apparently connived to aid me. Whether revolutionists or reactionaries, each sat down and took me into his full and intimate confidence. At least, I suspected that each tried to take me in. I traveled twelve hundred miles through Germany in two weeks and talked with leaders from Hin-

armies, praised Ebert very highly to me. Scheidemann told me that as late as November seventh he had tried to arrange the voluntary retirement of the Kaiser.

"Then there would have been a regency," he said. "One of the Kaiser's grandsons would have become the heir to the throne."

"Which one?" I asked.

"I do not remember the name," said he. "It is of no consequence."

Inasmuch as the whole institution of Kaiserism was then wobbling toward the gutter, I am unable to see in this offer of

Scheidemann's anything but an effort to save the structure which he theoretically attacked. There may be significance, too, in the order of the Secretary of War by which the officers of the German armies retained their posts and obeyed the revolutionists. The published reason, of course, was that only in this way could disorder and possible civil war be averted. The specter of Bolshevism might be seen in the east. Only the Liebknecht group, all out-and-out Reds, hoped for Bolshevism. They planned to tear down all in order that they might rebuild on their own chaotic plans.

It is important to understand that this German discontent culminated in a very real revolution, however cynical and sordid its motives may have been. Whether or not there is a real urge toward democracy now in Germany, I am convinced that autocracy is done for. All his life, Michel has been surrounded by kings and *verboten*s, and every time he looked up from his daily toil some one assured him that he loved them both. Then the revolution swept them both away and Michel suddenly discovered that he had not loved after all. He found himself on the road to freedom, without precisely understanding what freedom is or how far he might have to travel to find it. The German problem is no less interesting because it is not one hundred per cent. democratic; but it is not quite so promising.

I propose to relate my experience during the first weeks of the German revolution, because what was then revealed aids in the effort to comprehend what has happened since. As a premise one fact and a set of formulas are to be set forth. The fact will hardly be questioned, I believe. It was certainly insisted on by almost every man to whom I talked while in Germany. It is supported by history and not denied by the present. It is that:

"The German is not politically minded. He is interested in many things more than in his political 'rights.' For the most part he has taken his opinions ready-made."

Of this I believe that is sustained by our

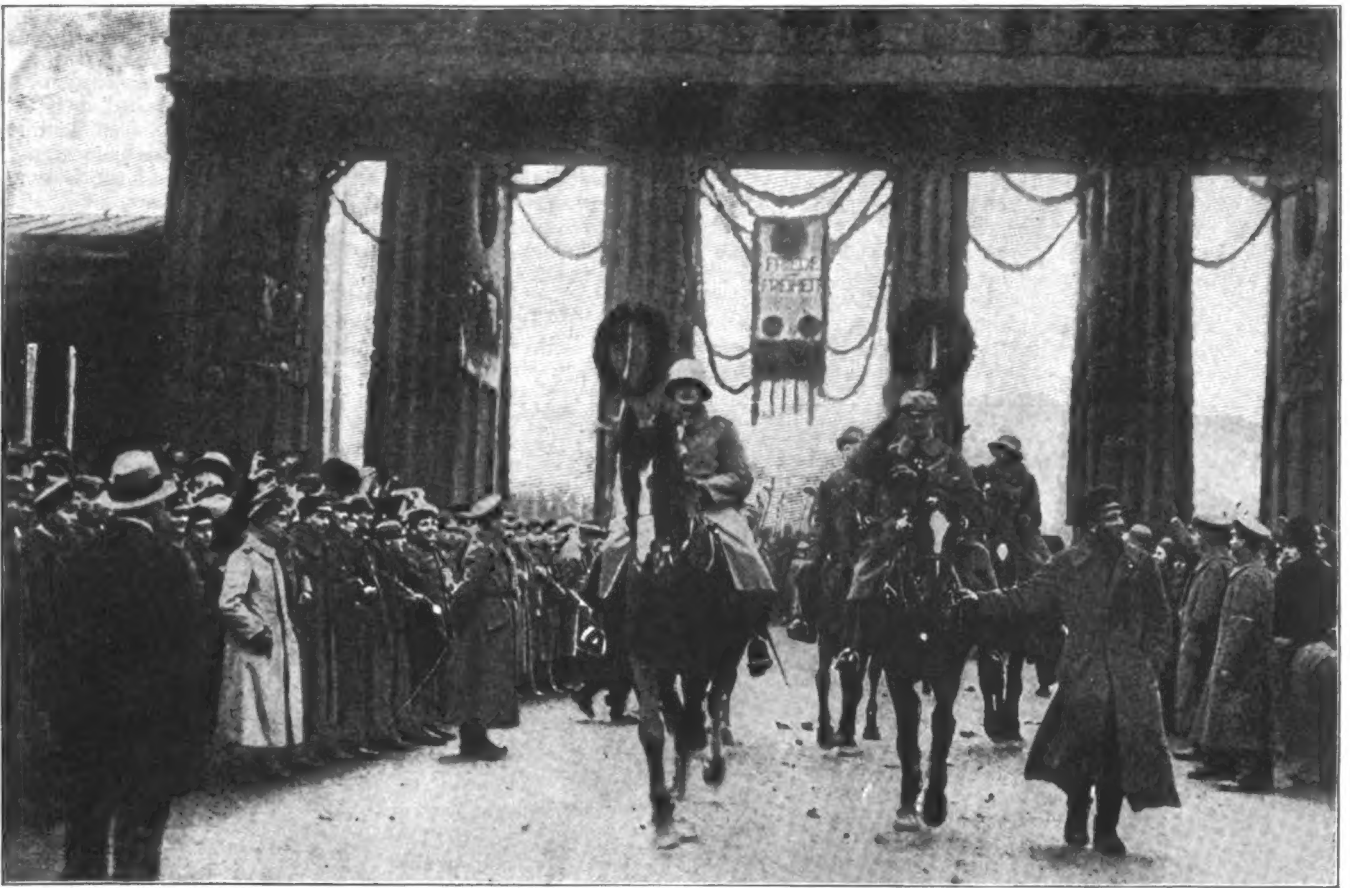


Philipp Scheidemann and Friedrich W. Ebert, Majority Socialists, the leading figures in the formation of the new German Government in November, 1918.

denburg to Haase and was filled with statistics to the saturation point. In Europe they call this process "propagandizing." One can hardly visit a European country nowadays without being propagandized. Sometimes the effort to convince is so very obvious that the patient becomes wary and suspicious.

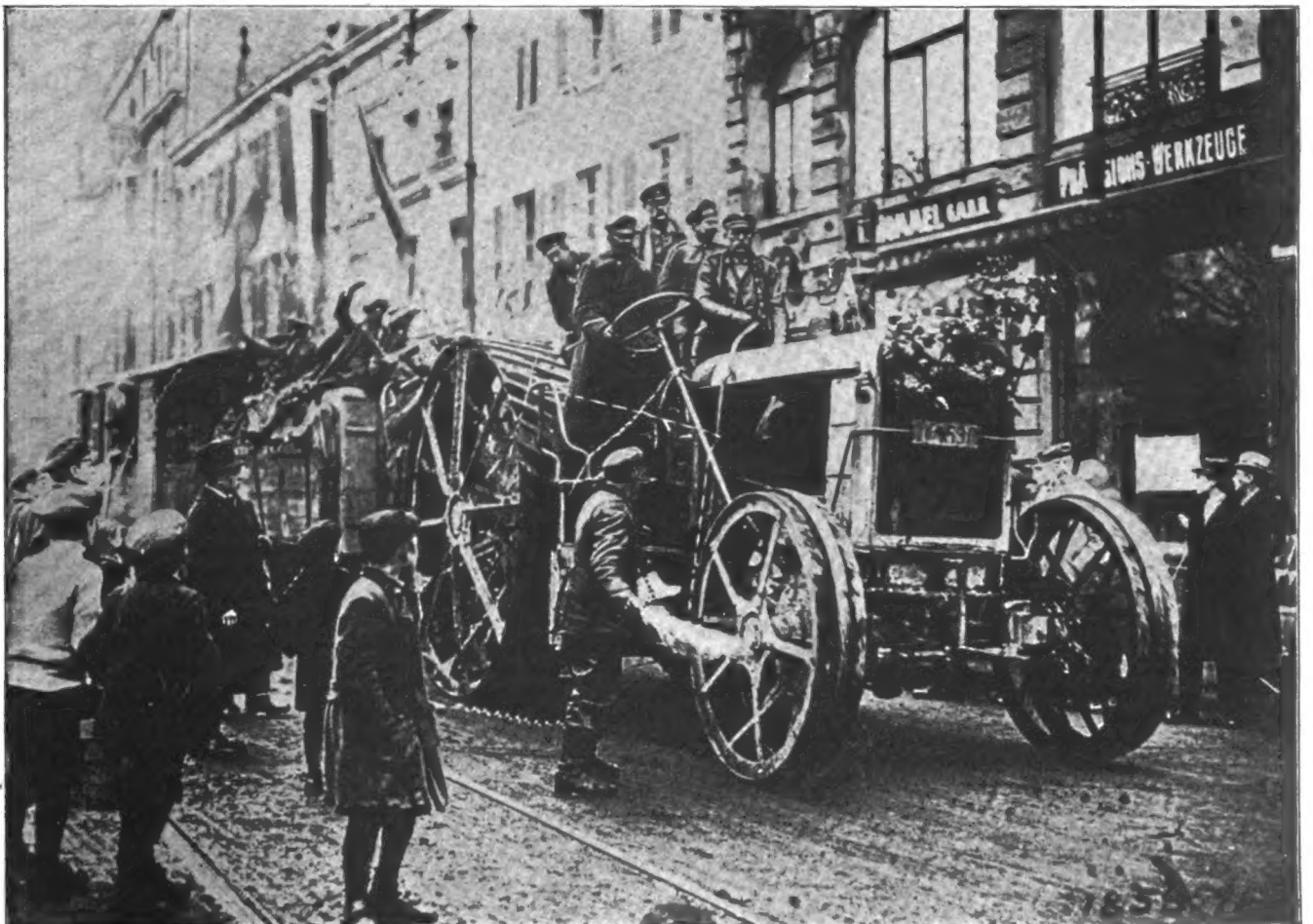
The conclusion I reached was that Germany's revolution was founded in discontent rather than in democracy. I believe that a victorious war would have confirmed the German people in its previous belief that autocracy pays. I am convinced that the Kaiser was ejected not because he consented to the war, to the unspeakable injury of humanity, but because the war had been a losing speculation. I found a Germany that was sorry instead of penitent. The Teuton emotion seemed identical with that the whale must have experienced shortly before the eviction of Jonah.

But that German disgust was genuinely felt. So that it seemed to me that certain ostensible leaders of the revolution attempted to guide the movement along lines that would do the least harm to the established order. Ebert and Scheidemann, who were at the outset the two most prominent members of the Council of Six, were the leaders of the Majority Socialists who had most faithfully served the Imperial Government during the war. General von Groener, who took Ludendorff's place as Quartermaster-General of the German



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German troops returning to Berlin acclaimed as heroes.
They are shown passing through the Brandenburg Gate which bears a banner reading "*Friede und Freiheit*" (Peace and Freedom).



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German troops in Cologne celebrating in carnival spirit, the order to remobilize in support of the Ebert Government.

American experience. The American of German blood rarely becomes an active politician, and almost never a disturbing politician. He is congenitally conservative and marches in the ranks. The naturalized German almost never rose to individual prominence in politics. As a brewery owner he may have paid the politician who protected his interests, but his interest was altogether in the brewery. So in Germany he was content to honor the Kaiser, mind the *verbotens*, tip his hat to the *Adlers*, and prosper. Only a failure in prosperity could have aroused him. And here are the formulas to which I reduced

he proved a coward and ran away. He can never come back."

In all this there is no hint of penitence. Not one of the innumerable men I talked with suggested that Germany had been in the wrong in 1914. This is of especial importance in view of the fact that many of them did admit, in answer to questions, that Germany forced the war on the world. Not one criticised the German methods in the war. Only one man of any prominence criticised them by indirection. He attempted to explain them. Not one expressed the slightest regret for the sufferings of other nations. Only one made a state-

wire that morning. Yet two hours after the last gun had become silent the American doughboys were wandering across "no man's land" and over the German positions. The Germans watched them without open hatred. They even sold souvenirs and traded knickknacks for cigars. "The war is over," said the Germans. "We are very glad. Now, we shall go home."

In reply to questions as to the revolutionary activities the Germans professed ignorance. Committees had been formed by soldiers and sailors and workmen, they said, which might form a new government.



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Berlin Socialists parading with a banner reading, "We protest against the blood-bath in the Chaussee Strasse."

the statements made by Germans in Germany immediately after hostilities ended:

"There would have been no revolution if Germany had been victorious;

"A winning war would have made Germany the greatest country and the Kaiser the greatest man in the world;

"The war was popular in Germany until September. Then it was discovered that the war was lost. As soon as that was fully realized the revolution followed;

"Ludendorff and von Tirpitz lost the war. They should be punished;

"Ludendorff's error was the dissipation of our energies over too great a field. The offensive of 1918 was a mistake;

"Von Tirpitz forced America in by his submarine campaign. Then he did not prosecute that campaign with sufficient vigor to make success possible;

"The Kaiser has talked too much. He made enemies for Germany. In the end

ment which seemed to show a clear view of his own people.

This man was as loyal a German as I found in Germany. He was, and is, an official of the Foreign Office. He watched the silent march of the returning troops in the streets of Coblenz. There were tears in his eyes, for as he said: "We are a proud people, and this is a disaster that may never be repaired. We hoped for so much—yet this may be the end of Germany."

A moment afterward, however, he spoke again:

"Perhaps it is better so," said he. "If we had won we should have been intolerable."

The story of my visit to Germany really begins with the day that hostilities ceased. Fighting had continued up to one minute of eleven o'clock on the morning of November eleventh. The American troops had even made several attacks against the

They did not know the revolutionary plans nor did they propose to resist them. Their ideas of the causes of the revolution were vague. They intimated that they had had enough. They knew they could never win the war. Therefore it was good business to bring the war to an end as quickly as possible. No one that I heard of expressed any particular antipathy to the sovereign or to the institutions of autocracy. They only wanted to go home.

With three other correspondents I determined to make a dash for Berlin in an effort to find out what was really going on. So far as we could learn, the country behind the German lines was in a state of flux. It seemed possible that in the general breakdown of authority we might be able to get through without being challenged. If the revolutionists were in control, as asserted, it was even possible that we might be welcomed. They might wish to get a

statement of conditions, as they saw them, to the world. On the morning of November twenty-first, ten days after the close of hostilities, we took an American army car and moved out slowly on the road from Metz. We were the first across the German line.

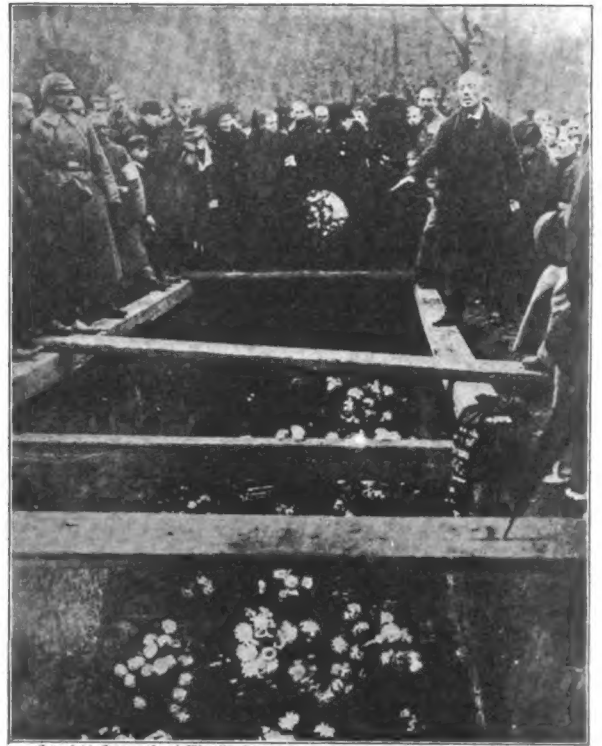
General von der Marwitz's Fifth German Army was retiring from this sector. An hour after we left Metz we began to run into stragglers. Most of them had thrown away their guns and cut their packs down to the minimum. A straggler is never impressive. These looked at us precisely as tired men always look at men in a car. Some led great work oxen with them, which had been stolen from the fields of France. Others dragged at the ropes of bony and dejected milch cows. We ran down a long stretch of clear road at top speed and rounded a turn.

There we were, right in the midst of the retiring army. A field-piece battery which had formed the rear-guard was standing by the side of the road. The men seemed stalwart, well-clothed, well-shod and well-fed. The horses were fat and glistening. We could only keep on going. To attempt to turn the car on that one-way road with Prussian soldiers looking on might have been embarrassing. They might have suspected that we had no right to be where we were. The driver tooted the horn blusterously and the Germans cleared out of the road. We were fairly launched on our way to Berlin.

For a full half-day we rode through von der Marwitz's army. An attempt had been made, it seemed to us, to represent the soldiers to the country people as returning conquerors. The guns were wreathed in greenery, and flowers were thrust in the muzzles of the rifles. The

single street of each tiny village had its triumphal arch, and always an inscription that bade the "Heroes a Glad Welcome Home." Although the army had been marching for a full three days, the street was always lined with women and children fluttering a sort of Chautauqua salute. Sometimes they were so hoarse they could barely cackle out a cheer, but they always smiled. There can be no doubt that men and villagers alike were happy that the war was over.

I think my first doubt of the quality of the revolution came when I saw those arches. It seemed to me very odd that a country in the very throes of rebellion should still have a governing power which was able not only to take thought for such a welcome, but to make certain that the welcome ran everywhere true to pattern. Nor did the soldiers show the least sign of revolutionary sentiment. They obeyed their officers as well as ever. Later on I was to discover the dual control which made that possible. The Workmen's and Soldiers' Council—*Der Arbeiter- und Soldaten-Rath*, or "Rath" for short—were giving the orders to the



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Karl Liebknecht, leader of the "Spartacides" (the extreme radical group of Socialists), speaking at the grave of victims of street fighting of November, 1918.

Liebknecht was killed in January, 1919, during the recent uprising of the Spartacides in Berlin.



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Digitized by Google A Socialist orator addressing a mass meeting of workmen and soldiers.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

army, but the military organization had not been interfered with.

"Our men are ordered to obey their officers when on duty," men of the Rath told me. "They must also salute officers when on duty. At other times they need neither obey nor salute. We have retained the officers in control of the troops because they have a technical knowledge that we lack. If we expelled them we would turn an orderly army into a disorderly mob, like the Bolsheviks. We are in no sense Bolsheviks."

At Saarburg, a young lieutenant, wearing a white band on his left arm, stepped on the running-board of our car. Scores of slender, corseted, bespurred staff officers had looked at us and then turned their eyes away. They had seemed quite unconcerned. The man with the white band wanted to know our mission. "I am the delegate at Saarburg of the Rath," said he.

The statement that we were American reporters was sufficient. He gave us a pass which took us through the Fifth Army to Trèves—which the Germans call Trier—and there Fritz Harris, one of the revolting sailors from Kiel, took over the situation. He had disarmed a garrison of forty thousand men at Trier, he said, with the aid of a few boys and some runaway sailors he found in the railway station. No one had resisted. All welcomed the revolution, the same story was told everywhere.

"I must telephone Herr Ebert at Berlin," said he, "to find whether he wants you to come to Berlin."

Ebert was the principal personality, if not the actual head, of the Council of Six, which was then the directing body of the German Government. It was as absurd to us to hear this open-throated, blue-shirted sailor say he would telephone to Ebert as it would be to hear the Chief of Police of Columbus, Ohio, offer to get President Wilson on the wire. By and by Harris asked that the one member of our party who was fluent in German come to the telephone and explain ourselves and our mission. This man's eyes were round and staring when he returned. He did not know whether he had talked to Ebert, he said, but he had spoken to some one in Ebert's office. That he was sure of. The man in Ebert's office had ordered that we come to Berlin.

We rode to Coblenz on a third-class train filled with soldiers returning from the front, and there we touched another phase of the revolutionary control of the army. The young officer who met us—he really

put us under arrest although he did not use the word—did not pretend to be a revolutionary. He had no sympathy with the radicals. Nevertheless, as he had for four years been in charge of the railway station at this important town, he had retained his post and took orders from the Reds.

"It was necessary," said he. "We all feel that way. If the men who know how to do things refused to do them, this great machine, which is Germany, would break down." He liked his simile. Several times he repeated that, "The machine is still going. Perhaps it is not going well, but it still goes."

The "revolutionists" committee before which we were haled had taken over the ball room of the principal hotel of Coblenz for its headquarters. In one corner of the room, grouped about a barrel stove and a

mitted it to the revolutionist to be countersigned, for no military order in all Germany was valid unless it had a rebel chieftain's name under that of the ostensible authority.

"There is one exception to that rule," said Donath. "We love and respect Field-Marshal Hindenburg too much to countersign his orders. It would be a humiliation for him. But we look at his orders—and if we do not approve them they are not sent out."

Donath is a real democrat. If the forces of autocracy ever get back into the saddle, he will, unquestionably, be a dead democrat. He stamped about the room as he talked. "My boots are of real leather," he shouted, bringing their hob-nailed soles down with a crash, "because they were made for the army, and the army was made for the Kaiser. But my three little girls wear

paper shoes. My clothes are warm because I am a soldier. My sick wife goes dressed in rags. I have enough to eat because I am a soldier. My wife can not buy enough food, and so my little ones are white and weak. She had the money, for I was a well-to-do mechanic, but there is no food. The women and children have been starved so the army may fight."

Donath laughed at the suggestion that the autocrats may come back. "In the Duchy of Anhalt," said he, "three hundred and fifty thousand persons live, and two-thirds of the land is owned by the duke. He pays no taxes. We maintained his palace and paid him a salary from the taxes on our one-third of the land. He was never of the least value to Anhalt, but I do not think there would

have been a revolt if it had not been for the war. Habit is hard to break. All our lives we have been taught to obey and pay. We laboring folk go to school only until we have learned to read a little and to take off our hats to the *Adlers*—the eagles, the upper classes—and then we stop. Only the children of the well-to-do are entrusted with more knowledge."

The peasants of Anhalt suffered during the war. Their horses were taken for the army, and the few that were left were fed on the leaves of trees because the fodder had been taken for the army. They pulled their plows in the field like cattle. No one complained, said Donath. They had been taught that it was for the Fatherland. All were sacrificing alike.

"Then—" and Donath's big fist of a mechanic crashed down on the table, under



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Von Hindenburg.

"Even to-day, with the empire crushed about him, he remained the idol of the people and the army alike."

round table, over which hung the red flag of the Socialists, the committeemen sat informally. Two or three officers who worked with the committee, though no more in sympathy with it than was our host at the railway station, chatted with the private soldiers and elderly workmen who composed it. A white oblong on the wall marked the spot from which a picture of the Kaiser had been taken down. Along the wall were two desks.

At one of these desks sat Count von Schmettow, Military Governor of Coblenz, and "Kaiser-minded" to his last thought. At the other sat Fritz Donath, gray, energetic, wiry. He had become president of the committee after an apprenticeship of four years in the ranks as sergeant, and thirty years as mechanic in the Duchy of Anhalt. From time to time, von Schmettow prepared an order and sub-

Original (continued on page 96)



"All the Brothers Were Valiant"

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

THE fine old house stood on Jumping Hill above the town. It had stood there before there was a town, when only a cabin or two fringed the woods below, nearer the shore. The weather-boarding had been brought in ships from England, ready sawed; likewise the bricks of the chimney. Indians used to come to the house in the cold of winter, begging shelter. Given blankets and food and drink, they slept upon the kitchen floor; and when Joel Shore's great-great-grandfather came down in the morning, he found Indians and blankets gone together. Sometimes the Indians came back with a venison haunch or a bear steak—sometimes not at all.

The house had, now, the air of disuse which old New England houses often have. It was in perfect repair; its paint was white, and its shutters hung squarely at the windows.

But the grass was uncut in the yard, and the lack of a veranda and the tight-closed doors and windows made the house seem lifeless and lacking the savor of human presence. There was a white-painted picket-fence around the yard; and a Rambler rose

THIS is the first instalment of a wonderful two-part story. In it is the peace of a little New England town and the glorious lawlessness of the South Seas. There is mutiny; there is quarreling between brothers; there is treasure.

Mr. Williams is the author of "The Unconquered" in the March issue. This is a totally different type of story, but told with the same incomparable artistry. We are looking forward to publishing other stories by Mr. Williams in subsequent issues.

draped these pickets. The buds on the roses were bursting into crimson flower.

The house was four-square, plain, and without any ornamentation. It was built about a great, square chimney that was like a spine.

There were six flues in this chimney and a pot atop each flue. These little chimney-pots, breaking the severe outlines of the house, gave the only suggestion of lightness or frivolity about it. They were like the heads of impish children peeping over a fence.

Across the front of this house, on the second floor, ran a single long room like a

corridor. Its windows looked down, across the town, to the harbor. A glass hung in brackets on the wall; there was a hog-yoke in its case upon a little table and a ship's chronometer and a compass. There were charts in a tin tube upon the wall, and one that showed the harbor and the channel to the sea hung between the middle windows. In the north corner a harpoon and two lances and a boat spade leaned. Their blades were covered with wooden sheaths, painted gray. A fifteen-foot jaw-bone, cleaned and polished and with every curving tooth in place, hung upon the rear wall and gleamed like old yellow ivory. The chair at the table was fashioned of whalebone; and on a bracket above the table rested the model of a whaling-ship, not more than eighteen inches long, fashioned of sperm ivory and perfect in every detail. Even the tiny harpoons in the boats that hung along the rail were tipped with bits of steel.

The windows of this place were tight closed; nevertheless the room was filled with the harsh, strong smell of the sea.

Joel Shore sat in the whalebone chair at the table reading a book. The book was the Log of the House of Shore. Joel's

father had begun it when Joel and his four brothers were ranging from babyhood through youth. A full half of the book was filled with entries in old Matthew Shore's small, cramped hand. The last of these entries was very short. It began with a date, and it read:

"Wind began light, from the south. This day came into harbor the bark *Winona*, after a cruise of three years, two months and four days. Captain Chase reported that my eldest son, Matthew Shore, was killed by the fluke of a right whale, at Christmas Island. The whale yielded seventy barrels of oil. Matthew Shore was second mate."

And below, upon a single line, like an epitaph, the words:

"All the brothers were valiant."

Two days after, the old man sickened; and three weeks later he died. He had set great store by big Matt.

Joel, turning the leaves of the log, and scanning their brief entries, came presently to this—written in the hand of his brother John:

"Wind easterly. This day the *Betty* was reported lost on the Japan grounds, with all hands save the boy and the cook. Noah Shore was third mate. Day ended as it began."

And below again, that single line:

"All the brothers were valiant."

There followed many pages filled with reports of rich cruises, when ships came home with bursting casks, and the brothers of the House of Shore played the parts of men. The entries were now in the hand of one, now of another: John and Mark and Joel. Joel read phrases here and there.

"This day the *Martin Wilkes* returned—two years, eleven months and twenty-two days—the captain died on the cruise, and First Mate John Shore became captain. Day ended as it began."

And, a page or two further on:

"... *Martin Wilkes*—two years, two months, four days—tubs on deck filled with oil, for which there was no more room in the casks—Captain John Shore."

Mark Shore's first entry in the log stood out from the others; for Mark's hand was bold and strong, and the letters sprawled blackly along the lines. Furthermore, Mark used the personal pronoun, while the other brothers wrote always in the third person. Mark had written:

"This day I, Mark Shore, at the age of twenty-seven, was given command of the whaling-bark *Nathan Ross*."

JOEL read this sentence thrice. There was a bold pride in it, and a strong and reckless note which seemed to bring his brother before his very eyes. Mark had always been so swift of tongue and strong and sure. Joel turned another page, came to where Mark had written:

"This day I returned from my first cruise with full casks in two years, seven months, fifteen days. I found the *Martin Wilkes* in the dock. They report Captain John Shore lost at Vau Vau in an effort to save the ship's boy, who had fallen overboard. The boy was also lost."

And below in bold and defiant letters:

"All the brothers were valiant."

There were two more pages of entries, in Mark's hand, in Joel's, before the end. When he came to the fresh page, Joel dipped his pen, and huddled his broad

shoulders over the book and slowly wrote that which had to be written:

"Wind northeast, light," he began, according to the ancient form of the sea, which makes the state of wind and weather of first and foremost import.

"Wind northeast, light. This day the *Martin Wilkes* finished a three-year cruise. Found in port the *Nathan Ross*. She reports that Captain Mark Shore left the ship when she watered at the Gilbert Islands. He did not return and could not be found. They searched three weeks. They encountered hostile islanders. No trace of Mark Shore."

When he had written thus far, he read the record to himself, his lips moving; then he sat for a space with frowning brows, thinking, thinking, wondering if there were a chance.

But in the end he cast the hope aside. If Mark lived, they would have found him, would surely have found him.

So Joel wrote the ancient line:

"All the brothers were valiant."

And below, as an afterthought, he added: "*Joel Shore* became first mate of the *Martin Wilkes* on her cruise."

HE BLOTTED this line and closed the book and put it away. Then he went to the windows that looked down upon the harbor and stood there for a long time. His face was serene, but his eyes were faintly troubled. He did not see the things that lay outspread below him.

Yet they were worth seeing. The town was old, and it had the fragrance of age about it. Below Joel, on the hill's slopes, among the trees, stood the square white houses of the townfolk. Beyond them, the white spire of the church with its weather-vane atop. Joel marked that the wind was still northeast. The vane swung fitfully in the light airs.

He could see the masts and yards of the ships along the water-front. The yards of the *Nathan Ross* were canted in mournful tribute to his brother. At the pier end beside her he marked the ranks of casks, brown with sweating oil. Beyond, the smooth water ruffled in the wind, and dark ripple-shadows moved across its surface with each breeze. There were gulls in the air and on the water. Such stillness lay upon the sleepy town that if his windows had been open he might have heard the harsh cries of the birds. A man was sculling shoreward from a fishing schooner that lay at anchor off the docks; and a whaleboat crawled like a spider across the harbor toward Fairhaven on the other side.

On a flagstaff above a big building near the water a half-masted flag hung idly in the faintly stirring air. It hung there, he knew, for his brother's sake. He watched it thoughtfully, wondering. There had been such an abounding insolence of life in big Mark Shore. It was hard to believe that he was surely dead.

A woman passed along the street below the house and looked up and saw him at the window. He did not see her. Two boys crawled along the white picket fence and pricked their fingers as they broke half-open clusters from the Rambler without molestation. A gray squirrel, when the boys had gone, came down from an elm across the street and sprinted desperately to the foot of the great oak below the house. When it was safe in the oak's upper branches, it scolded derisively at the

imaginary terrors it had escaped. A blue-jay, with ruffled feathers—a huge, blue ball in the air—rocketed across from the elm, and established himself near the squirrel, and they swore at each other like coachmen. The squirrel swore from temper and disposition; the jay from malice and derision. The bird seemed to have the better of the argument, for the squirrel suddenly fell silent and departed, his emotions revealing themselves only in the angry flicks of his tail. When he was gone, the jay began to investigate a knot in a limb of the oak. The bird climbed around this knot with slow motions curiously like those of a parrot.

A half-grown boy came up the street and turned in at the gate. Joel remained where he was until the boy manipulated the knocker on the door; then he went down and opened. He knew the boy, Peter Howe. Peter was thin and freckled and nervous; and he was inclined to stammer. When Joel opened the door, Peter was at first unable to speak. He stood on the step, jerking his chin upward and forward as though his collar irked him. Joel smiled slowly.

"Come in, Peter," he said.

Peter jerked his chin, jerked his whole head furiously. "C—C—C—" he said. "Asa W-W-Worthen wants to s-s-see you."

Asa Worthen was the owner of the *Martin Wilkes* and of the *Nathan Ross*. Joel nodded gently. "Thank you, Peter," he told the boy. "I'll get my hat and come."

Peter jerked his head. He seemed to be choking. "He's a-a-a-a-at his office," he blurted.

Joel had found his hat. He closed the door of the house behind him, and he and Peter went down the shady street together.

II

ASA WORTHEN was a small, lean, strong old man, immensely voluble. He must have been well over sixty years old; and he had grown rich by harvesting the living treasures of the sea. At thirty-four he owned his first ship. She was old and cranky and no more seaworthy than a log; but she earned him more than four hundred thousand dollars, net, before he beached her on the sand below the town. She lay there still, her upper parts strong and well preserved. But her bottom was gone, and she was slowly rotting in the sand.

Asa himself had captained this old craft until she had served her appointed time; but when she went to the sand flats he, too, stayed ashore, to watch his ships come in. When they were in harbor they berthed in his own dock; and from his office at the shoreward end of the pier he could look down upon their decks and watch the casks come out, so fat with oil, and the stores go aboard for each cruise. The cries of the men and the wheeling gulls, the rattle of the blocks and gear, and the rich smell of the oil came up to him. The *Nathan Ross* was loading now; and when Joel climbed the office stairs he found the old man at the window watching them sling great shooks of staves into her hold and fidgeting at the lubberliness of the men who did the work.

Asa's office was worth seeing; a strange, huge room, windowed on three sides; against one wall, a whaleboat with all her

gear in place; in a corner, the twisted jaw of a sixty-barrel bull, killed in the Seychelles; and Asa Worthen's big desk, with the six-foot model of his old ship atop it, between the forward windows. Beside the desk stood that contrivance known to whalers as a "woman's tub"; a cask, sawed chair-fashion, with a cross-board for seat, and ropes so rigged that the whole might be easily and safely swung from ship to small boat or back again. Asa had

young man, but Joel did not mark it. When the pipe was ready, Asa passed across a match, and Joel struck it and puffed slowly.

Asa began, abruptly, what he had to say. "Joel, the *Nathan Ross* will be ready for sea in five days. She's stout, her timbers are good and her tackle is strong. She's a lucky ship. The oil swims after her across the broad sea and begs to be taken. She's my pet ship, Joel, as you know; and she's

But he has not the spine that stands alone. When Mark Shore was gone—Jim had no thought but to throw the try works over-side and scurry hitherward as though he feared to be out upon the seas alone."

Joel puffed thrice at his pipe. Then: "You said this morning that for three weeks he hunted Mark up and down the Gilbert Islands."

Asa's little eyes whipped toward Joel and away again.



To prove how much she hated him she nestled against his side, and his arm enfolded her.

taken his wife along on more than one of his early voyages—before she died.

At Joel's step, the little man swung awkwardly away from the window toward the door. Many years ago a racing whale line had snarled his left leg and whipped away a gout of muscle; and this leg was now shorter than its fellow, so that Asa walked with a pegging limp. He hitched across the big room and took Joel's arm and led the young man to the desk.

"Sit down, Joel. Sit down," he said briskly. "I've got words to say to you, my son. Sit down."

Asa was smoking; and Joel took a twist of leaf from his pocket and cut three slices and crumpled them and stuffed them into the bowl of his black pipe. Asa watched the process, and he watched Joel, puffing without comment. There was something furtive in this scrutiny of the

uncommon well fitted. Mark had her. Now I want you to take her."

Joel's calm eyes had met the other's while Asa was speaking, and Asa's had shifted to avoid the encounter. But Joel's heart was pounding so at the words of the older man that he took no heed. He listened, and he waited thoughtfully until he was sure of what he wished to say. Then he asked quietly:

"Is not James Finch the mate of her? Did he not fetch her home?"

"Aye," said Asa impatiently. "He brought her home—in the top scurry of haste. There was no need of such haste; for he had casks still unfilled, and there was sparm all about him where he lay. He should have filled those last casks. 'Tis in them the profit lies." He shook his head sorrowfully. "No, Jim Finch will not do. He is a good man—under another man."

"Oh, aye," he said harshly. "Three weeks he hunted, when one was plenty. If Mark Shore lived, and wished to find his ship again, he'd have found her in a week. If he were dead—there was no need of the time wasted."

"Nevertheless," said Joel quietly, "James Finch has my thanks for his search; and I'm no mind to do him a harm, or to step into his shoes."

Asa smiled grimly. "You're over-considerate," he said. "Jim Finch was your brother's man, and a very loyal one. As long as he is another's man, he is content. But he has no want to be his own master and the master of a ship and of men. I've askit him."

Joel puffed hard at his pipe; and after a little he asked: "What think you it was that came to Mark?"

Asa looked at him sharply, then away;

and his accustomed volubility fell away from him. He lifted his hands. "Ask James Finch. I've no way to tell," he said curtly.

"Have you no opinion?" Joel insisted.

The ship-owner tilted his head, set finger-tip to finger-tip, assumed the air of one who delivers judgment: "Islanders, 'tis like," he said. "There's many there." He looked sidewise at Joel, looked away. Joel was nodding.

"Yes, many thereabouts," he agreed. "But there would have been tracks. Were there none?"

"Mark left his boat's crew," said Asa. "Walked away along the shore. That was all."

"No tracks?"

"They saw where he'd left the sand." The ship-owner shifted in his chair. "Seems like I'd heard you and Mark wa'n't too good friends, Joel. You're a'mighty worked up."

Joel looked at the little man with bleak eyes. "He was my brother."

"I've heard tell he forgot you was his, sometimes."

Joel paid no heed. "You think it was an islander?"

Asa kicked the corner of his desk, watching his foot. "What else was there?"

"I've nothing in mind," said Joel, and shook his head. "But it sticks in me that Mark was no man to die easy. There was a full measure of life in him."

Asa got up awkwardly, waved his hand. "We're off the course, Joel. What about the *Nathan Ross*? Ready for sea, come Tuesday. I'm not one to press her on any man, unwilling. Say your say, man. Do you take her? Or no?"

Joel drew slowly once more upon his pipe. "If I take her," he said, "we'll work the Gilberts first of all, and try once again for a sign of my brother Mark."

Asa jerked his head. "So you pick up any oil that comes your way, I've no objection," he agreed. "Matter of fact, that's best thing to do. Mark may yet live." His eyes snapped up to the other man's. "You take her, then?"

Joel nodded slowly. "I take her, sir," he said. "With thanks to you."

Asa banged his hand jubilantly on his desk. "That's done. Now."

The two men sat down at Asa's big desk again; and for an hour they were busy with matters that concerned the coming voyage. When a whaleship goes to sea, she goes for a three-year cruise; and, save only the items of food and water, she carries with her everything she will need for that whole time, with an ample allowance to spare. She is the department store of the seas; for she works with iron and wood, with steel and bone, with fire and water and rope and sail.

All these things she must have and many more. And the lists of a whaleship's stores are long and long, and take much checking.

When they had considered these matters, Asa sent out to the pierhead to summon Jim Finch, and told the man that Joel would have the ship. Joel said to Finch slowly: "I've no mind to fight a grudge aboard ship, sir. If you blame me for stepping into your shoes, Mr. Worthen will give you another berth."

Finch shook his head. He was a big, laughing man with soft, fat cheeks. "No, sir," he declared. "It's yours, and wel-

come. Your brother was a man; and you've the look of another, sir."

Joel frowned. He was uncomfortable; he had an angry feeling that Finch was too amiable. But he said no more, and Finch went back to the ship, and Asa and Joel continued with their task.

While they worked, the afternoon sun drifted down the western sky till its rays were flame lances laid across the harbor. A fishing craft at anchor in midstream hoisted her sails with a creak and rattle of blocks and drifted down the channel with the tide. The wheeling gulls dropped, one by one, to the water, or they lurched off to some quiet cove to spend the night. Their harsh cries came less frequently, were less persistent. The wind had swung around, and it was fetching now from the water a cold and salty chill. There was a smell of cooking in the air, and the smoke from the *Nathan Ross*'s galley and the cool smell of the sea mingled with the strong odor of the oil in the casks ranked at the end of the pier.

The sun had touched the horizon when Joel at last rose to go. Asa got up with him, dropped a hand on the young man's shoulder. They passed the contrivance called a "woman's tub"; and Asa, at sight of it, seemed to be minded of something. He stopped and checked Joel, and, with eyes twinkling, pointed at the tub. "Will you be wishful to take that on cruise, Joel?" he asked, and looked up sidewise at the younger man and chuckled.

Joel's brown cheeks were covered with slow fire; but his voice was steady enough when he replied: "It's a kind offer, sir," he said. "I know well what store you set by that tub."

"Will you be wanting it?" Asa still insisted.

"I'll see," said Joel quietly. "I will see."

III

THE brothers of the House of Shore had been, on the whole, slow to take to themselves wives. Matt had never married, nor Noah, nor Mark. John had a wife for the weeks he was at home before his last cruise; but he did not take her with him on that voyage, and there was no John Shore to carry on the name.

John Shore's widow was called Rachel. She had been Rachel Holt; and her sister's name was Priscilla. Rachel was one of those women who suggest slumbering fires; she was slow of speech and quiet and calm. But John Shore and Mark had both loved her; and when she married John, Mark laughed a hard and reckless laugh that made the woman afraid. John and Mark never spoke, one to another, after that marriage.

Rachel's sister, Priscilla, was a gay and careless child. She was six years younger than Joel, and she had acquired in babyhood the habit of thinking Joel the most wonderful created thing. Their yards adjoined; and she was the baby of her family and he of his. Thus the big boy and the little girl had always been comrades and allies against the world. Before Joel first went to sea, as ship's boy, the two had decided they would some day be married.

Joel went to supper that night at Priscilla's home. He was alone in his own house; and Mrs. Holt was a person with a mother's heart. Rachel lived at home. She gave Joel quiet welcome at the door,

before Priscilla in the kitchen heard his voice and came flying to overwhelm him. She had been making pop-overs, and there was flour on her fingers—and on Joel's best black coat, when she was done with him. Rachel brushed it off when Priss had run back to her oven.

They sat down at the table. Mrs. Holt at one end, her husband—he was a big man, an old sea-captain, and full of yarns as a knitting-bag—at the other and Rachel at one side, facing Priss and Joel. Joel's ship had come in only that day; the *Nathan Ross* had been in port for weeks. So the whole town knew Mark Shore's story. They spoke of it now, and Joel told them what he knew. Rachel wondered if there was any chance that Mark might be still alive. Her father broke in with a story of Mark's first cruise, when the boy had saved a man's life by his quickness with the hatchet on the racing line. The town was full of such stories; for Mark was one of those men about whom legends arise. And now he was gone.

Priscilla listened to the talk with the wide eyes of youth, awed by the mystery and majesty of tragic things. She remembered Mark as a huge man, like a pagan god, in whose eyes she had been only a thin-legged girl who made faces through the fence. After supper, when the others had left them in the parlor together, she said to Joel: "Do you think he's dead?" Her voice was a whisper.

"I aim to know," said Joel.

Rachel looked in at the door. "You needn't bother with the dishes, Priss," she said. "I'll do them."

Priscilla had forgotten all about the task. She ran contritely toward her sister. "Oh, I'm sorry, Rachel. I will, I will do them. Joel and I." Rachel laughed softly. "I don't mind them. You two stay here."

Priscilla accepted the offer in the end; but she had no notion of staying in the tight-windowed parlor, with its harsh carpet on the floor and its samplers on the walls. She was of the new generation, the generation which discovered that the night is beautiful and not unhealthy.

"Let's go outside," she said to Joel. "There's a moon. We can sit on the bench, under the apple-tree."

They went out, side by side. Joel was not a tall man, but he was inches taller than Priscilla. She was tiny; a dainty, sweetly proportioned creature, built on fine lines that were strangely out of keeping with the stalwart stock from which she sprang. Her hair was darker than Joel's; it was a brown so dark that it was almost black. But her eyes were vividly blue, and her lips were vividly red, and her cheeks were bright. She slipped her hand through Joel's big arm as they crossed the yard; and when they had found the seat she drew his arm frankly about her shoulders. "I'm cold," she said, laughing up at him. "You must keep me warm."

The moon flecked down through the leaves upon her face. There was moonlight on her cheek and on her mouth; but her thick hair and her eyes were shadowed and mysterious. Joel saw that her lips were smiling. She drew his head down toward hers. Joel was flesh and blood; and, after a minute, she panted and gasped and pushed him away and smoothed her hair and laughed at him. "I love you to be so strong," she whispered happily.

He had not told them, at supper, of his promotion. He told Priscilla now; and the girl could not sit still beside him. She danced in the path before the seat; she perched on his knee, caught his big shoulders in her tiny hands and tried to shake him back and forth in her delight. "You don't act a bit excited," she scolded. "You don't act as though you were glad a bit.

Aren't you glad, Joel? Aren't you just so proud?"

"Yes," he told her. "Of course. Yes. Yes, I am glad, and I am proud."

"Oh," she cried, "I could—I could just hug you in two." She tried it, tightening her arms about his big neck, clinging to him. He sat stiff and awkward under her caresses, thrilling with a happiness that he

did not know how to express. He felt uneasy, half embarrassed. Her ecstasy continued.

Then abruptly it passed. She became practical. Still upon his knee, she began to ask questions. When would he sail away? She had heard the *Nathan Ross* was almost ready. When would he come back? When would he be rich, so that



"I sat there in the sun, drifting with the wind, and held her in my arms till she died."

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they might be married? Would it be long?

Joel found tongue. "We will be married Monday," he said slowly. "We will go away—on the *Nathan Ross*—together. I do not want to go alone."

She slipped from his knee, stood before him. "Why, Joel! You're—you're just crazy to think of it!"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No, I have thought all about it. It is the best thing to do. We will be married Monday; and we will make a bigger cabin on the—*Nathan Ross*." His voice always slowed a little as he spoke the name of his first ship. "You will be happy on her," he said. "You will like it all—the sea."

She returned to his knee, tumbling his hair. "You silly! Men don't understand. Why, I couldn't be ready for ever so long. I just couldn't—" Her eyes misted with thought, and she said quite seriously: "Why, Joel, we might find we didn't like each other after all. But we'd be on the ship, with no way to get away from it—for three years. Don't you see?"

Joel said calmly: "That is not so; because we know about—liking each other already. I know how it is with you. It is clothes that you are thinking about. Well, you can get them in the stores. And you have many already. You have new dresses whenever I see you."

She laughed gaily. "But, Joel, you only see me once in three years! Of course, I have new dresses then! But I just couldn't."

She laughed again, a faint uneasiness in her laughter. She left his knee and sat down soberly beside him. She was feeling a little crushed, smothered, as though she were being pushed back against a wall.

Joel said steadily, "Mr. Worthen will be glad to know you go with me. And every one will be glad for you."

She burst abruptly into tears. She was miserable, she told him. He was making her miserable. She hated to be bullied, and he was trying to bully her. She wouldn't marry him. Never! He could go off on his old ship and never come back. That was all. She would not go; and he ought not to ask her to, anyway. To prove how much she hated him she nestled against his side, and his arm enfolded her.

Joel had not the outward seeming of a wise man; nevertheless, he now said: "The other girls will all be envying you. To be married so quickly and carried away the very next day." Her sobs miraculously ceased, and he smiled quietly down upon her dark head against his breast. "Every one will do things for you. The whole town. They will come down to see us sail away."

HE FELL silent, leaving his words for her consideration. She remained very quiet against his side for a long time, breathing very softly. He felt he could almost read her thoughts.

"It will be," he said, "like a story. Like a romance," and the words sounded strangely on his sober lips.

But at the word the girl sat up quickly, both hands gripping his arm. He could see her eyes dancing in the moonlight. "Oh, Joel," she cried, "it would be really just loads of fun. And terribly romantic. Wonderful!" She pressed a hand to her cheek, thinking. "And I could."

She could, she said, do thus and so.

Joel listened, and he smiled. For he knew that his bride would sail away with him.

IV

IN THE few days that remained before the *Nathan Ross* was to sail, there was no time for remodeling her cabin to accommodate Priscilla, so that was left for the first weeks of the cruise. There were matters enough without it to occupy those last days. Little Priss was caught up like a leaf in the wind; she was whirled this way and that in a pleasant and heart-stirring confusion. And through it all her laughter rang in the air like the sound of bells. To Joel, Sunday night, she said: "Oh, Joel, it's been an awful rush. But it's been such fun. And I never was so happy in my life."

And Joel smiled and said quietly, "Yes—with happier times to come."

She looked up at him wistfully. "You'll be good to me, won't you, Joel?" He patted her on the shoulder.

They were married in the big old white church, and every pew was filled. Afterward they all went down to the piers, where Asa Worthen had spread long tables and loaded them so that they groaned. Alongside lay the *Nathan Ross*, her decks littered with the last confusion of preparation. Joel showed Priscilla the lumber for the cabin alterations, ranked along the rail beneath the boat-house; and she gripped his arm tight with both hands. Afterward he took Priscilla up the hill to the great House of Shore. Rachel had prepared their wedding supper there.

At a quarter before ten o'clock the next morning the *Nathan Ross* went out with the tide. When she had cleared the dock and was fairly in the stream, Joel gave her in charge of Jim Finch, and he and Priscilla stood in the after house, astern, and looked back at the throng upon the pier until the individual figures merged into a black mass, pepper-and-salted with color where the women stood. They could see the handkerchiefs flickering until a turn of the channel swept them out of sight of the town, and they drifted on through the widening mouth of the bay toward the open sea. At dusk that night there was still land in sight behind them and on either side; but when Priscilla came on deck in the morning there was nothing but blue water and laughing waves. And so she was homesick all that day, and laughed not at all till the evening, when the moon bathed the ship in silver fire and the whitecaps danced all about them.

The *Nathan Ross* was in no sense a lovely ship. There was about her none of the poetry of the seas. She was designed strictly for utility, and for hard and dirty toil. Blunt she was of bow and stern, and her widest point was just abeam the foremast, so that she had great shoulders that buffeted the sea. These shoulders bent inward toward the prow and met in what was practically a right angle; and her stern was cut almost straight across, with only enough overhang to give the rudder room. Furthermore, her masts had no rake. They stood up stiff and straight as sore thumbs; and the bowsprit, instead of being something near horizontal, rose toward the skies at an angle close to forty-five degrees. This bowsprit made the *Nathan Ross* look as though she had just stubbed her toe. She carried four boats at the

davits, and two spare craft, bottom up, on the boat-house just forward of the mizzenmast. Three of the four at the davits were on the starboard side, and since they were each thirty feet long, while the ship herself was scarce an hundred and twenty, they gave her a sadly cluttered and overloaded appearance. For the rest, she was painted black, with a white checkerboarding around the rail; and her sails were smeared and smutty with smoke from burning blubber scraps.

Nevertheless, she was a comfortable ship and a dry one. She rode waves that would have swept a vessel cut on prouder lines, and she was moderately steady. She was not fast, nor cared to be. An easy five or six knots contented her; for the whole ocean was her hunting-ground, and though there were certain more favored areas, you might meet whales anywhere. Give her time and she would poke that blunt nose of hers round the world and come back with a net profit anywhere up to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in her sweating casks.

Priscilla Holt knew all these things, and she respected the *Nathan Ross* on their account. But during the first weeks of the cruise she was too much interested in the work on the cabin to consider other matters.

Old Aaron Burnham, the carpenter, did the work. He was a wiry little man, gray and grizzled, and he loved the tools of his craft with a jealous love that forbade the laying on of impious hands.

Through the long calm days, when the ship snored like a sleep-walker through the empty seas, Priscilla would sit on a box or bench or floor, and watch Aaron at his task, and ask him questions, and listen to the old man's long stories of things that had come and gone.

Sometimes she tried to help him; but he would not let her handle an edged tool. "Ye'll no have the eye for it," he would say. "Leave it be." Now and then he let her try to drive a nail, but as often as not she missed the nail-head and marred the soft wood, until Aaron lost patience with her. "Mark you," he cried, "men will see the scar, and they'll be thinking I did this task with my foot, ma'am."

And Priscilla would laugh at him, and curl up with her feet tucked under her skirts and her chin in her hands and watch him by the long hour on hour.

The task dragged on; it seemed to her endless. For Aaron had other work that must be done, and he could only give his spare time to this. Also, he was a slow worker, accustomed to take his own time; and when Priscilla grew impatient and scolded him, the old man merely sat back on his knees and scratched his head, and tapped thoughtfully with his hammer on the floor beside him.

"We-ell, ma'am," he said, "I do things so, and I do things so; and it takes time, that does, ma'am."

Now and then, through these days, Priscilla's enthusiasm would send her skittering up the companion to fetch Joel to see some new wonder—a window set in the stern, or a bench completed, or a door hung. And Joel, looking far oftener at Priscilla than at the object she wished him to consider, would chuckle, and touch her shoulder affectionately, and go back to his post.

In the sixth week the last nail had been

driven and the last lick of paint was dry. In the result, Priscilla was as happy as a bride has a right to be.

Across the very stern of the ship, with windows looking out upon the wake, ran what might have been called a sitting-room. It was perhaps twenty feet wide and eight feet deep, and its rear wall, formed by the overhanging stern, sloped outward toward the ceiling. Against this slope, beneath the three windows, a broad, cushioned bench was built, to serve as couch or seat. The bench was broken in one place to make room for Joel's desk and the lock-fast cabinets wherein he kept his records and his instruments. Priss had put curtains on the windows, and she had a lily in a pot at one of them, and a clump of pansies at another. Joel's cabin opened off this compartment, on the starboard side; hers was opposite. The main cabin, with its folding-table built about the thick butt of the mizzenmast, had been extended forward to make room for the enlargement of this stern apartment, and the mates were quartered off this main cabin. The galley and the store-rooms were on the main deck, in the after house, on either side of the awkward "walking wheel" by which the ship was steered, and the companion was just forward of this wheel.

THERE were aboard the *Nathan Ross* about thirty men all told, but the most of them were not of Priscilla's world. The foremast hands never came aft of the try works, save on tasks assigned; and the secondary officers, boat-steerers and the like, slept in the steerage and kept forward of the boat-house. Thus the after deck was shared only by Priscilla and Joel, the mates, the cook, and old Aaron, who was a man of many privileges.

This world Priscilla ruled. Joel adored her; Jim Finch gave her the clumsy homage of a puppy, and was at times just as oppressively amiable. Old Aaron talked to her by the hour while he went about his work.

And the other mates—Varde, the sulen; and Hooper, who was old and losing his grip; and Dick Morrell, who was young and finding his—paid her the respect that was her due. Young Morrell—he was not even as old as she was—helped her on her first climb to the masthead. He was only a boy. The girl, when the first homesick pangs were past, was happy.

Until the day they killed their whale, a seventy-barrel cachalot cow who died as peaceably as a chicken, with only a convulsive flop or two when the lances found the life. Priscilla took a single glance of the shuddery, bloody, oily work of cutting in the carcass, and then she fled to her cabin and remained there steadfastly until the long task was done. The smoke from the bubbling try-pots, and the persistent smell of boiling blubber sickened her; and the grime that descended over everything appalled her dainty soul. Not until the men had cleaned the ship did she go on deck again, and even then she scolded Joel for the affair as though it were a matter for which he was wholly to blame.

"There isn't any sense in making so much dirt," she told him. "I've had to wash out every one of my curtains; and I can't ever get rid of that smell."

Joel chuckled. "Aye, and the smell sticks," he agreed. "But you'll be used to it soon, Priss. You'll come to like it, I'm

thinking. Any case, we'll not be rid of it while the cruise is on."

She was so angry that she wanted to cry. "Do you actually mean, Joel Shore, that I've got to live with that sickening hot-oil smell for th-three years?"

He nodded slowly. "Yes, Priss. No way out of it. It's part of the work. Come another month and you'll not mind at all."

She said positively, "I may not say anything, but I shall always hate that smell."

His eyes twinkled slowly, and she stamped her foot. "If I'd known it was going to be like this, I wouldn't have come, Joel. Now don't you laugh at me. If there was any way to go back, I'd go. I hate it. I hate it all! You ought not to have brought me."

They were on the broad bench across the stern in their cabin, and he put his big arm about her shoulders and laughed at her till she could do no less than laugh back at him. But—she assured herself of this—she was angry just the same. Nevertheless she laughed.

Joel had put the *Nathan Ross* on the most direct southward course, touching neither the Azores nor the Cape Verdes. For it was in his mind, as he had told Asa Worthen, to make direct for the Gilbert Islands and seek some trace of his brother there. That had been his plan before he left port, but the plan had become determination after a word with Aaron Burnham one day. Joel, resting in the cabin while old Aaron worked there, fell to thinking of his brother, and so asked:

"Aaron, what is your belief about my brother, Mark Shore? Is he dead?"

Aaron was building, that day, the forward partition of the new cabin, fitting his boards meticulously, and driving home each nail with hammer strokes that seemed smooth and effortless, yet sank the nail to the head in an instant. He looked up over his shoulder at Joel between nails.

"Dead, d'y'e say?" he countered quizzically.

Joel nodded. "The islanders? Did they do it, do you believe?"

Old Aaron chuckled asthmatically. He had lost a fore tooth, and the effect of his mirth was not reassuring. "There's brew i' the islands," he said. "More like 'twas the island brew nor the island men."

Joel for a moment sat very still and considered. He knew Mark Shore had never scrupled to take strong drink when he chose, but Mark had always been a strong man to match his drink and conquer it. Said Joel, therefore, after a space of thought:

"Why do you think that, Aaron? Drink was never like to carry Mark away."

Aaron squinted up at him. "Have ye sampled that island brew? 'Tis made of pineapples or sago, or the like outlandish stuff, I've heard. And one sip is deviltry, and two is madness, and three is corruption. Some stomachs are used to it; they can handle it. But a raw man—"

There was significance in the pause and the unfinished sentence. Joel considered the matter. There had always been between him and Mark something of that sleeping enmity that so often arises between brothers. Mark was a man swift of tongue, flashing, and full of laughter and hot blood; a colorful man, like a splash of pigment on white canvas. Joel was in all

things his opposite, quiet, and slow of thought and speech, and steady of gait. Mark was accustomed to jeer at him, to taunt him; and Joel, in the slow fashion of slow men, had resented this. Nevertheless, he cast aside prejudice now in his estimate of the situation, and he asked old Aaron:

"Do you know if there were islanders about? Or this wild brew you speak of?"

Aaron drove home a nail, and with his punch set it flush with the soft wood. "There was some drunken crew shouting and screeching a mile up the beach," he said. "Some few of them came off to us with fruit—the sober ones. 'Twas them Mark Shore went to pandander with."

"He went to them?" Joel echoed.

Aaron nodded. "Aye. That he did."

There was a long moment of silence before Joel asked huskily: "But was it like that he should stay with them freely? For it is a black and shameful thing that a captain should desert his ship." When he asked the question he waited in something like fear for the carpenter's answer.

"It comes to me," said Aaron slowly at last, "that you did not know your brother. Ye'd only seen him ashore. And—I'm doubting that you knew all the circumstances of his departure from this ship."

"I know that he went ashore," said Joel. "Went ashore, and left his men, and departed; and I know that they searched for him three weeks without a sign."

Aaron sat back on his heels and rubbed the smooth head of his hammer thoughtfully against his dry old cheek. "I'm not one to speak harm," he said. "And I've said naught in the town. But—you have some right to know that Mark Shore was not a sober man when he left the ship. I' truth, he had not been sober—cold sober—for a week. And he left with a bottle in his coat." He nodded his gray old head, eyes not on Joel, but on the hammer in his hand. "Also, there was a pearling schooner in the lagoon, with drunk white men aboard."

HE GLANCED sidewise at Joel then, and saw the captain's cheek-bones slowly whiten. Whereupon old Aaron bent swiftly to his task, half fearful of what he had said. But when Joel spoke, it was only to say quietly:

"Asa should have told me this."

Aaron shook his head vehemently, but without looking up from his task. "Not so," he said. "There was no need the town should chew Mark's name. Better—" He glanced at Joel. "Better if he were thought dead. Asa's a good man, you mind. And—he knew your father."

Joel nodded at that. "Asa meant wisest, I've no doubt," he agreed. "But—Mark would do nothing that he was ashamed of."

"Mark Shore," said Aaron thoughtfully, "did many things without shame for which other men would have blushit."

Joel said curtly: "Aaron, ye'll say no more such things as that."

"Ye're right," Aaron agreed. "I should no have said it. But—'tis so."

Joel left him and went on deck, and his eyes were troubled. Priss was there, with Dick Morrell showing her some trick of the wheel, and they were laughing together like children. Joel felt immensely older than Priss. Yet the difference was scarce six years. She saw him, and left Morrell and came running to Joel's side. "Did you

sleep?" she asked. "You needed rest, Joel."
 "I rested," he told her, smiling faintly.
 "I'll be fine."

V

THEY drifted past Pernambuco, and touched at Trinidad, and so worked south and somewhat westward for Cape Horn. And in Joel grew, stronger than ever, the resolve to hunt out Mark, and find him, and fetch him home. The blood-tie was strong in Joel; stronger than any memory of Mark's derision. And—for the honor of the House of Shore, it were well to prove the matter, if Mark were dead. It was not good for a Shore to abandon his ship in strange seas.

He asked Aaron, two weeks after their first talk, whether they had questioned the white men on the pearling schooner.

"Oh, aye," said Aaron cheerfully. "I sought 'em out myself. Three of them, they was, and ill-favored—a slinky small man, and a rat-eyed large man, and a fat man in between; all unshaven and filthy, and drunken as owls. They'd seen naught of Mark Shore, they said. I'm thinking he'd let them see but little of him. He had no tenderness for dirt."

Joel told Priss nothing of what he hoped and feared; nor did he question Jim Finch in the matter. Finch was a good man at set tasks, but he was too amiable, and he had no clamp upon his lips. Joel did not

wish the word to go abroad among the men. He was glad that most of the crew were new since last voyage; but the officers were unchanged, save that he stood in his brother's shoes.

They left Trinidad behind them, and shouldered their way southward, the blunt bow of the *Nathan Ross* battering the seas. And they came to the Straits, and worked in, and made their westing day by day, while little Priss, wide-eyed on the deck, watched the gaunt cliffs past whose wave-gnawed feet they stole. And so at last the Pacific opened out before them, and they caught the winds, and made toward Easter Island.

But their progress was slow. To men unschooled in the patience of the whaling trade, it would have been insufferably slow. For they struck fish, and day after day they hung idle on the waves while try-pots boiled; and day after day they loitered on good whaling-grounds, when the boats were out thrice and four times between sun's rise and set. If Joel was impatient, he gave no sign. If his desires would have made him hasten on, his duty held him here, where rich catches waited for the taking; and while there were fish to be taken, he would not leave them behind.

Priscilla hated it. She hated the grime and the smoke and the smell of boiling oil; and she hated this dawdling on the open seas, with never a glimpse of land. More

than once she made Joel bear the brunt of her own unrest, and because it is not always good for two people to be too much together, and because she had nothing better to do, she began to pick Joel to pieces in her thoughts, and fret at his patience and stolidity. She wished he would grow angry, wished even that he might be angry with her. And she watched Joel more intently than it is well for a wife to watch husband, or for husband to watch wife.

He did so many things that tried her sore. He had a fashion, when he had finished eating, of setting his hands against the table and pushing himself back from the board with slow and solid satisfaction. She came to the point where she longed to scream when he did this. When they were at table in the main cabin, she watched with such agony of trembling nerves for that moment of his that she forgot to eat, and could not relish what she ate.

Joel was a man, and his life was moving smoothly. His ship's casks were filling more swiftly than he had any right to hope; his wife was at his side; his skies were clear. He was happy and comfortable and well content. Sometimes, when they were preparing for sleep, at night, in the cabin at the stern, he would relax on the couch there. But she did not wish for him to put his feet upon the cushions; she said that his shoes were dirty.

(Continued on page 83)

Joan of Arc, Second

By Robert H. Moulton

GERMAN helmets and French brides hold most of the honors among the souvenirs our boys are bringing home from France,

but Company B of the Sixtieth Engineers has a live mascot they will back to the limit. News of it came in a letter concerning Sergeant Morton Perry of Chicago and his "three musketeer" pals.

On a hot, muggy day last August, in a corner of France near the Toul sector, the Sixtieth Engineers were proceeding over a devastated area lately evacuated by the Germans. Company B had been assigned for reconstruction work to what had been a village. Most of it was in ashes.

Picking their way through the ruins, Sergeant Perry and his three comrades came to the remains of a cottage. The roof had been burned, but the four walls still stood. They first entered the kitchen. The stove and furniture had been wrecked. They passed on to the living-room. It, too, had been wrecked.

Sergeant Perry and his three comrades were preparing to depart when they were startled by a faint cry. They looked about. In the bedroom, under the bed,



Robert H. Moulton.

huddled against the wall, was a two-year-old girl.

Although Perry is six feet two in his stockings and weighs proportionately, he squeezed under the bed and put a brawny arm around the child. She stopped crying. She was attired in a frayed gunnysack slip and was weak from hunger. Her pretty face and her dark bobbed curls were covered by grime and dust.

Perry and his pals had just passed unmindful through an enemy barrage, but, the latter assert, their eyes were moist as they carried the child away from the wreckage that had been her home—a tiny human document of stricken France.

They carried her back to the dugout headquarters of their company, and there she stayed, up in the front of the American battle-line, knowing no woman's hands until the signing of the armistice, yet receiving the most tender care. Company B lost no time in making her its official mascot.

She asks no questions about her lost family, of which there remains no trace. Between Company B and herself it was love at first sight.

Oh, yes, and they have named her—Joan of Arc!

The Business Man in Government

By

William G. Shepherd

Cartoons by Ralph Barton

EVERY horse and mule in the United States ought to be taken out and shot. There are twenty-five million of them. They should be exterminated as soon as we can dispense with their services. A horse or a mule is one of the most unreasonable things alive. It pulls a plow over four acres of ground and then in a year it eats all that one of these acres produces. It eats as much when it isn't working as when it is. No one knew this fact until lately. The business man in the Government during the war discovered it.

I'm giving this fact, not to illustrate the undoubted truth that there will be over a million farm tractors in use within the next three years, but rather to show how, delving into America's business center in Washington—the center where the American business man had, until recently, a place in Government—you find astonishing facts beyond number. They are facts which the business man, when he got into the musty old offices in Washington, brought to light.

Let me give you a few more hit-or-miss but basic facts encountered in rummaging about the war-business buildings in Washington. I do not try to correlate them or digest them. They are simply nuggets from the vastest mine of business facts that has ever been developed. Women have earned an increased wage of two and a half billion dollars a year since America went into the war. Prohibition will give American consumers three billion dollars more a year to spend than they spent in 1914.

There is twice as much machinery in the factories of the United States to-day as there was in 1914. American business has doubled twice in the past eighteen years. If each one of the hundred and ten million people in the United States can eat or wear or use or buy twice as much from the grocery man or the meat man or the department-store keeper as he bought in 1910, America will hold her place as the richest nation on earth.

Over three-quarters of the families in the United States have had their incomes doubled since the war began. The American railways have increased forty-six per cent. in efficiency since, contrary to the spirit of the Sherman anti-trust law, they were consolidated. Twenty-five million American families have saved ten billion dollars in Liberty Bonds since the war began. Two million pigs, one for every fifty persons in the United States, were sustained and fattened by the once wasted garbage of three hundred of our lesser cities. In peace times we wasted two hundred million tons of coal a year.



America ends the war absolutely independent of Germany, for everything that Germany used to sell us in the way of dyestuffs and fertilizers has been or will now be produced in the United States.

The farmer in the past fifteen years has exceeded all other classes of Americans in the increase in his demands for greater comfort and luxury in life. American citizens in the past four years have ascended to a higher standard of living than any other people in the world. Standards of living and wages and political rights operate on the ratchet principle—they go up naturally, but they do not go down without breaking a cog.

Please don't spend any time trying to put together these disconnected bits of fact. I am just giving them, as I have explained previously, in order to show what a deluge of statement, analysis and observation is poured into one's ear when he enters the one-time center of the American business world in Washington. There is no use in trying to correlate them. Every one has a significance in itself; taken altogether they show how the superlatively restless, energetic American business man, spurred on by the needs of saving his country from disaster, got down to bed-rock principles in the analysis of that social service which we call business. He literally took business apart, so that he could look at the pieces and understand their complicated interworkings.

The American business man in Government created no new facts, any more than

the miner taking nuggets from the earth has created the eternal gold; and rare is the business man who has had a part in the business share of the war who does not realize this; but he *did* dig down farther for facts than the Government had ever dug before.

The biggest outstanding discovery of the war for business men is this: business follows certain basic eternal principles that can not be described by sets of facts. Business is not a machine which men operate; it is a biological entity that more or less operates itself. It is not a top that men can spin, but a top that spins itself; a top which the business man must mount and ride, if he would succeed. The annual crop of bankrupts in the United States, it is now made clear, consists of gentlemen who tried to spin the top.

Every business man who, departing from Washington these days, where he has toiled for the success of the war, goes back to the old business fight at home, takes with him this view-point. Moreover, with his departure there goes from the Government a vast amount of business fact and business philosophy which the Government ought not to lose. The Government, when the business man was in it, knew more of the country and its affairs than it has ever known before, or than it will ever know again, unless the business man can be persuaded to remain in it, or reenter it. There were two hundred and fifty business men in official positions in the Government during the war, whose combined earnings in peace times were ten million dollars a year; in addition there were, literally, thousands of lesser business men.

Shall Business Leave Government?

TO WASHINGTON during the war came, literally, tens of thousands of business men. They freely gave the Government all the facts they possessed about their own business. They met together and, breaking every letter of the Sherman anti-trust law, they pooled their information and their strength and surrendered or volunteered every secret in their possession. The result was that the Government found itself in possession of a store of information so thorough and so vast that it has not yet, even at the end of the war, been able, even with the assistance of the business men themselves, to put all this information together and discover what it all means.

To-day in Washington, men ask: "Shall all this information be withdrawn? Shall all these business men go back to their homes, taking with them the great new fund of information they have gleaned? Shall business again become a

closed secret to the Government? Shall business and the Government again become enemies? Or, as in days of old, shall they become secret allies, with secret treaties, working behind a curtain? Shall men who know about business and its problems and future withdraw from the Government and leave affairs of social service to officials who know what they *do* know of business merely by hearsay or by theory?"

The more one has seen of business men in the Government, the less he is inclined to answer this question. I attempt no answer and take no side. Washington has already practically emptied itself of business men. Business makes its own way, following natural laws, and if it makes its way into Government, no one can withstay it; if it does not, then no one can force it to do so. But the desirability of its remaining is beyond doubt.

England — Soldier and Business Man

HOW big a job was it that the business man accomplished in the war? Let me give several instances. This is from England:

Early in the war there sat in an office in London one of the fightingest soldiers and one of the handsomest fighters the world has ever seen. His name was Kitchener. He was a soldier of the old school; and the idol of England. When he was given charge of England's war and when word went out that "Lord Kitchener needs one hundred thousand men"—a pitiful little handful as compared with the hordes that have died in England's cause—the one hundred thousand and more came trooping to his call. A great battle was being planned by General Sir John French, the commander of the British troops in the field, and General Joffre. It was Lord Kitchener's job to get supplies to General French.

"Please see that fifteen per cent. of the shells that are sent to me are high-explosive shells," General French wired in effect to Lord Kitchener, some months before the battle. A month later he wired, "Please see that fifty per cent. of the shells sent to me are high explosive." Still a month

later, with the great battle only a few weeks distant, General French wired, "Please see that seventy-five per cent. of all the shells sent to me are high explosives."

And all the time that he was wiring for the newest-style shells, the shells that he received included only seven per cent. high explosives. All the rest were old-fashioned shrapnel. Kitchener didn't send the high explosives.

On the day that the French and British troops went over the top, after heavy artillery preparation, the French gained a mile and a half of territory and killed thousands of Germans. The British, going over the top side by side with the French, found that their old-fashioned shrapnel had not even cut the barbed wire in front of the German trenches. They were mowed down by German machine-gun fire and they gained no ground at all.

What was the difference? Simply this: In France, at the beginning of the war, the business man, the manufacturer, was mobilized and taken into the war. The great factories of France were connected

by push-buttons with the French War Department. Whatever the War Department wanted, it got. When it asked for the newest shells—the shells that had been brought into fashion by the enemy—it got them. In England, on the other hand, Lord Kitchener, of the old military school, had not taken the British business man into the Government. Kitchener knew less about business and manufacturing than he did about music. To mobilize the British business men and to challenge them to produce the necessities of war were matters beyond the imagination of Lord Kitchener. He is not to be blamed, in life or death. It was a new kind of war; not a soldier's war alone, but a business-man's war.

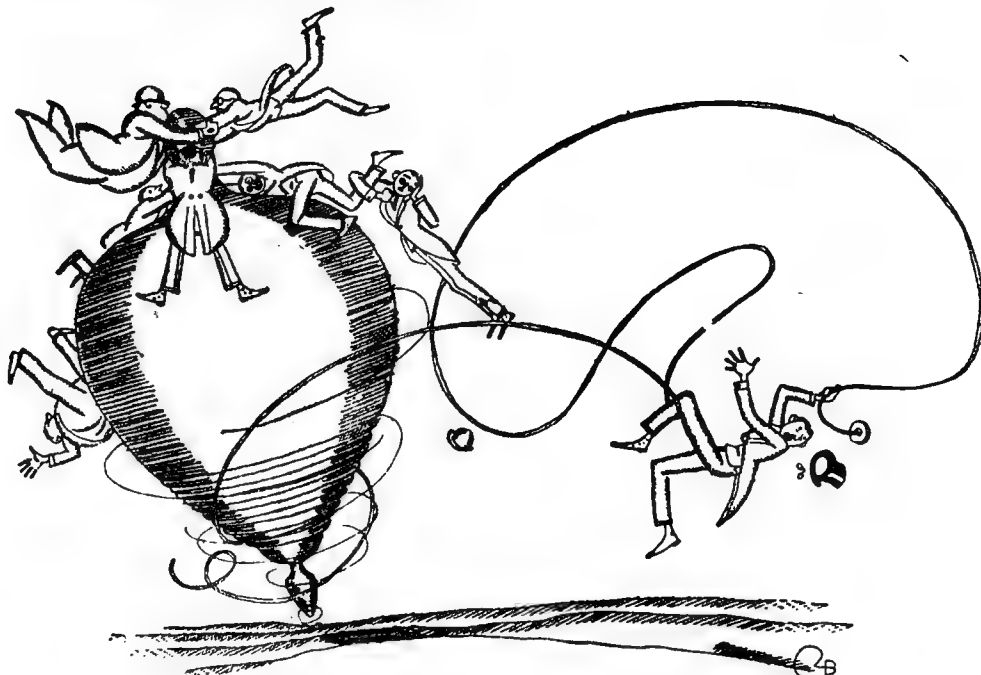
At this crisis Lloyd George stepped to the fore, took over the matter of munitions, mobilized the business men of England and set England on her way toward victory.

The business men of England saved the day, as the business men of America were to do at a later day.

Another instance:

England took her business men into the preparation of war materials at a comparatively early day. But she was slow in taking them into her department of diplomacy. England's department of state, it was felt by government leaders, ought to remain in the hands of trained diplomats. And yet here was a grievous mistake. When the American State Department, through the War Trade Board, inducted business men into international affairs, it did a mighty deal toward putting the finishing touches on Germany. Here is a new story of the war, that illustrates this:

The English discovered that Norway was shipping vast quantities of fish to Germany at a time when Germany was sorely in need of food. The unpractised



Business is a top that spins itself.



Every one is passing his services on to another.

British officials who had to do with international affairs, consulting meagerly with British business experts, or chemists or even business men, it is to be presumed, made a deal with Norway whereby Norway, in return for certain rights to English coal, was not to use tin containers for shipping smoked fish to Germany. Tin containers, it was believed by the British diplomats, were the only containers in which fish could be shipped. Hadn't they always been shipped in tin and only tin?

But the Germans, who had practical business men in their Government, set about to discover some other means of shipping fish. They discovered that sheet metal covered with a black lacquer, inside and out, would preserve smoked fish, for a short time, as well as tin.

What was known as the "black-can trade" sprang up in Germany. Factories were established which made cans of sheet metal and lined them with this lacquer. In these the Norwegian fish were shipped to Germany in stupendous quantities.

The British officials also endeavored to stop the Scandinavian fish trade to Germany by buying fish. One hundred millions of dollars were spent by the British in buying fish that otherwise would have gone to Germany. Everybody in Norway began to fish. Fish was the object of auction between the Germans and the British. The British, game to the core, bought all the fish in sight—and it is a historical fact that, being unable to transport it for sale to other lands, the British officials were forced to permit it to rot on the shores of Norway.

At this stage America came into the war, with her great forces, business men and all. Before very long the fish question in Norway came before the American War Trade Board—the business men's branch of the State Department.

"How do these Norwegians catch fish?" asked some practical American business man.

"By trawlers," was the answer, from the experienced Allies.

"Well, they run these trawlers with gasoline, don't they?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, let's keep gasoline away from them until they promise that none of the gasoline we send them shall be used in catching fish for the enemy," said the members of the American War Trade Board.

And that settled it. Before long the offending Scandinavians had hardly enough gasoline to run the trawlers that took fish for their own consumption. The big catches dwindled away, and Germany ceased to get the life-giving fish from Norway.

Again, and this is no small instance:

The neutral countries of Europe, before America entered the war, supplied fats sufficient for the daily consumption of ten million Germans. This was the state of affairs when America entered the war. Ten million men equaled, in numbers, the German army; Holland and Denmark alone almost kept the German army in fats.

The Allied diplomats, who, as is generally known, early in the war, numbered few business men, knew of this traffic between the neutrals and the enemy, but were unable to prevent it.

When America entered the war, the business men who had been called into the Government discovered that a large part of the German troops were being fed by neutrals. In fact, the word went around in the War Trade Board that fats from neutral countries bordering on Germany went directly to the German trenches. With the customary directness of business men the Americans asked:

"What are the raw materials that produce fats?"

"Fodder," was the response.

The Americans looked over the category of articles that were being sent from America to neutral countries and discovered that fodders filled a large place on the list.

"No more fodders for Scandinavia and the other neutral countries," they said, "until we are assured that the fats produced by this fodder remain in the neutral countries and are not shipped to Germany."

THIS ONE SINGLE DECISION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN IN THE WAR TRADE BOARD DID MORE TO HELP DEFEAT GERMANY THAN ANY OTHER ONE DECISION MADE IN AMERICA.

value of business men in government as much in peace time as in war time.

The present peace-time job of the business men who are in the War Trade Board suggests how efficiently business men in governmental capacities might assist the United States toward further success and prosperity. Just now the War Trade Board must see to it that agents who represent American business in foreign countries are put on their feet commercially. The German, who started the war, made a desperate dash, as soon as the armistice was declared, to get German business on to its feet in foreign countries. It immediately became the duty of the Post-Office Department to block every possible channel of communication between the German business man and his foreign associates; the cable censors clapped their eyes with freshly vigorous scrutiny to every telegram, seeking traces of the effort of the German business man to get his business going before the rest of the world had recovered from the war. And the business men in the War Trade Board, who, like all the other business men in the Government, would have been delighted to hurry



Compared with other countries our men live like lords.

IT TOOK THE FATS AWAY FROM SIX MILLION GERMAN SOLDIERS. IT EXPLAINS WHY, WHEN THE AMERICANS ENTERED THE GERMAN LINES AT THE TIME OF THE ARMISTICE, THEY FOUND GERMAN SOLDIERS COMPLAINING BITTERLY ABOUT HOW POORLY THEY HAD RECENTLY BEEN FED.

It illustrates the beauty and the efficiency of government not by politics or theory, but government by facts.

This springtime finds the American business man practically out of government. The War Trade Board is being maintained for the purpose of getting American foreign trade on its feet again, but there is every indication that it, too, will go out of existence in July. The men on that board are the "last of the Mohicans."

away from Washington to their peace-time pursuits, found it their duty to exercise all their knowledge of world business to hold the German business man back.

You may call this a business blockade, if you please, or trade discrimination, if you wish, but the fairness and justice of it are beyond dispute. Here is an instance of its fairness:

Down in South America, before the Germans upset the world and its business with their war, American agents were on the way toward establishing American motor-trucks as a business staple. The war, of course, ended the business of these truck agents. In one great South American city there was a German agent who had been selling the Sauer motor-truck, a Swiss machine. For almost four years this German agent had been unable to get spare parts for the trucks which he had sold. The trucks were sadly out

of repair, toward the end of the war. With true German craftiness, he tried to arrange matters so that many thousands of dollars' worth of spare parts for these trucks should be made in America and shipped to him.

The business men in the War Trade Board nipped his plan in the bud. That German is not going to be allowed to get his great fleet of motor-trucks going again until every American motor-truck agent in South America has received shipments of all the motor-trucks he needs, and has been given a chance to get his business back to where it was in pre-war days, or even to where it would have been to-day if the Germans had not started the war. If the Swiss firm is not pleased, it may employ an American agent. It is the German's fault that the American agent's business went to smash. The business men in the War Trade Board have decided that there will be no race between the German and the American business man for the goal of business stability in foreign lands. The American business man is going to be helped to that goal first, and, when he has arrived, the leash will be taken off the German.

The German may like this arrangement or not—as he pleases. His opinions and feelings won't make any difference. The few business men left in the Government in Washington have determined that it is their duty to remain in their Washington jobs for the purpose of helping out, not their own, but *all* American business.

In regretting the loss of the business man in government it is very easy to take the superficial view that what we ought to have in the United States, continually, is a business man's government.

Extraordinarily enough, the business man in Washington would be the last man to say that the United States would be benefited by turning over all its governmental affairs to the business man. I found none who entertained any such belief.

And yet, before the war, America was full of business men, including some who later were in office at the capital, who firmly believed that America could become great only by having a government of business men. What has brought about this change in opinion?

This one simple fact:

The war has changed the American business man, just as it has changed all the rest of us. He is a different person from the business man of 1914. I saw him at close range, all over the country, during the last six months of the war; I saw him on the job in Washington; and then at the

outbreak of peace, I journeyed to Atlantic City, where that most remarkable assemblage of business men this country has ever seen gathered to discuss the problems of the coming new world, and hear John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles M. Schwab and other business leaders preach the doctrine of fair play in business. The result of all these observations is this discovery:

The war has taught the American business man that he is something more than a business man. Back in the old world of 1914 the American business man was a business man, *all* the time; every minute of the twenty-four hours. The center of his life was his business; around his business was grouped the welfare of his city; he was interested in his state only in so far

about him, or in gathering himself together in a city and helping the city to prey on all those about it. He has learned, during his experience in government, that business is not a preying game, but that it is social service.

He used to divide the world clearly into producers and consumers. He, in his own mind, was a producer; all the rest of the world were consumers. But in taking business apart in Washington and looking at it, he learned that he, too, was a consumer. Every business man learned that he was ten times more a consumer than he was a producer. He had to buy ten times more things, yes, sometimes a hundred times more things, than he sold. In the old days of peace-time plenty, raw materials came to him so readily, almost at his merest wish, certainly with only a few strokes of his pencil on a telegraph blank, that he had not looked upon himself as in a class with those unfortunate consumers who must go about, money in hand, seeking what they must have to keep themselves alive, and paying whatever is demanded when they are at last fortunate enough to find it.

But his analysis of business has taught him that he is only a cog in the machine of social service; that everybody in the country, from the plate-washer in the hotel restaurant, and the street-car conductor, up to the bank president who steers the ebb and flow of gold, is a part of American business; and that, while a good citizen is having some service done for him by somebody else, he in turn, in his daily occupation, is merely doing some service

in return for others. Every one is passing his services on to another.

It is just the one simple idea, that he is something more than a business man, that has made this man whom we call a "business man" such a success in the Government. He was successful in Washington because he stopped being a mere business man. All of his business abilities, his love and veneration for facts, his careful conservatism and his careful radicalism, he devoted, not to seeing that American business was represented in government for its own welfare, but that the network of social service known as business be devoted entirely to the welfare of all the millions of Americans.

And here comes the core of the matter, for real regret:

This business man who has discovered himself in a new and bigger light, has scampered out of government as rapidly as he could go. With his ideals and his new knowledge, he has hurried back to the business world. He went away from Washington like a flash as soon as the war was ended. He didn't delay one second longer than necessary.

There was no way to hold him back. And, if he had been held back, there were



The American business man had plenty of sad opportunities to learn that he was a consumer.

as its railroad and tax laws did not interfere with his business. He expressed himself socially at the commercial club or in the Rotary Club, and it was only at his country club or his golf club that he began to forget that there was something else in life than business. The United States of 1914 was made up of about nine hundred cities and towns, each its own center, each seeking its own welfare. In this same fashion the countries of feudal Europe were constituted—each walled city taking care of itself; its citizens loyal only to what was within the walls.

And yet the United States of 1914 was an improvement over the United States that grew up after the Civil War. Back in those days, even civic pride fell away. Each business man was for himself alone. It took him many years of experience to learn that his own welfare was bound up in the mass welfare of the city or town in which he lived; that it was his duty to be a good citizen of his town and to "boost" for the town's welfare.

But during the past four years—indeed rather, during the past two years—the vision of the American business man has expanded. He has discovered that business does not consist in preying on all those

no places in the Government, as it is now constituted, where he would have fitted. His war-time niche he fitted to a "T"; there was no peace-time niche for him.

And yet many men, in Washington and elsewhere, knew that he should have stayed. Three days after the signing of the armistice, Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board, made an open plea for maintenance of government measures which would help American business men to effect economies in standardization and in other respects. The two hundred and fifty one-dollar-a-year men in Mr. Baruch's offices, even while he was pleading for such measures, were hurrying away to their peace-time lives.

And thus the governmental departments have been cleared of the business man. He has gone back into American business; scattered himself throughout the business world with his new viewpoint and his new philosophy.

Only one fact stands out as sure, in this problem of the departure of the business man from Government, and that is this:

He will come back into Government again.

He will not come back secretly. The business man will not again work behind the scenes of Government as he did in the old days. Coal and steel and the railroads and other American business interests—and this I learn through contact with men who have played parts in the history of American business—do not want to have to buy senators or congressmen or to sneak them into the halls of state or into lawmaking bodies. They themselves, during the war, have seen the Government take all these things in hand and control them; they were part of the Government that did it.

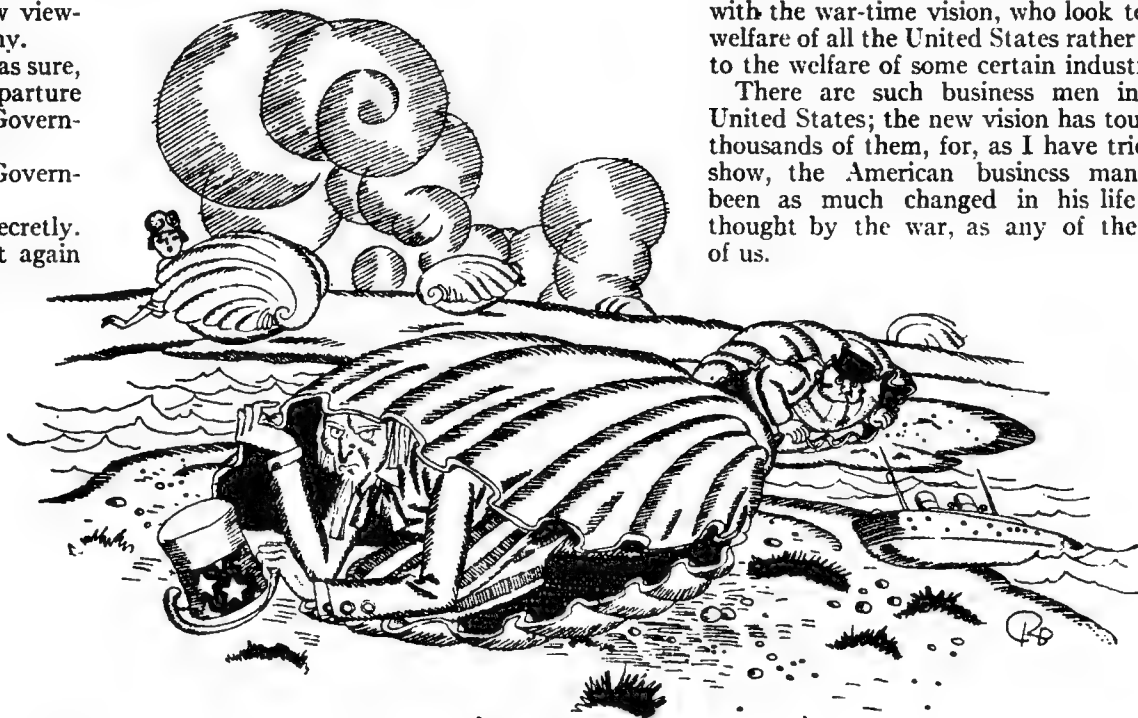
They know that business can be treated fairly by the Government—perhaps greatly to its advantage—if men of genuine business ability, with the new view-point that business is a social service, have a part in the Government.

And they themselves, these former masters of business, if the signs of the present times may be believed, will soon be seeking out from among themselves, men of business ability and experience, men of the type who served the Government during the war, and will be expecting them to take places in the Government, to see not that this or that certain business may thrive over other businesses, but that the great United States, whose greatness must hereafter be based on its national and general prosperity, is being conducted toward greatness and strength among the world's nations.

Within the past few weeks I have heard such men as Charles Schwab and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., speak in what might have been construed as phrases of apology for the deeds of the old days, when business fought against business, when capital fought against labor, when the strife of commerce, instead of strengthening the United States, really served to weaken it. It was provincial to fight that way; it was narrow and little.

To-day their vision is broader. The war has taught them, as it has taught everybody else in the United States, that the welfare of the United States as a whole is the Number One thing in all our lives. There can be good fortune for none of us, from the humblest to the highest, unless the fortunes of the United States be good. The fortunes of all of us must be good and fair before things are right.

It is the business man who can understand this fact that will take his place in Government in the days to come. He may be a coal man, but he will know that his duty is not to protect the coal industry so much as to protect the United States and keep it sound and strong, knowing well that the coal industry would go to pot if things were not going well with the United States.



Shall Uncle Sam draw again into a shell, shutting himself out from the rest of the world?

He will be different from the business man who sneaked his way into Government in other days in order to fight for the welfare of his particular business, regardless of what havoc he might wreak on the rest of the country.

The problems that are facing us now are those for business men to solve. One of them, for instance, has to do with raw materials.

Shall Uncle Sam continue to dole out to business-men consumers the raw American materials, for which the business men of all the rest of the world are competing, wherewith American factories are to be supplied?

Shall Uncle Sam draw again into a shell, shutting himself out from the rest of the world, and be contented only with keeping himself alive?

Shall American business be restored to the pre-war status, when business, as it was generally viewed in America, consisted in one American fighting another American for all he could get?

Shall we enter again into the same old family fight for coal, for lumber, for iron, for all the natural resources which our fathers found here on the premises?

Real wealth comes from service. Coal, lumber and iron pass away. Dogs who have fought each other for such bones

finally find themselves starving, possessing only bleached and meatless objects. Business in the United States, as we may now look back upon it from our pre-war viewpoint, has resembled too much a dog-fight for the possession of the natural resources with which nature endowed us; but natural resources are transitory; they are exhausted in the end. To put it in an extreme way: Business is not a matter of fighting; it is a matter of serving the world. And, by this token, and with this new view, we may well ask whether or not we in the United States have not been engaged in fighting and tearing each other to pieces when we really thought we were engaged in that service which the business men of other nations call business.

We must have business men in our Government to help solve such immense problems as these; men of the war-time stamp, with the war-time vision, who look to the welfare of all the United States rather than to the welfare of some certain industry.

There are such business men in the United States; the new vision has touched thousands of them, for, as I have tried to show, the American business man has been as much changed in his life and thought by the war, as any of the rest of us.

The business man who thinks in the terms of 1914 is not only an old fogey, but also a potential bankrupt. I heard the new philosophy expressed in a group of American business men on the *Mauretania* recently:

"I'm interested in shipping," said one of the men. "We've had to put in so many bathtubs and so many new cabins and wide bunks for our crews that we've cut down on tonnage. We feed our men only first-class food and they are the highest-paid seamen in the world. Compared with other countries, our men live like lords. We'll have to meet expenses and make our dividends in some way, but we can't do it unless our men are happy and satisfied. We're not going to try to take a single thing away from them in peace-time business. My firm has an idea that the best-fed, the best-paid and the best-cared-for sailors on the ocean will bring the best results. If we make the American seaman of the future the happiest sailor on the seas and put him in the best ships under the best living conditions, then America is going to do the best shipping business in the world. At least, that is our bet and we're going to lay a lot of money out on it."

Every business man in the group approved. They had heard the voice of the new world.



Then Hopper smiled and began to talk to "his bunch."

Hopper

By June Richardson Lucas

Author of "Children of France and the Red Cross."

Illustrated by Judy Collins

THE first time I saw Hopper, he was loading his little Ford ambulance with half-sick, frightened children who were to go out to the big château, the Red Cross convalescent hospital for the little *repatriés*. There were three ambulances and three groups of children, and as I came out of the Lyons hospital I heard Hopper say, "Which is my bunch, Miss Nelson?" The head nurse smiled and answered, "These are yours, Hopper. Be careful, they are a little frightened." And Hopper stood a moment looking at "his bunch," his jolly face sober, almost sad.

They were a pathetic-looking little band, clinging together. Their black-hooded capes, knitted caps, heavy stockings and boots covered warmly their thin little bodies, but their white faces and big eyes choked you. They looked so homeless, so alone, and so startled. The ambulance interested them, but they made no move toward it; just stood patiently waiting, with that dumb look found so often on the faces of those who have been under the heel of Prussianism. Then Hopper whistled, a long low whistle. Each little face turned to look at the big man in his heavy coat, knee-boots and the knitted helmet under the ambulance-driver's cap. Then Hopper smiled, the dimples deep in his fat round face, and began to talk to "his bunch." In French? Bless you, no;

Hopper never spoke a word of anything but good Milwaukee American.

"Now who wants to get into this Golden Chariot first? You do? Well, I thought so. Now, there, you go way in by the little window there." He swung the first little boy into the ambulance.

"Now, where's your sister? There she is, I bet. Every boy's got a sister." Two little cold red hands went up from under one of the black capes and Hopper gently lifted a little blue-eyed girl up in his arms. As he put her in, he said, "Now you're my sister too. Don't you forget it, will you? Heigho! here's a regular Lord Fauntleroy."

A good little fellow, with a rather faded red muffler around his neck, smiled at that amazing salute, and in he went. As Hopper talked, the children moved closer to him, and the loading of that little Ford remains with me as one of the kindest things I saw done in that aching country the fourth winter of the war.

Hopper had a word for each child. For one little lad on crutches I shall never forget the tenderness in his voice. "Well, did you ever! Here's a captain of artillery on leave. Won't you sit here at the end and see that this company behaves? I have to drive this chariot."

As he closed up the back of the ambulance he noticed that one little girl was crying softly and pointing to a small boy standing with the other group. The small boy was looking anxiously at Hopper.

Hopper waited a second. Then he called: "Say, Miss Nelson, I need one more kid in here. They're not wedged in tight enough. They'll all jiggle."

Miss Nelson was busy with another group. Hopper didn't wait. "Come on, old fellow; you'll just about fit," and Hopper swung the small boy into place, and in a moment we were off. I had been assigned to the front seat with Hopper. It was bitter cold and the ride out to the château along the snowy roads covered with ice was exhilarating for two reasons—the beauty of the winter landscape and the skidding of that Ford. The first time we spun perilously near the road on a sharp elevation, Hopper burst into a hearty laugh. I was a bit impatient as well as frightened. "What are you laughing at? We almost went over the edge."

"Listen," Hopper answered. The children were laughing, not very loudly, just little comfortable chuckles.

"You see," Hopper went on, "the first time I did this the children were frightened and cried every time we skidded. I couldn't stand it, and there was nothing I could do about it. I can't make 'em understand my *FRENCH*—his blue eyes twinkled—"so every time I see the skid comin' I laugh just as loud as I can, and they laugh." And so Hopper laughed his way out to the hospital—big hearty laughs as we skidded. Sometimes we would be passing an old man or woman driving a

big pink pig, and our laughter made the old people smile and wave to us.

In between the skids Hopper talked quite simply of his home, his mother, his grandmother. He was the only son. He kept three cigar stores at home. "But I keep 'em straight." I know he did—you couldn't look into Hopper's eyes and think anything else. He had tried hard to get into the Army at home, but he was overweight. "I pestered everybody round home for three months—I didn't eat, Lor', I most starved, and yet I couldn't get down enough. Finally they let me go down to the trainin'-camp for a try. I was there two weeks and I gained ten pounds. Think of it! My officer was so mad he sent me flyin' back to Milwaukee. Gee, I was sore—gainin' ten pounds more after starvin' myself for three months.

"Go back to your cigar business, man, you ain't no soldier." A second lieutenant said that. Well, I got to France before that bunch did, anyway, if I am only drivin' sick kids. And I'll make the Army 'fore long. I am losin' steady. I weigh every trip I come in here and I ain't done nothin' but lose, so far. But you hate to be in the slacker class when you're just bustin' to get your hands on a Hun."

I protested that no one could call him by that hated word—that his work as an ambulance driver was needed and was real service, but he just shook his head. "If you're my age and don't get into this fight, somehow, you'd better be dead. I don't ever want to go home to my town unless I take a few Hun scalps."

If you could have seen Hopper's smiling eyes and lips as he made these "gentle" remarks, you could never have thought of him as killing Germans, and yet there was a quality about him that made you certain that some day Hopper would reach the land of his heart's desire.

He loved his work always; his car was never out of order long. The garage out at the château was a beautiful winter greenhouse built in the side of a hill. Rare plants still bloomed there. "You could smell 'em," Hopper said, "if it wasn't for the gasoline. They smell fine."

I had waded down through the snow one morning to see if a dozen or so missing children were to be found there. The children swarmed around Hopper, and when his work was done he would play with them.

He saw me coming and called, "Yes, they're here waitin' for me. Come and see my collection of plants."

He waved his hand to a row of children, each one seated on an overturned flower-pot, watching Hopper as he worked on the car. "When I get dizzy workin', well, I told 'em I'd teach 'em how to play leap-frog—you know, Mrs. Lucas, these kids don't know how to play. They just walk and sit. Gee, it's awful. I'm teachin' 'em English this morning." I laughed as his eyes, deep blue, twinkled. "You see, I can't speak French. I'm tryin' hard, but I'll never do it. So they've got to speak American. Now, you listen. What are you this mornin', Alphonse?"

"Daisee," said the small boy on the flower-pot at the end nearest Hopper.

"You bet you are," said Hopper. "That's the one I've adopted," he explained to me. "Germans killed his mother, and his father was killed at the battle of the Marne. He's headed for Milwaukee."

I was about to explain to Hopper that he couldn't take the boy out of the country. The French Government ruled against it. France needs all her children. But I didn't. Why suggest obstacles to such as Hopper? He would overcome them as they arose; I was sure of that.

"What are you, Veronica?" Hopper shouted above the noise of an exhaust explosion.

"Pensee," said the small girl next. "Right you are," called Hopper. "Look at her eyes, Mrs. Lucas. Ain't she a pansy?" And she was—great soft velvety eyes, dark brown, set deep in her white face.

Next came Henri, a little wizened-up boy of six. He responded to the call with the word *chestnut*. "That's because he says the same thing over and over," explained Hopper.

And as the lesson went on, each one of that row of a dozen or more children responded with a name of an American plant, tree or flower, that in some strange way seemed appropriate either on account of his looks or because of the running comment on each child Hopper gave.

"We're makin' a game out of this. They only answer right if they're sittin' on the same flower-pot, but pretty soon we're goin' to change seats and try it."

I can never forget the big cheer of the boy—for he was only a boy of twenty-one. He made the convalescent children bloom just because he was so sunny, and the sick-est child would be quiet and more content if Hopper tiptoed into the room and

smiled down at him. "You must buck up, Buster, buck up. We can't have no dyin' business here. This is a convalescent joint. You'll spoil our reputation," he would say, and many did "buck up" for Hopper that we thought would never smile again.

Then came his first *permission* and we knew he was going straight to Paris to try his luck, as he put it. "I ought to make it. I'm positively swanlike—oh, I got lots to spare in this business this time. I hate to leave the kids, but I've got to go."

That was his last night. We were sitting by the fire in the staff room. Hopper always slipped away early from dinner, and had a wonderful fire when we came up, shivering, through the icy corridors.

And so he went to conquer army red tape and official difficulties, and none of us were surprised ten days later when his letter came:

"I'm in, after a lot of fussin'—it's so irregular. It's best not to write about how I got in; I'll tell you when I come back on my first perm. Tell the kids not to forget their English and every time I get a Fritzle I'll be thinkin' of them. I hate to have a new man drive my Liz, but there isn't much more she can do in the trouble line. Think of being fifteen pounds lighter than necessary. I do hope I see that fool second lieutenant somewhere. I'd give him the salute of his life. Hope you are all as happy as I am. If any more boxes of cigars come from home, send 'em along. If a Hun smells one of my good weeds up there he'll give himself up, hopin' to taste one. So long. Hopper."

And so he went to meet the great adventure. The children drooped for days. They missed him cruelly and they watched the ambulances, hoping to find their friend again. At first we heard often—post-cards and funny little gifts for the children. Then the long-awaited-for offensive broke and it was three months before we heard from Hopper.

Then came the letter: "Tell Alphonse I am sitting in his village, what's left of it, and I've got a round shining stone in my pocket for him. I have seen some great sights—the greatest is the Hun running toward the Rhine. Nothing in Milwaukee can beat that, and that's going some. While I was chasing a Hun one day I met a shell, so tell Henri I have to sit still, the way he did, but it's all right. The Huns are still running—and I am headed for Milwaukee. Hopper."



Palmer, Jack-of-all-Enemy-Trades

By Anne Herendeen

MR. A. MITCHELL PALMER and the job he built stand among the most astonishing of the many astonishing mushroom monuments of America's part in the war.

I don't see how he can ever be comfortable and inconspicuous again, for the sheer searchlight foresight and dynamic decision of the man have made him a giant among lawyers, while the astounding volume of the trusts on his books—he has been warder of 'about \$800,000,000—has made him a giant among business men. Beside his trust company, every other trust company the world has ever seen looks like the Jones kids and the Smith kids playing store on the side porch.

In the well-known American manner he and his job started in the back of a tailor shop with one stenographer. First of all, he had the presidential letter of appointment framed and hung up, and then he sent broadcast to bankers and postmasters and tax-collectors and to the public generally appeals to send him in information relative to enemy-owned property. Any organizer knows how much more difficult it is to galvanize other people into action than to do the thing himself. But only experienced trust-company officials can appreciate the magnitude of Mr. Palmer's job, which out-distanced any other single business in the world while in the process of building the organization with which to take care of the work. At the end of the first year Mr. Palmer had 550 persons working for him in a building all his own.

The law reads that all reports of enemy property must be filed within sixty days; but at the end of that time less than 13,000 reports had arrived. Not enough business to suit A. Mitchell Palmer.

By February, 1919, about 35,000 reports of enemy-owned property had been received, of which nearly 26,000 had been entered upon Mr. Palmer's books and were being run or disposed of by him.

The Trading with the Enemy Act, under which the Alien-Property Custodian lived and moved and had his being, made residence and not nationality the test. For instance, all persons, including partnerships and corporations, residing or doing business in enemy countries are enemies. Mr. Palmer's hammer fell impartially on the heads of Germans and Americans who were absent in Germany or Austria. The loyal absentee Americans who return and can prove that they were unavoidably detained get their property back. The property of Germans resident in America was not touched unless they had been considered sufficiently dangerous to be interned.

When I was in Mr. Palmer's office, early in February of this year, he was worrying about a greedy enemy canary bird that was eating its head off at government expense. He had a \$75,000 necklace on his hands too. It was part of his job to attach commodities consigned to enemies, in transit or in storage or warehouses. The groceries that that man has had to dispose of! And the liquor



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Our Enemy-Property Custodian.

and the clothes and the furniture! Somewhere about \$50,000,000 worth of them at about 10,000 public auctions! The cash that accrued from these sales was turned over to the United States Treasury and invested in Liberty and other government bonds.

But the commodity end of Mr. Palmer's business was really the least of it. It was a picturesque nuisance, like candy in a drug-store. Mr. Palmer's real problem has been the German enemy-owned stock in American corporations.

Mr. Palmer won't go down in history as a big business man or a phenomenal lawyer. He has dramatized himself as a surgeon whose job it was to cut the cancer of German influence out of American business. To put it in his own words: "German money invested in American business has constituted a real menace to the commercial and industrial independence of America. America's social and economic, possibly even her political, independence are threatened by the industrial invasion which has the backing of the German Empire."

The enemy was required to step out and Mr. Palmer stepped in. At the end of his first year on the job Mr. Palmer was a holder of stock ranging from fifteen per cent. to one hundred per cent. in 277 corporations.

And from the first there was nothing of the silent partner about him. He consistently felt it necessary to participate in the management of the company whenever the enemy interest was large enough to influence the property. And he is some participant! He never nibbles his pencil or draws circles on his blotter. He just decides things.

The problems he has had to master in these few months! Mr. Palmer has run the entire gamut of American industry; he has been engaged in more and different kinds of business than any other individual in the

world. He has cut timber and built ships in Florida; raised sugar in Hawaii; tobacco in the Philippines; cotton in the South; chicory in the North; published newspapers; drawn royalties from comic operas; operated insurance and trust companies; mined lead, zinc, copper, silver and tungsten in many states and in Mexico; made steel and iron; brewed beer in New York, New Jersey, Illinois and Louisiana; manufactured chocolate, pianos, machinery, chemicals, knitting-needles, "notions," corsets, dyestuffs, pharmaceuticals, munitions, ice, woolen, silk, cotton goods and laces; dealt in precious stones and art works, and has even managed a cemetery!

Some of the time he has had \$169,000,000 worth of stock on his mind and \$59,000,000 of bonds in corporations; mortgages to the amount of \$12,000,000; \$6,000,000 of receivable notes; \$60,000,000 of receivable accounts; \$10,000,000 worth of real estate; \$34,000,000 worth of ships. There was a little trifle of \$10,000,000 worth of property seized by Mr. Palmer's agents in the Philippines that made him work overtime one day.

There's another whole story about wills that contained bequests to enemies. Seven thousand estates have gone through the Custodian's hands. Incidentally they say this has been a pet department of the President. There was the Western school-teacher who left five hundred dollars—all her savings—to von Hindenburg! And several attractive little legacies were intercepted on their way to the Kaiser.

"I sent it to him," remarks Mr. Palmer, "in bullets."

And the poor dear American heiresses that had married enemies! How exciting Mr. Palmer has made life for them! One page in his accounts reads something like this:

Countess Gladys Vanderbilt Szechenyi.	\$4,000,000
Interest from trust fund of	5,000,000
Baroness Olivia Louise von Rothkirch (née Brown).....	1,000,000
Baroness Cornelia C. Zedlitz (daughter of Charles Y. Roosevelt) (in trust).....	1,000,000
Personal property.....	200,000
Countess Marguerite Isabelle Eugénie Victorine, grandniece of the late Henry Astor, cash... Trust fund.	9,000
Mary Trowbridge von Zeppelin (née Wilkens of Detroit), life interest trust fund.....	60,000
etc., etc.	40,000

What's to become of all the \$800,000,000 that are in or have passed through Mr. Palmer's hands?

Mr. Palmer's idea is to have it used, over a period of years possibly, in reimbursing Americans who have lost property through the war. It is the one sure way of making Germany do some debt-paying. By the time this piece is printed the Peace Conference may have decided thus or otherwise.

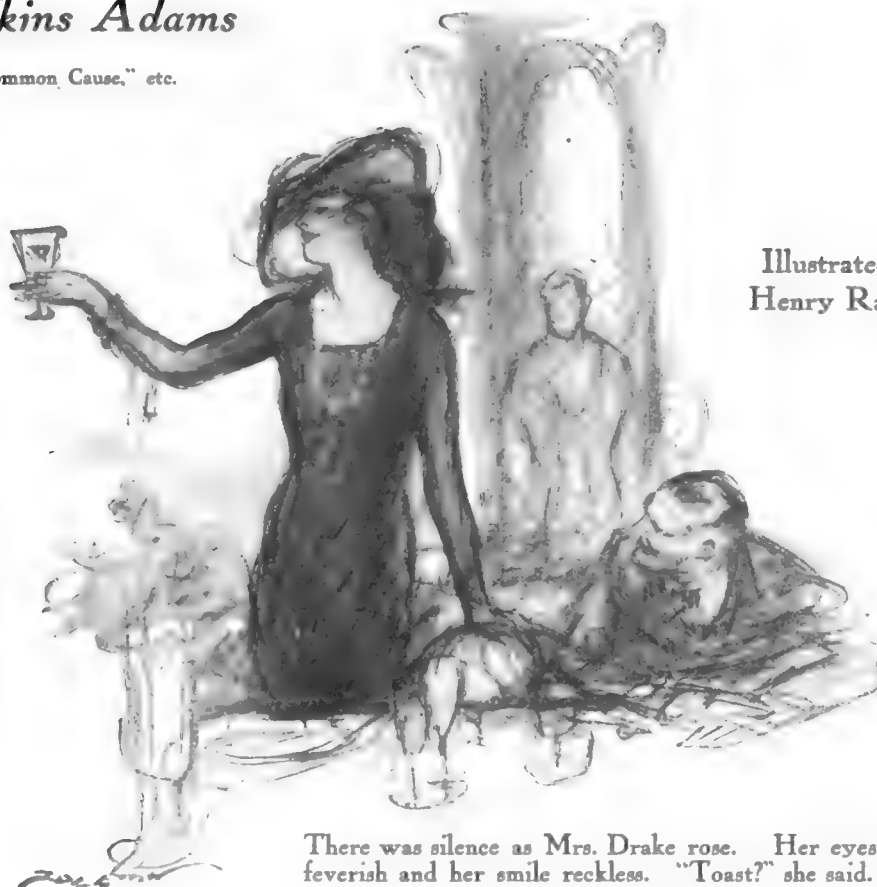
Anyhow, A. Mitchell Palmer is a war dog who has had his day. And, believe him, it has been a long one.

Half a Million, Cold

A Story of War-Time Washington

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "Our Square," "Common Cause," etc.



Illustrated by
Henry Raleigh

HERE is another of Mr. Adams's stories of the Washington of war times. It is a story about a man who learned, dramatically, the difference between Profiteer and Patriot. And this time the background is not war workers, but the greedy throng of profit-seekers that flocked after them, adding to the problems of the hard-driven city. Next month's story is "Silver Stripes Among the Gold"—a romance of the "Chemical Division"—a brand-new theme for fiction. This and later stories—one every month—will carry us into the Washington, not only of war times but of early peace days.

There was silence as Mrs. Drake rose. Her eyes were feverish and her smile reckless. "Toast?" she said. "I'll give you better than a toast. I'll give you a touch of the philosophy of life."

BREAKFAST at noon. Bellows was certain of the hour named, because it had been fixed in his consciousness by the scandal of learning that any one could begin the day so late. Now it was seven minutes past twelve and his host not yet there. He let his eyes wander once more about the room and was struck anew with the sumptuous beauty of it and the wonder that he should be there in a private dining-room of the luxurious, extravagant, "exclusive" Hotel Allingham.

What kind of dazzling folk would they be who would presently come to play in this fairy grotto? Perhaps there would be ladies. The delicate profusion of flowers suggested it. "A bunch of the real insiders in Washington," the note of invitation ran. "We'll close out our little deal with a party." Fingering his white silk tie, of a species sacred to weddings and swell receptions at home, Mort Bellows was nervously glad that he had had his best suit specially pressed.

The Allingham appertained to a world above him; and indeed, his pinkish cheeks and blue eyes giving him a youthful appearance in spite of his thirty-eight years, his stiff black suit and bridal tie moved some of the waiters, busy about a side-

board filled with crystal and labeled bottles, to wonder whether he had not got into the wrong room. If Bellows rather felt that too, he comforted himself with the thought of the "little deal." Once that was concluded, the Allingham with all its awing magnificence would be well within his scope. In fact, it was difficult for his frugal and unexpanded mind to conceive of any splendor that would not be. He stood to clean up half a million, cold!

Lost in his golden dream he was startled to find Ed Passley standing over him, with his customary air of smiling and brisk self-satisfaction.

"Got here in time, I see," said the host, shaking hands. "Noon means anything up to one-thirty in Washington." He glanced toward the sideboard. "Any one done anything for you yet? No? Careless! Here, boy! Throw a couple of little drinks together."

"Say," protested Bellows as the icy glass was put in his hand, "I don't do this once a month at home."

"This is Washington. Dry town. Take it when you can get it. Special occasion, too. The deal goes through to-day, and I've got your reservations for the night's train. Here's luck-in-your-eye. Excuse me while I give the place the final look-over."

In the midst of the process the other guests began to arrive, singly and in groups.

Retiring to his corner, Bellows observed with growing wonderment the manifestation of that new, strange, colorful and rather sinister phenomenon, a Washington "war breakfast," whereto gathered the idle, the sensation hunters, the fugitives of excitement, the suddenly and nervously affluent, the seekers after queer and quiet profits, the pickers and snatchers of opportunity, the politicians with a lustful eye for dickerings, and the minor jackals who lurked shrewdly and hungrily at the far, safe rear of the struggle. The women he thought for the most part attractive; two or three of them quite beautiful; one in particular, a lustrous and exotic brunette wearing a string of pearls.

All were exquisitely dressed, except one dowdy old frump whom every one seemed to know and court.

Shrewdness, hard, alert, with a touch of the furtive, was the distinctive mark of the men. Put to the question, Bellows would have admitted, not without a hardy pride, that he himself was a practical business man who looked out for Number One and let the other figures take care of themselves. But there was something about these sleek, rather boisterous fellows

that almost scared him. Their faces were vulturous. Not all of them, however. There was a tall, kindly, suave elderly man in a frock-coat whom the company addressed as The Onnable, a form which the neophyte was able later to interpret in terms of the gentleman's status as a member of the House of Representatives; also a silent, stern-faced man in uniform, known as "Cap."

These two wandered over with apparent casualness to make themselves acquainted through the mediumship of a drink. As a matter of fact, Bellows was there at all only because they and, in particular, the aged frump wished to look him over at first hand, and estimate him. The enterprise upon which they were about to embark, and of which Bellows, in the innocence of his soul, believed himself to be the guiding spirit, would lead through tricky waters, and they did not propose to ship with an unknown who might be idiot enough to rock the boat! The aged lady was quietly watching Bellows, but so cleverly that he did not note it, though he was fascinatedly intent upon her, and wondering at what moment she would come crashing in ruin to the floor. To his certain, though not necessarily exhaustive, reckoning she had consumed five cocktails. And that before breakfast!

Yet when she presently hobbled over to him with Ed Passley, she seemed no whit the worse for her libations. Ed presented her as "Auntie Whipple—everybody's Auntie," and she set out to make the stranger feel at home, which, with homely but consummate tact, she achieved in five minutes' rambling talk.

Occasionally she summoned some one to be introduced, the formula being incomplete until the waiter came to set the seal of a cocktail on the new acquaintanceship. But Bellows sturdily held to the dregs of his second glass; a procedure which, though Auntie Whipple deprecated it, counted to his merit as indicating discretion. And without discretion, many a "little deal" which should be conducted in decorous quiet becomes as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, inviting undesirable attention and, haply, even the blighting beam of newspaper print, upon the most concerned.

"HERE'S Alice Corliss at last," said Auntie presently. "Your breakfast partner."

Alarmed but enchanted, Bellows watched the small, trim-built, radiant blonde cross over to them. What was he to find to say to this dazzling, worldly creature?

He might have spared himself his misgivings. Hardly waiting for Auntie's introduction, Mrs. Corliss, composedly bidding Bellows "Welcome to our fair city," proceeded to set him *au courant* of the surface gossip concerning the various guests: Kilgore, the distiller's agent, who had been invited out of the Food Administration after the development of a leakage of information, highly profitable to the insiders outside; Ammerton, the "war correspondent," known to have been in German pay, and at present entertaining a circle with expert legerdemain wherein two apples, a Brazil nut and a stick-pin moved in a mysterious way their wonders to perform; young Kalin, who by virtue of an army clothing contract had stepped

from an onion-reeking loft on New York's East Side to a suite at the Allingham in less than a year; Ledyard, tall, tanned and blustering, who, having secured a snap commission in the "Ornaments Department," had straightway developed a plan for transposing the White Light atmosphere of Broadway to Pennsylvania Avenue; Baneker, the preacher of high editorial ethics, already suspected of having sold out to the Brewery Trust; old Senator Hickman, whose impaired pull was still potent enough to keep a petted son of draft age and qualifications out of the service; and Mr. Leng, a sedate, mysterious but festive-minded old Chinese globe-trotter.

"Do they belong here in Washington?" asked Bellows, with a wondering eye on the human medley.

"Temporarily. While the pickings are good," replied little Mrs. Corliss.

"Pickings?" he repeated doubtfully.

"They aren't here for their health, exactly, you know. Any more than, I suppose, you are."

"There's a lady that looks as if she was here just for the big fun of it." He indicated the tall brunette, now the center of a briskly chattering circle.

"That's Vivian Drake," returned his informant. "Something to look at, isn't she? See the other women hating her for her new pearls."

"They're mighty handsome pearls," said Bellows.

"Combination metals, every one of 'em."

But this off-hand reference to the success of a stock-market deal embodied in the string of gems, was beyond Bellows. "No!" he said in surprise. Then, brightly: "Say, there isn't anything science can't imitate better than the original, is there?"

"Science?" For the moment she was puzzled. Then, with a trill of laughter, "Oh, listen, Viv! Our friend here thinks your pearls are made to order."

Bellows flushed hotly, but was relieved by the brunette's good-humored: "So they are. By my private flock of oysters."

"I knew she worked some kind of a fish for 'em," commented a harsh undertone back of Bellows. "But I didn't think it was a shell-fish."

"First time I ever heard of Ed Passley being taken for a fish," cackled Auntie softly.

Bellows, thinking quickly, put two and two together. He didn't quite get the reference to a fish, but he suspected that the gleaming necklace was an engagement present—he'd heard that such things were done in high society—and he heartily envied Ed Passley.

"Is there something between those two?" he asked Mrs. Corliss with a shrewd smile.

She shot a quick glance at him. "Nothing but Vivian's husband. And he's in the trenches."

Before he could recover from this, Bellows found himself the center of attention and cheerfully open raillery, for his combination metals surmise had gone the rounds.

"Who's the innocent?" queried a woman's voice.

"Give'm a drink, somebody. It clears the brain."

"He's too young for this bunch."

"A fair young prairie-flower, transplanted to the hothouse."

"Elect him to the War-is-Hell Club."

"What's that?" asked Bellows, bewildered under the onset. Several voices hastened to answer him.

"Organization to mitigate the horrors of war."

"Meets in dry weather."

"All good sports eligible."

"If they got the price." This was Kalin's contribution.

"Pristine innocence no bar."

"Come on in! The water's scarce, but the drinks are fine."

"Did I make a break?" Bellows whispered to Mrs. Corliss.

"You're all right," she assured him. "We're all for you."

"Let's go!" announced Ed Passley in his jovial bleat. "It's one-thirty and the pancakes are brown. Just one more drink to scare away the spiders and we're all set."

They trooped to the table, where glasses of pinkish, effervescing liquid were waiting. A heavy, black-visaged man who (Alice Corliss whispered) had just emerged from a shipyard scandal, unscathed except in his negligible reputation, lifted his glass and intoned: "First toast: War is hell."

"And here's a comfortable nook by the fire," returned a plump little tailor-made woman on Ed Passley's left.

"May it never stop while the pickings are good!" added the distillery agent, whereat The Onnable shook a warning and reprehensory head.

AS THE potent drinks began to work, the air became full of gossip, innuendo, and presently scandal, not always of the most subtle. The hints, sneers, accusations touched upon names which had been to Morton Bellows's simple mind objects of reverential pride in his country's achievements; the names of leaders who, in the time of stress, had risen above personal and partisan advantage into the clearer ether of patriotism. And wherever the scandal-voices touched, they smirched. Horrified and resentful at first, the stranger at the feast became impressed with the assurance of the speakers, the effect and assumption of common knowledge as to all these ugly reports. These people knew what they were talking about! The nation's gods, then, did have feet of clay—of mud, if one might believe half of what was current in the tainted air. Whatever vague compunctions he might have brought with him into this atmosphere as to his own little deal with the Government, dissolved. If things were as rotten as this—

Some one had started a song that he knew. He joined in lustily. Then there was silence as Mrs. Drake rose, a great goblet of the fragrant pink liquid in her hand. Her eyes were feverish and her smile reckless.

"Toast?" she said. "I'll give you better than a toast. I'll give you a touch of the philosophy of life." She spoke with a sneering lightness; but now her rich voice deepened and she swung into the unforgettable word-music of the "Garden of Proserpine":

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be!
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never!
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Bellows felt a warm pressure on his arm, and the seductive voice of Alice Corliss whispered, "Oh, be a sport! It's all right. Don't muss up the game."

Thrilled with the radiant cynicism of the verse, Bellows wished he knew whether it was Longfellow or Whittier, and asking his companion was surprised to hear her say that it was a greater poet. In the

din of applause he understood that it was Shakespeare and he decided to employ the leisure of his impending wealth in a more liberal patronage of the classics. How he would enjoy getting off a toast

like that at the Chamber of Commerce dinner at home! Though he modestly doubted whether his voice and manner were suited to it, and, more disparagingly, whether Ballardsville would appreciate

such intellectual flights, anyway. Very likely he wouldn't spend a great deal of time in Ballardsville, though, after the money came in. The great world suited him. Obviously he was suited to it. This brilliant, worldly, intellectual circle had accepted him unquestioningly, on his merits. This was the life!

All too soon the feast ended. After they rose, Bellows found himself conducted to an alcove by The Onnable and the uniformed "Cap." In the recess was a piano with a bench, a lounge, and some easy chairs. The easiest chair was occupied by Aunt Whipple. Passley sat on the piano bench with Alice Corliss beside him. Aunt, directing The Onnable to close the folding doors, assumed charge of the proceedings. "Before we really settle down to drink," said she sedately, "let's talk a little business."

"Business?" said Bellows, bewildered at the entry of such a figure into conference. "What business?"

"Our business, my innocent nephew. I'm Aunt Whipple. The only woman plunger in top-notch finance. Never heard of me?"

"She's finding the money for us," explained Ed Passley.

"I thought I was doing that," protested Bellows.

"At your end; yes. That's easy. It's here the first pinch comes. So Aunt comes in with the money-bag."

"At a good fifteen per cent.," added The Onnable.

"Charity," sighed Aunt. "Pure charity, considering the risk."

"Now you're talkin'," growled "Cap." "I want to know where we stand." He dragged the words out of a sinister and reluctant slit in the corner of his mouth. A strange type, thought Bellows with distaste, for an officer and a gentleman. And, indeed, the type is happily rare in the service; though where the graft is richest a few creep in *via* the blind alleys of politics and stand ready for such profitable business as the Ed Passleys of war times may summon them to.

"Wait a minute," said Aunt. Then, turning to Bellows, she said briskly: "Where are these spiles?"

"Tannery Creek. Five miles above Ballardsville. North bank of the Ohio."

"A million odd; hey?"

"Twelve hundred thousand, plus."

"Pretty new?"

"Well—no. They ain't so new."

"How old?"

"Five to six years."

"Bottom mud or rock?"

"Soft mud."

"Then they wouldn't be paint-brushed."

"You seem to know a heap about this business, ma'am," answered Bellows in astonished admiration. "No. There won't be a brush in a thousand of 'em."

"What my money goes into, my brain goes into," said the crone tersely. "Will they drive?"

"Most of 'em."

"What about the ones that won't?" growled "Cap."

"Up to the inspection corps," snapped Aunt before Bellows could



"It'll all be in the bank when you come back. I ain't goin' to take no profits while you're gone."

answer. "You've got your twenty thou' for incidentals, haven't you? Lay in a stock of blinders, old nephew!"

"Any report from you," put in The Onnable, suavely addressing "Cap," "will carry great weight with the committee. Where haste is so essential we can not stop to quibble over trifles, such as a—er—a flawed spile."

Uneasy over the purport of this cryptic passage, Bellows felt the need of justifying the transaction. "Look-a-here," said he hesitatingly, "this is perfectly regular. The Government buys and I sell. What's the matter with that? It's legal enough, I guess."

"Yes," agreed Passley. "It's legal—enough."

"Enough to get by," added Aunt.

A saturnine grin manifested itself at the near corner of "Cap's" countenance, which thereupon squeezed out the qualification: "If we don't get caught at it." "Caught," repeated Bellows resentfully. "I don't know what—"

"That's it," interrupted Ed Passley quickly. "You don't know. And you don't want to know. What you don't know won't hurt you."

Bellows felt a soft pressure on his arm, and the seductive voice of Alice Corliss whispered in warning and appeal: "Oh, be a sport! It's all right. Don't muss up the game."

Bellows took the cue. "All right, folks," he said heartily. "I guess I can leave this end to you."

"That's the talk!" cried Aunt. "We'll make you a millionaire inside six months. A spile millionaire—a new kind—patent applied for. A spillonaire, by Jerry!"

Passley caught up the nonsense. "We'll form the Spillionaire Club and elect you first president. Here we all are. Finance," he pointed to Aunt Whipple. "Politics," he indicated The Onnable. "Business," he slapped Bellows on the shoulder. "Beauty and the gentler life," he waved a graceful gesture toward Alice Corliss. "And—" with a modest, self-indicative bow, "Diplomacy."

"Bring in the punch-bowl," ordered Aunt. "There must be one more round in it."

Not one alone, but several rounds came out of that generous crystal. At the end Bellows found himself dancing around in a dervishlike, circulatory measure and joining in an improvised ditty to Ed Passley's banged accompaniment upon the piano, the fatuous words of which struck him at the time as being the highest and happiest improvisation of a timely wit.

"Spiles! Spiles!
Files of spiles!
Spiles in files.
Miles of spiles.
Files and files and miles of spiles.
Fortune smiles
With all its wiles
On spiles, spiles, spiles"—

and so on in repetition to breathlessness and exhaustion.

As Ed Passley, with a final bang, turned from the piano, Bellows had an impulse of exalted and reverent patriotism which quite brought tears to his eyes, and somehow thickened his tongue.

"Turn 'round, Ed," he besought. "We gotta have one more song. We gotta sing 'America.' Every patriotic gathering o' good cit'zens these days oughta sing 'America.' I'll lead."

Passley banged out the measure. If the song was not a musical triumph it was no fault of Bellows, nor of The Onnable, who sang with fervor and feeling as intense as the leader's. They shook hands all around and separated, Bellows going out to wire and close the option which was to make him rich, a "spillonaire." Also he felt the need of air.

At the last dregs of the war breakfast sat Aunt Whipple and Ed Passley.

"All right, old Bellows, eh?" said Passley.

Aunt held her last (and at least twentieth) drink up with an unshaken hand. "I don't know," she answered reflectively.

"Why, an hour ago you were all for him."

"Yes, an hour ago," assented Aunt. "An hour ago was an hour ago."

"Well, what's happened since?" he asked impatiently.

Aunt Whipple hummed a bar of "America" in her flat, cracked voice. "That's what happened," she said. "He's sentimental. I'm afraid of him."

II

IN A pervasive glow, Bellows went back to his modest hotel to pack. Life had taken on meaning, fragrance, luster, fervency. No longer did it consist in the petty, unrewarded business routine of Ballardsville. Washington was henceforth his proper sphere; Washington, the war-hub, the center of powerful and subtle activities, the place of dashing enterprises and dazzling results; a world of crystal and flowers and fellowship and brilliant women and trenchant wit, all hospitable to the bold spirit which could hold its own in such company. He looked at his watch, and was startled to find that it marked five o'clock. To such quick-speed lengths had the war breakfast run. And his train left at eight.

He dined with his talisman beside his plate, where he could look at it often, for reassurance. It was a newspaper paragraph, clipped from a daily, picked up in a smoking-car seat three months before, and it set forth the Government's sore need of spiles for a special war purpose in one of the harbors, and the great difficulties in obtaining them. Until then, Bellows had been inclined to chide himself for ever having taken up the option on the practically completed and forever abandoned Tannery Creek deepening project. It was out of his regular line, which was a small business in casual river charters. Now he saw the wherefore of it. It was providential. That's what it was, providential! Bellows had quite a religious feeling about it.

At first he had honestly supposed that any spiles would do; that they need not be new nor in first-class condition for an emergency need. That notion had been promptly dissipated when he had consulted his former schoolmate, Ed Passley, ex-lobbyist, and now a "useful" (and reliably quiet) man about Washing-

ton. At the end of the colloquy, Ed had said:

"Sure they're supposed to be new. But—leave it to me."

So they formed their partnership; Bellows soothing a not-over-insistent conscience with the thought that the spiles were good enough, that the Government couldn't expect to secure a supply of new timber in time—the newspaper paragraph had almost said as much—and that the Tannery Creek lot would last out the war, anyway. That would be only a year, Bellows thought, optimistically.

And look what he could do for war causes, Bellows told himself, with those undreamed-of and perfectly justifiable profits! He'd make the biggest bond subscription in Ballardsville: fifty thousand; yes, a hundred. He'd spread himself on every war charity. He'd show 'em what liberality really meant with the profits of his own stroke of business genius, and at the same time manifest to a benign Providence that it had showered its blessing upon an appreciative and grateful choice. And he'd have enough left over for the new, brilliant life of Washington. Even if, with his proven acumen, he didn't develop fresh opportunities at the hub of war!

Going to the Union Station early, Bellows found that his train was delayed three hours. He sat down happily to think. As he lost himself in musings, the glory of what he was going to do and share and be flooded him with a golden haze in which he moved and glowed triumphant.

III

BENEATH the dim and lofty vault of the teeming Union Station at Washington pulses the wash of the rising tide of war. You may hear it take many and various voices: here, a shamed and stifled sobbing; there, the thin, forced

laughter of the more resolutely courageous; elsewhere, the shout of welcome, or the wordless murmur of lovers, hand-clasped and intent, with fateful eyes upon the clock; for this is the place of meetings and of partings, the threshold of joy and adventure and high sacrifice and sacred tragedy. To this Morton Bellows woke.

Men figures in khaki drifted by his seat and were gone, as motes pass across the eye; women figures in black, with faces of sad courage.

A file of soldiers set the brisk echoes ringing to their tread, in which there was something exultant; a wedding-party, gay and boisterous, romped along, but in the bride's wistful eyes terror mingled with love and pride for the young husband who wore the service cap of those chosen for early overseas service.

A drunken man was escorted along, weeping because the M. P. would not let him give his half-filled flask to a departing private.

Ghosts, all of them, to Morton Bellows's dulled perceptions. Slowly his brain cleared, and he saw them for fellow humans of some special and poignant significance, if he could but grasp it; and, as in a flash of inner radiance, whereby he achieved a higher power of seeing, hearing, interpreting, he saw them again—a stranger, more vivid change than the first—so that they were become to him creatures stripped down to the sheer, shining, spiritual meaning of what they represented.

"Take care o' yerself, Joe."

"Don't you worry, Paul, ol' boy. I'll be all right. Better gimme them packages."

"No. I can carry 'em. Lemme carry 'em."

One of the speakers was in the khaki of an infantryman. The other, a wistful hunchback, trying not to stagger under the weight of the departing soldier's



"They're maybe in the hospital with pneumonia from wearin' your scamped garments," I says.

"Drink with you?" I says. "Not while this war is on."

burdens, repeated: "Take care o' yerself, Joe. I can run the store, all right. There'll be money when you come back."

"Sure you can, ol' sport. You got the business bean. Doncha go overworkin' yerself, now."

"I'll work like hell. It won't hurt me. I gotta work fer the two of us. An' say, Joe—"

"Say it, boy."

"It'll all be in the bank when you come back. I ain't goin' to take no profits while you're gone."

"Lay off that stuff, Paul. You'll be workin' twicet as hard. You'll earn your share an' mine, too."

"I couldn't do it, Joe," said the other pleadingly. "I couldn't touch no profits while you were over there fightin'. . . . Gawd! There goes the bell! . . . Take care o' yerself, Joe."

The hunchback, turning away, stumbled blindly over the feet of Morton Bellows. He did not apologize. "That's my brother," he said simply. "Volunteered. They wouldn't take me."

"They wouldn't take me, either. Flat feet," said Morton Bellows, hoping that the other would stay and talk. He wanted to hear more of his views on profits. But the other moved on.

"Joe'll know how to take care o' himself," Bellows heard him mutter, comforting himself as best he might.

Bellows got up and wandered vaguely about. He felt suddenly restless, uneasy, perturbed in the happiness of his success.

"YES, suh; he was all she had."

"I reckon she give him up with a smile. She's of the ol' blood."

The men were Southerners, by their voices. Bellows had not consciously stopped to listen. Rather their speech seemed to include him as bearing some special message to his quickened sensitiveness.

"War is sure hell," said the first speaker; and Bellows, remembering, winced. "I saw her the day she left," the other stated. "I tell you, suh"—the soft Southern intonation suddenly rang bugle-clear—"she wore her mo'nin' like a flag. Like a flag, suh!"

Through the fragrance-drenched, luxurious, caressing memories of the war breakfast with which Bellows was still pampering his soul, pierced a breath of something cold and pure and stirring, a wintry visitation from some outer vastness of stars and the great winds.

Bellows went on his way, with a brain bewildered and aching.

They were talking of profits, this pair who sat hunched on their own suitcases, unable to find a place on the benches. Percentages, dollars, bonuses filled their low, eager speech.

They were Jews; pousy, spectacled, middle-aged, prosperous. Here, at least, were men of business. From them one would get the practical view, of which Bellows was beginning to feel the need, that he might reconstitute his standards. He moved up closer.

" . . . doubling up on the overtime," said the taller man of the pair. "That's where the fancy profits come in."

"That's where the rodden work comes in," growled the other.

"Sure! Just what I told him. I says, 'Business is business,' I says, 'and I give

a man right to look out for his own. But who's got to wear your rotten, leaky, sloop-made coats?' I says. 'Why, my boy,' I says, 'and Eckstein's boy,' I says, 'and Levy's boy,' I says, 'and your boy, if you had one, and he was man enough, and good Jew enough to volunteer like the rest,' I says. 'They're maybe in the trenches now,' I says. 'Or maybe in the hospital with pneumonia from wearin' your scamped garments,' I says. 'Drink with you?' I says. 'Not while *this* war is on,' I says. 'You're a rotten, grafting, cheap kike for all your half million, Kalin,' I says."

Kalin! Bellows had eagerly accepted an invitation to dine with that genius of the clothing trade on his next trip to Washington. He felt a sudden qualm of spiritual nausea. He moved away from that place.

Seeking distraction, he bought an evening paper. Almost the first item on which his eye lighted was an announcement, with the caption embodying The Onnable's name. That ornament of statesmanship, it appeared, was to deliver an address on the morrow; the subject, "War Sacrifice—A Duty for One and All." Bellows felt worse. He hastily dropped the paper and went on.

Resonant voices were making announcements about trains. No news of his train developed, however. Feeling an urgent wish to get away as soon as might be from that haunted spot, Bellows passed out to the promenade to consult the bulletin-slide. Nothing. But, turning away, he brushed by a man whose square, alert, elderly, clean-shaven face seemed so familiar that he almost had stopped for a greeting. It was a distinct disappointment to recall, on a second glance, that he knew the face only as having seen it reproduced in print somewhere; for Bellows would have been glad of a little conversation to beguile him from his own insurgent thoughts. The square-faced one was in earnest talk with a small, wiry individual, whose gnarled hands of manual labor suggested the artisan, but whose clothes were of superior make and texture.

"Now, you limber up that dam' stiff neck of yours, Dan," said the vaguely remembered face.

"Oh, you go to hell!" retorted the other. But they shook hands, and grinned amiably at each other, as the small man's train was called. A young fellow with eye-glasses accosted the other as he turned away.

"Will it go through, Mr. Commissioner?" he asked eagerly.

"What? Oh, hello, Stansby. Yes, it'll go through. Go light on the matter of the postponement, will you? Just say that . . . Oh, well, I can trust you to handle it right."

"That's what I'm here for," said the reporter, making a note on an envelope.

"Who is that man?" Bellows asked, jerking his head toward "Mr. Commissioner."

"That? Why, that's Stephen Stabler," replied the other, emphasizing, in his surprise at the other's ignorance, a name which in the past had stood for all that organized labor most distrusted and feared. "And the man that just left is Dan Colson, the labor leader."

"They seemed to be on pretty good terms."

"Why not? They're partners on the job now. A couple of years ago, if any disputed point came up, they'd have dictated polite, bitter, tricky 'Dear Sir—Yours truly' letters to each other, and worked any underground game to get the best of it. Now, it's 'Don't be a clam, Steve,' and 'Go get wise to yourself, Dan,' and they hop out together to a ten-cent lunch-grabbery and talk it out man to man. Later, after the war, I don't know. I guess they'll fight it out, but still be on the level. This war does some queer things to folks. 'Take no advantage while the war is on,' that's the word among the really big men. It ain't such a bad little war some ways," said the reporter lightly, but with shining eyes.

Take no advantage! . . . Half a million, cold! Bellows hurried away from that place. But he could not hurry away from his thoughts.

"TWO orange phosphates, please," ordered the boy in the naval uniform.

Bellows moved along to make room for the delightfully pretty girl for whom one of these innocuous beverages was designed.

" . . . Right in harbor," the young officer continued. "We must have scraped it before the screw hit it. Of course it was black as your hat."

"Did you sink at once?" asked the girl.

"No. I ran her for shore and struck a lucky mud bank. We'll save her. But—but Gil Stimson went outboard when we struck, and we haven't seen him since. He was a good one, Gil!"

The girl leaned to him with a little murmur of sympathy. "Was it a piece of wreckage, do you think?" she asked.

"No. We found it later. A spile. A rotten spile." Bellows jumped so that the mineral water he was drinking slopped over his festal white tie. "From the new embanking work. And it was seven years old if it was a day. Some contractor's profit in that, I guess. . . . How am I ever going to tell Gil's mother!"

Bellows set down his drink, unfinished, and went away from that place.

Air was what he wanted. Air and the dark. Stillness, and a chance to think, free from the intrusive concerns of others. After all, he said to himself as he pushed through the swinging doors, what had they to do with him or he with them? He had a right to take his chance where it offered. A right? It was almost a duty, when Providence had so obviously pointed out the way. He fingered the little talisman of print in his pocket and began to feel reassured. His mind went back again to the warm, rich memories of the war breakfast. That was life! Glittering, joyous, expensive life! The life of wealth, of ease, of golden opportunity and alluring enterprise; the life to which the door stood wide in welcome for him. Morton Bellows of Ballardsville. Nothing else mattered. To forego this invitation of Providence for any squeamish sentimentalism would be childish. . . .

She looked frail and spent between the two heavy bags she was carrying. No porter was in sight. Bellows wondered if he might offer his aid to a stranger; by her dress, a "swell" stranger. Or would it be resented as fresh? Then he saw who she was and hurried to her.

"Mrs. Corliss!" he cried.

She surrendered her burdens to him.

"How do you do?" she said doubtfully. Then, in a flash of enlightenment: "Oh, it's the Innocent!"

"What has happened?" he demanded, shocked by the pallor of her face.

"Will you get me my reservations?" she said in a dull voice. "For Boston. I'll tell you when you come back."

He found her a seat and got her tickets. "Are you sick?" he asked anxiously on his return.

She shook her head. Her ungloved

"No, you're not," contradicted Bellows with quiet force. His heavy, strong hands fell on hers, enfolded them, pried them apart; and he felt her fingers bite into his with an insane strength.

She drooped her head forward until her eyelids pressed upon the back of his hands and burned there.

"Steady," said Bellows in his comforting, homely voice. "You just hang on to me."

One or two passers-by glanced at them,

print. The kind of accident that might happen to any of us. To me, for instance."

"God forbid!"

"Yes; but it would," she persisted. "If I'd been in poor Viv's place. We—we don't know when she got the message. But she went back to her hotel and—and we found her there."

"Message?"

"From Tracy. Her husband. He'd been at the front."



She drooped her head forward until her eyelids pressed upon the back of his hands and burned there. "Steady," said Bellows in his comforting, homely voice.

hands were folded very tight. She stared hard at the whitened knuckles. "You remember Vivian Drake; the one with the pearls?"

"Yes."

"She's dead."

"Dead!" repeated Bellows, shocked. "That beautiful creature?"

"She isn't beautiful any longer," giggled the girl. "She did it with a revolver. His revolver, that he left her when he went over—for her protection. I think I'm going to l-l-l-laugh."

paused, and went on. Scenes of this sort were common enough in that vast anteroom of the war, and a public, war-taught in charity and delicacy, gave one look to see if it could help, and if not, passed on with averted eyes. Presently she straightened up.

"Thank you," she said. "I've got myself in hand now."

"It was suicide?" he asked.

"Accident," she replied with an effortful and wry smile. "That is what the colonel will find and the newspapers

"Oh! You mean he was killed?"

"No. He came back wounded. Landed this morning."

"Then I don't understand——"

"Oh, can't you see!" she cried feverishly. "She couldn't face him."

He stared at her, enlightened and horrified.

"I'm going home, home, home," she said in a choked, fierce whisper. "Home—before it's too late."

"Yes," he assented gravely. "That's good. That's right."

"And you?" she peered at him. "What are you doing with Ed Passley and that gang? You look decent. What's this spile deal of yours?"

"I'll tell you," he said.

He tried to tell her; to lay it before her as a sound business transaction. It wouldn't put itself into words; and while he was still struggling with the attempt her train was called. She gave him her hand.

"Good-by," she said. "And, oh . . . go home—while there's time!"

BACK again in a corner seat, Bellows strove to reconstruct the glowing vision of the day. It turned tawdry before his mind's eye. He sensed the stale dregs of the feast. He sought to recapture and make his own the haunting music, the serene cynicism of the verse that Vivian Drake had thrilled him with:

From too much love of living
From hope and fear set free—

but it was mingled and corrupted by the puerile patter of:

Miles of spiles
Spiles in files
Fortune smiles
With all her wiles—

A pistol shot brought him to his feet, blinking and shaking. He ran to the door. There was another shot. A startling motor-car was backfiring. That was all. But Bellows saw a shattered face,

and that which had been lustrous beauty now a thing not to be endured in imagination.

Within, his train was being announced. It didn't matter. "All aboard!" The gate clanged. Nor did that matter. Bellows walked, like one struggling to emerge from a dream, to the telegraph desk and sent two messages. One was to Ballardsville. The other was to Ed Passley. He drew his talisman out of his pocket, the message of Providence, the summons and the key to the new and gorgeous life, and let it flutter from his fingers to the floor. It fell with the reverse side uppermost. He read, in large print, this fragment:

UNTEER WORKERS

Home Service.
onment or City
nees Training or
ool Education.

and at the bottom the circular insignium of the War Camp Community Service. Bellows retrieved the clipping from the floor and went away from that place.

"He's crazy," declared Ed Passley.

"What explanation does he give?" asked Aunty Whipple. She was huddled in a heavy, padded dressing-gown, for her associate had roused her at the untimely hour of seven-thirty A.M.

"None. Just 'Deal is off' and 'his signature.'"

"I wonder—" began Aunty, and stopped.

"Anyway, he's got nothing on us," asserted Ed Passley, with pale lips of bravado.

"I told you he was sentimental," said the wise crone. "That kind is never safe in business. I told you I was afraid of him."

THEY might have saved themselves their alarms. At that same hour Morton Bellows rose stiffly from the steps of the War Camp Community shack to greet the manager. He exhibited the clipping.

"But, my dear man," said the manager, amused, "that's old, months old."

"I know it. I hoped there might be something still."

"Nothing. Nothing that a man of your sort would be interested in."

"What is it? Let me decide that."

But the manager, frowning, was muttering something about inspection, as he tried to move an unsightly and heaping garbage barrel from the stoop corner. He was a slight man, and the can was very heavy. Bellows, with muscles hardened by years of river work, encircled the can and heaved it to the ground. His slightly black coat was smeared, and a stain smirched the festal purity of the white tie.

"Here! You mustn't," protested the manager, brushing him off. "That's what I really need," he added wearily. "A hustling husky to do the dirty work."

"Take me," said the spillionaire.

The Glad Hand

By W. D. McCrackan

HERE'S to the man in the engine-room!
And here's to the toiling masses!
Here's to the girl at the kitchen range!
And here's to the lower classes!

My hand to the waiting longshoreman,
To the dripping, cursing crew,
To the clinking, clanking ferryman,
To the Gentile and the Jew.

Heh to the gripman! Heh to the guard!
Heh to the cop on his beat!
The laboring man who digs the trench!
And him who sweeps the street!

Here's to the farmhand hoeing the corn!
The miner sinking the shaft!
Here's to the housesmiths pounding the sky!
And here's to the latest craft!

An "If you please" and a kind "Good day"
To the girl who sells in the store.
Good cheer to her who serves me at lunch,
And to her who scrubs the floor.

My thanks to all who watch at night,
Or work on Sundays, too.
And you, the women who cook their meals,
My heart goes out to you.

Here's to the poor in the sweating shops!
Here's to their stifling nights!
Here's to those whom greed has robbed!
Here's to their getting their rights!

Here's to my brother, the broken bum!
And here's to the girl gone wrong!
And here's to all the refuse of men,
The miserable, destitute throng!

For they who hunger and thirst shall know
The Lord of creation and birth.
So here's my hand to the common men,
For they shall inherit the earth.





Photo by Able

The Girl who is April

HELEN HAYES, who is just as nice as she looks in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and much prettier, was telling me gleefully about the little girl who was brought back stage to see her when she was Pollyanning on the Coast a year ago.

"Tell Miss Hayes how you loved her in the play," said mother.

"Sha'n't neither," said the little girl, scowling terribly. "I-hate-her-she's-so-blame-good-she-never-swiped-a-thing."

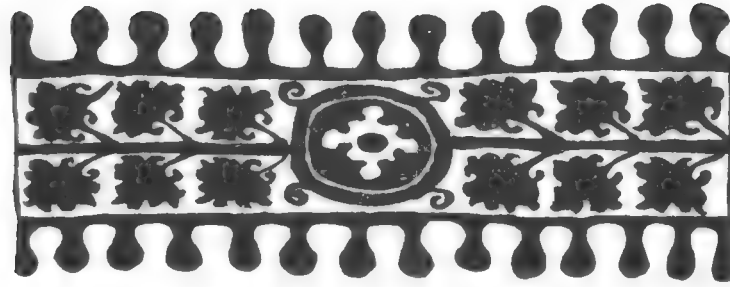
"It's such a relief not to have to be glad any more," says

Miss Hayes. "Even if she is only a might-have-been daughter, *Margaret* is a regular girl, who goes without her rubbers and rips the hems out of her skirts climbing around woods. I shall never be glad again, and I shall never have 'temperament,'" Miss Hayes told me and shook her pale sunshine curls fiercely to prove it.

She makes you think of yellow crocuses and little bird dandies splashing in clean country puddles. She is the Aprilst actress I ever have met.

Original from

Peter Merritt.
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The AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

What It Is and What It Isn't

By George Creel

Chairman of the Committee on Public Information

IT OUGHT to stand as a humor of history that the press of America did one of the finest things of the whole war without seeming to know it. Favored above every other profession, trade, or calling, the newspapers of the United States were exempted from control by any emergency law, being put entirely upon their honor with respect to matters of absolutely vital importance to the national cause.

From the beginning to the end of the great struggle, there was no press-censorship law. The newspapers, at all times, were their own and only censor. The desires of the Government, with respect to the concealment of military plans, policies and movements, were set forth in certain specific requests. No statutory enactment stood behind them. Their observance rested entirely upon the patriotism of the individual editors. Each printed card carried the explicit announcement:

"These requests go to the press without larger authority than the necessities of the war-making branches. Their enforcement is a matter for the press itself."

Our European comrades-in-arms viewed the experiment with amazement, not unmixed with anxiety. In every other belligerent country censorship laws established iron rules, rigid suppressions and drastic prohibitions carrying severe penalties. Yet the American idea *worked!* There were violations, as a matter of course, and papers holding to the unwritten agreement suffered injury from papers less careful and less honest; but with very few exceptions, the press of the United States kept the faith. Troop trains moved, transports sailed, ships arrived and departed, inventions were perfected and military plans advanced, all behind a veil of secrecy provided entirely by the honor of the press.

Never at any time, however, did the newspapers seem to grasp the full meaning

THIS is the final one of three articles, published in EVERYBODY'S, by the Chairman of the Committee on Public Information. As a public official in an important position, Mr. Creel's views on various aspects of the country's activities during the war are of keen interest—an interest heightened by the fact that Mr. Creel has been the object of endless discussion and severe criticism. In this belief, EVERYBODY'S asked Mr. Creel to write for its readers these articles—on subjects of his own choosing, and in his own way. This third article is a frank statement of Mr. Creel's opinions of the American press, especially of its war-time activities.

of their contribution, the true glory of the achievement. To this very day they persist in an attempt to deny, to discredit or else to evade the honor so splendidly won and so richly deserved.

The press insisted that I *was* a censor, that there *were* censorship rules and regulations, backed up by certain mysterious laws and equally mysterious penalties, and with mingled moans and protests the newspapers did their best to make the people believe that the voluntary censorship *was not* voluntary, that the uncompelled thing they were doing was not *really* uncompelled, and that while they could not speak with definiteness, certainly there was a "catch" somewhere that would some day become apparent.

To be sure, there was a measure of excuse for this attitude. A censorship law, asked for in the opening months of war, was not permitted to stand by itself, but appeared merely as part of the Espionage Bill. This seeming inclusion of the press with spies and traitors naturally angered the newspapers, even as it afforded rare opportunity for the buncombe of politicians, and after an acrimonious discussion in which everything on earth and in history was dis-

cussed, except the provisions of the Act, the whole proposition was killed.

As a matter of fact, I was opposed strongly to the requested legislation, and felt that its defeat was a blessing. It was not that I denied the need of censorship, for it is one of the vital necessities of war, but deep in my heart there was the conviction that the desired results could be obtained without paying the price that a formal law would have demanded.

With the nation in arms, the need of America was not so much to keep the newspapers from doing the hurtful things as to get them to do the helpful things. It was not servants we wanted, but associates. Better far to have the desired compulsions proceed from within than to apply them from without.

There was also the fact that for the first time in its history, soldiers of the United States were sailing to fight in a foreign land, leaving families three thousand miles behind them. Nothing was more important than that there should be the least possible impairment of the people's confidence in the printed information presented to them. Suspicious enough by reason of natural anxieties, a censorship law would have turned every waiting heart over to the fear that news was being either strangled or minimized.

Aside from these considerations, there was the freedom of the press to bear in mind. No other right guaranteed by democracy has been more abused, but better far these abuses than the deadening evil of an autocratic control. It is also the inevitable tendency of such legislation to operate solely against the weak and the powerless, and the European experience proves this by instance after instance of failure to proceed against great dailies for bold infraction.

Censorship laws, too, even though they protest that the protection of military secrets is their one original object, have a way of slipping over into the field of opinion, for

arbitrary power grows by what it feeds on. "Information of value to the enemy" is an elastic phrase, and when occasion requires can be stretched to cover the whole field of independent discussion. Nothing is more dangerous, for people do not need less criticism in time of war, but more. Incompetence and corruption, bad enough in peace, take on an added menace when the nation is in arms. One has a right to hope that the criticism shall be honest, just and constructive, but even a blackguard's voice is preferable to the dead silence of an iron suppression.

It was from these dangers that the voluntary censorship saved us. All honor to the press of America! Even though every newspaper in the United States struggle as though the laurel wreath had poison-ivy in it, they deserve it and must wear it.

I have undertaken to give a frank and impersonal estimate of the contribution of the American press to the war service of the nation. The task is attended by unusual delicacies and difficulties, for the press does not like to be weighed, and has become an expert in laying down a barrage in the face of every approach that has the appearance of criticism. No profession in the world is so free with its opinions and conclusions, but let the eye of appraisal be turned in the direction of the newspaper and up goes a protest as personal as it is emphatic.

These estimates should and must be made, however, in connection with every profession, trade and calling. The searchlight of war presents the opportunity, even as it points the necessity, of determining and eliminating all that has been proved to be false, spurious and non-essential. Whether the press likes it or not, it must submit to stock-taking along with the rest of America's activities.

Generosity in the "Drives"

I HAVE borne testimony to its honorable observance of the voluntary censorship, an observance that has protected the lives of our soldiers and sailors by concealment from the enemy of purely military information. I would also be less than just if I failed to bear witness to the lavish generosity of the press in connection with every objective activity of the Government. "Drives" of all kinds owed much of their success to the newspapers of America. There has been no appeal that did not receive thousands of columns of news space; there is not one that did not have every ounce of editorial energy in the land behind it.

So much for the credit side. With respect to other needs and demands of Government, it might almost be stated as a flat fact that the newspapers were more of a hindrance than a help. On April 6, 1917, the one thing that stood out above all else in point of importance—the one thing that loomed largest as a fundamental necessity—was unity. Not any mere clamor of protestation, but the unity that springs from understanding, from deep conviction, from steadfast determinations, from calm decisions and fixed purposes—the unity that has its roots in reason, not in the haphazards of emotionalism. Public opinion that proceeds from the passions of the moment is of small value, for the excitement that forms it can destroy it just as swiftly. What we wanted, what we had to have, was a public opinion bed-rocked in truth and

built high and strong with facts. It was in this fight that the press failed completely and continuously.

The average newspaper, although there were many splendid exceptions, made for confusion rather than clarity; its appeals were to the emotions, not to the mind; it muddled thought instead of molding it; it cluttered public discussion with rumors, distortions, false report and hysteria; in plain, the press, as a whole, discharged the functions of a town-crier rather than the high duties of leadership. Every other business in the United States, either instantly or ultimately, changed to a war basis. The press throughout held to its peace basis, in no single vital particular changing its operations, ideas and ideals.

Nothing has been proved to be more true than that public opinion is a vital military factor. Morale is as important as munitions. When the inner lines are calm, confident and resolute, the firing-line has courage and enthusiasm; but let the people at home grow panicky, peevish, or disunited, and this spirit is communicated to the trenches swiftly and surely.

Sapping Morale

YET this esprit of the inner lines, this morale of the civilian population, was sapped and frontally attacked time and again by papers whose loyalty could not be questioned, whose patriotism stood proved, yet who were as much the victims of habit as any opium fiend.

In the early days of the war, when the country was still under the strain of uncertainty about the loyalty of our foreign-born, a great daily carried a story on its front page that declared flatly that the "German conspiracy" in the Navy had been successful, and that Secretary Daniels had decided to remove Admiral Mayo, commander of the Atlantic Fleet, putting in his place an admiral of German descent.

It was a lie out of whole cloth, based upon a mere scandalous whisper, yet the paper printed it without thought of a people's disturbed confidence, or the ugly suspicions and demoralizing distrusts that might be aroused in the Navy itself in an hour when unity was vital.

A student in one of the aviation schools, made wretched by the fickleness of his sweetheart, attempted suicide by taking poison. Straightway the story spread and was printed that a German plot had been discovered to kill every aviation student in the United States with cyanid, and as a result the mothers of sons in the Service were given over to every torturing fear.

In the first days of war a sailor, disgruntled for some reason or other, made the charge that hospital conditions were disgraceful and that the whole care of the sick in the Navy was attended by cruelty and neglect. Without any attempt to investigate the truth of this charge, the story was flashed across the country, printed in every newspaper, and again the mothers of the nation were robbed of comfort and confidence, and forced to bear a new anxiety. A competent committee, appointed by Secretary Daniels, instituted an immediate inquiry, and discovered that the charges were absolutely without foundation.

Who does not remember the numberless columns printed before our entrance into the war, and even afterward, declaring that Daniels was a "joke," a "misfit," and that the Navy was a demoralized junk pile?

Much of it was partisan, but a goodly portion of it was attributable to no other cause than the passion for imitation. Mr. Daniels looked like a good "goat," and "goats" are a boon to the press if not an actual necessity. Attack has ever been a short cut to public attention.

An attack on America's war progress in France was written by a reporter whose only first-hand knowledge was obtained from a five-day's stay at headquarters. Another series of articles was by a writer whose sojourn in France was limited to eleven days, and yet he made his assaults as authoritatively as though he had given patient weeks to the survey.

In the last days of the Liberty loan, when it seemed that the nearness of peace might undermine the war-will of the country, a vague, unconfirmed rumor came from Amsterdam to the effect that the Kaiser had abdicated. A great number of papers carried the rumor as a fact, and in many cities "extras" were actually issued. In one city a morning newspaper put an "extra" on the streets in the evening using the rumor as foundation for this glaring announcement, "Germany Surrenders!"

Nor can it have been forgotten that the whole country was thrown into premature rejoicing by "extras" that the armistice had been signed, four days in advance of the actual happening, and when the German envoys had not even reached the headquarters of Foch. Huge amounts lost in the wages of celebrating workmen, war work paralyzed, war-will smashed, human hearts lifted and dropped cruelly! And had the armistice *not* been signed four days later, who can tell what national injury might have been worked!

These were not isolated instances by any means; the list could be multiplied indefinitely. And out of the same cloth, though different in pattern, were the "spy" fakes. This mania that possessed the press for so many unhappy months, was a direct blow at our national unity. It stirred prejudice and suspicion against the millions of foreign birth and foreign descent, it made for fear and hysteria, and, worst of all, the racial antagonism aroused either chilled or killed the loyalty in many an alien heart. Almost every fire, explosion, accident or disaster, on land or sea, was credited to the "German spy system." No one with a German name was safe from distrust; high officials of the Government were alleged to have been arrested, tried and shot; circumstantial stories were printed of executions in various camps, and hysteria reached a point where many newspapers attacked the Department of Justice viciously for its failure to make wholesale arrests.

Had it not been for the Praeger lynching, which threw its sobering chill over the press, as well as the people, there is no telling to what extent the manufactured madness would have carried.

The "Goat"

ONE of the principal values confidently expected from the voluntary censorship was the reassurance of the people as to the honesty and completeness of war news. A "censor," however, even if one had to be evolved from the imagination, was too good a "goat" to lose, and censorship itself, equally imagined, could always be depended upon for head lines, since it was concerned so vitally with matters affecting the hopes and fears of waiting, anxious

people. So, for the sake of a "goat," and for the selling value of scare heads, the press refused to accept proper credit for its patriotic cooperation, concealed the fact that each editor was his own and only censor, and proceeded systematically to impair public opinion in the war announcements of the Government. For when the press insisted upon talking about "censors" and "gags" and "muzzles," naturally enough the people turned a deaf ear to the repeated pledges of the war-making branches that there should be instant and honest announcement of "bad" news as well as "good" news.

As a consequence, the first six months of war were made hectic by almost daily rumors that the fleet had been destroyed, that transports had been sunk, that the hospitals of New York were filled with mangled men, that submarines were harrying the Atlantic coast, that whole divisions were in revolt, etc., etc.

As never before in the history of warfare, the people of America were dealt with in absolute openness in every effort at unflinching accuracy. We believed that public support was a matter of public understanding, and we felt it to be our job to take dead wood out of every channel of information, permitting the freest possible flow. It was a difficult task, for on one hand we had military authorities reared in the school of iron silence, and on the other hand we had the press, jealous of reticence and impatient of every concealment. While our course satisfied neither military authorities nor the press, I have the deep feeling that we did discharge our full duty to the people by honest and instant issuance of all news that did not give obvious aid to the enemy.

The Charges of Inaccuracy

THE official war news of the Government went to the people through the Committee on Public Information, and during the year and a half of war, fully ten thousand releases were "put on the table," every one dealing with facts and figures of tremendous importance. Of this vast number *only two* were ever assailed as to accuracy.

On July 4, 1917, announcement was made of the safe arrival in France of our first transports, and at the same time, the story was told of an unsuccessful attack on the troop ships by German submarines. Three days later, a cable from London stated that it was the opinion of officers at the American Flotilla Base that no such attack had taken place, and that the convoy had probably fired at floating spars. On the strength of this dispatch, anonymous in every particular, the Fourth of July announcement was branded as a "hoax and a fake."

Later on, when the full report of Admiral Gleaves proved conclusively that the attacks had taken place, this report was either printed obscurely or not at all, and to this day a great portion of the American people are of the sincere belief that the Government lied, and for months it was a struggle to win back the belief lost to us by cruel and outrageous attack.

The second charge was connected with the release announcing the first shipment of airplanes to Europe. It developed afterward that the shipment had not been made. The announcement came to us from responsible authorities that we were not at

liberty to question, and the Hughes's report, after going into the whole matter thoroughly, absolved the Committee entirely.

So then, out of ten thousand releases, only *one* was fairly subject to honest attack as to its accuracy.

Through the Committee also went the photographs taken in France and the United States by the Signal Corps. One set of pictures were training-planes, and showed them so clearly that any one at all conversant with airplanes could not mistake them for anything but what they were. Because, however, the captions did not state explicitly that the pictures were *not* battle-planes, the charge was made that we were trying to deceive the people.

Thousands of releases, dealing with every activity of Government, thousands upon thousands of photographs, hundreds of thousands of feet of film, seventy-five thousand Four-Minute Men speaking weekly, millions of pamphlets, a volume of work driven forward by an organization assembled under tremendous pressure—and yet out of this great volume only three complaints at all justified. And yet a large portion of the press deliberately and continuously attempted to exaggerate the manufactured stain of these three until they should smirch and shame the whole report of Government to the people.

These failures on the part of the newspapers did not proceed from either desire or intent; they were the logical developments of a mistake in definitions. There are to-day, and have always been, two kinds of news: one is concerned with the fundamental significances of life and is educational, vital and interpretative; the other deals entirely with the satisfaction of curiosity, and dies with the day that witnesses the events that it chronicles. One is truth; the other is tattle. The press of America, save in certain noble instances, rarely holds to the first definition, but gives unfaltering adherence to the second.

Satisfy curiosity! No matter how mean, cheap, sordid and ignoble the curiosity, satisfy it! Head lines with a wallop in every word! Right between the eyes! Stuff with a kick! And always the necessity for furious speed in order to secure a "beat." Don't stop for investigation! Let rumor serve for fact, let conjecture take the place of certainty, let gossip parade as honest inquiry! Get on the street first! And not even war, with men fighting and dying, and free institutions at stake, was able to work any change in these policies and habits.

Newspaper Men—Two Kinds

NOTHING is more unfair, and untrue, however, than to put full blame for these practises—this decadence of a craft—upon its driven workers. It is to be admitted regretfully that the newspaper profession, for some obscure reason, is looked upon only too often by the layman as a haven, a refuge for all those who show no definite inclination or large promise. If the son of the house, upon graduation from college, is in any doubt as to his course, he naturally and inevitably drifts into the newspaper business. They pass on, for no calling makes more strenuous demands, but each new year sees a new batch that lies heavy upon the stomach of the profession, defying assimilation. It is this flood of the half-baked that is responsible for

much of the prejudice against which the brilliant, hard-working, self-respecting newspaper men are compelled to struggle.

But, taken as a whole, the newspaper business commands ability as high and aspirations as lofty as those of any profession in the world; and above all other callings it has been compelled to labor under handicaps and continuous repressions.

In the first place, unlike every other profession, it has not been permitted to have organization; it has been forced, from the first, to stumble along without a code to govern conduct, without a standard of ethics to which the decent could repair. As a consequence, there has never been any power to shame and expel the unworthy, or to support and protect the self-respecting.

For Causes—Seek the Owners

THE press is also one of the poorest-paid professions in the world, and offers less certainty and less permanence. The byways of life are dreary with the remnants of men who have been run through the mangle of drudgery, squeezed dry and thrown aside.

All these seeming significances come under the head of effects. The causes go back of the workers to the owners; back to the belief and insistence of these owners that the newspaper is a strictly commercial proposition operated entirely for private profit, and without the slightest recognition of the great truth that the press is vested with a high public use, and *is*, in fact, a public utility. These conceptions inevitably force the owner to think in terms of dollars and cents, put the business manager above the managing editor, and turn editors themselves into mere newsboys.

The results are bound to be demoralizing and deadening. The owner is after the money, and his order goes forth to get circulation, for circulation means advertising, and advertising means profits. This pressure, after it passes on from the owner's desk, falls to the newspaper "shop level," and becomes a pressure upon subordinates to get the same news that rivals will be playing, or to "beat" them at their common kind of news. The average editor gets out his paper with an eye single to the policies and activities of his rival editors. The evening-paper men read the morning papers; the evening papers, in turn, are studied, read and clipped by the morning-paper people, and each city desk tries to discover or deduce what other city desks are doing.

As a consequence, the reporters naturally adopt a "safety first" policy. Being checked against other newspapers, they play up what they think their rivals will play up. I can recall instance after instance when reporters rushed through stories that they knew to be without sound foundation because they had the tip that rivals were going to use them.

So it is that the newspaper has lost its interpretative, informative and educational qualities; news is not what interests *people*, but what interests the press itself, with the result that what was once the most liberal profession in the world is to-day inbred and ingrown. There is no healthily widening background of philosophy; only frenzied activity in an ever-tightening area.

The Speed Mania

IT IS this development, in large measure, that is responsible for the passion for the "beat" and the "exclusive

story," which, in their turn, accentuate the speed mania that possesses the average newspaper office.

There was an evening in Washington when correspondents were asked to assemble at nine o'clock to receive an important piece of news. This news had to do with the fact that the war council in Paris had agreed upon the terms of the armistice that was to be submitted to the Germans. No sooner had the reporter of one Washington paper caught the words "agreement" and "armistice" than he leaped from the room, without waiting to hear more, and in less than thirty minutes an extra was on the streets, blaring the announcement that GERMANY HAD SIGNED THE ARMISTICE and that the war was over.

Not only does the pleaded necessity for instanty preclude investigation, but it breeds an infatuation with the obvious. This inevitably causes the startling to be prized above the informative, and results in the placing of emphasis upon the bizarre, the violent, the unusual, or any other phase of human activity that contains possibility of "punch."

One famous editor once frankly confessed that his idea of a "good" paper was to have the reader exclaim, "My God!" upon unfolding it. This fetish is responsible for certain amazing traditions. Every reporter is brought up on the ancient phrase "a nose for news." A "shop" saying quoted to "cubs" is this: if a dog bites a man, that *isn't* news; but if a man bites a dog, *that's* news. Always cheap, this cheapness became terrible during those days when the world, like some great shell of the sea, echoed unceasingly the moan of mangled men, orphaned children and widowed women. What we needed then, if ever, was a *heart* for news, a *soul* for news.

It was this lack of the thoughtful, the interpretative, the informative and the educational that was so keenly felt by the Government throughout its whole fight for a unified public opinion. The country press, from the very start, was a tower of strength, the so-called "provincial" dailies were helpful in amazing degree; but the metropolitan press, save in certain notable cases, took little time or space to fight for understanding. We were compelled to turn to pamphlets in order that the people might have the facts; but had we used every printing-office in the country, we could not have filled all the requests that came from thousands eager for the truth, and anxious to find their way out of the bedevilment into which they had been plunged by incoherences and passions.

The Official Bulletin

WE "BROADCAST" nothing. For the most part, the pamphlets had to be written for, and the circulation of each one ran high into the millions invariably. School teachers besieged us for material that would enable them to answer the questions of pupils—colleges and universities made the same demands—and we met the needs by a bi-monthly publication, *The National School Service*, with "A Study of the Great War" and with various other special brochures that smashed at ignorance and misunderstanding.

It is argued by the newspapers, of course, that they give the people what they want. This is distinctly question-

able. One of the first activities of the Committee on Public Information was the issuance of the *Official Bulletin*, a daily gazette carrying the news of the Government in full and without the slightest attempt at interest or color. Its free distribution was intended for the information of Government officials, and in order to guard against any larger circulation, a supposedly prohibitive subscription price of five dollars a year was fixed. Such, however, was the eagerness of the people for plain, complete and unvarnished news, that the circulation of the *Official Bulletin* mounted to one hundred and sixteen thousand copies daily, with subscription receipts averaging ten thousand dollars monthly. Had we wanted to adopt the advertising methods of the average daily, we could have pushed the circulation up to the million mark without trouble.

Where the press failed us most signally, however, was in the matter of paying proper attention to the patriotic activities of our millions of foreign-born. These people constituted our problem. They were at the heart of our national unity, just as they were the keystones in our arch of national preparedness. But never at any time did the press help. One alien, speaking disrespectfully of the flag, could be sure of a front-page notice; but ten thousand aliens could gather in a great patriotic demonstration without earning so much as an agate line. In city after city, huge meetings were held by Poles, Croats, Czechs, Magyars, etc., etc., addressed by their great leaders, and ending in dramatic pledges to America and large subscriptions to Liberty Loans, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and every other national cause, and these events, so significant, were rarely mentioned, much less played up.

Silence About Loyal "Aliens"

PADEREWSKI told me that nothing depressed his people more directly than the manner in which the American press ignored great loyalty meetings of Poles. Doctor Masaryk had the same story of contemptuous indifference to tell with respect to the demonstrations of the Czecho-Slovaks. To us, at least, it seemed a tremendous thing that Hungarians, supposedly "enemy aliens," should gather by the thousands, and declare faith and loyalty to America, but the press did not think the outpourings worthy of mention.

The National Croatian Society has forty-two thousand members, but is even stronger morally than numerically. Austrian influences made a bitter fight to keep this powerful organization from rallying to the Stars and Stripes, but America won, and the Society not only adopted one hundred per cent. resolutions, but voted three hundred thousand dollars—a third of its treasury—for the purchase of Liberty Bonds. Save for a line or two in a Pittsburgh paper, where the action was taken, the victory went unnoticed.

The Jugo-Slavs in the United States were, or had been, Austrian subjects. Here again Austrian influence was at work, but as in the case of the Croats, the South Slav National Council declared for America and pledged service and sacrifice. Three hundred and fifty branch organizations held loyalty demonstrations, but the press of America failed to notice them.

The thirtieth of April is a great day among the South Slavs, for it marks the

anniversary of the death of two Slavic heroes, beheaded by Austrian tyranny. This date, in 1918, was formally turned into a "consecration of Slavic manhood to the ideals of America"; huge meetings were held from coast to coast, and famous Jugo-Slav speakers were even brought from Europe. Not only was the significance of the day never explained by any paper, but the meetings themselves were ignored.

It *hurt!* Leader after leader came to us and said, "Our people are disheartened. They say, 'America doesn't care. They do not seem to want us here.' Can nothing be done?"

And nothing could be done; for while these loyalty meetings spelled the difference between unity and riot, between industrial peace and strikes, they were not "news" as the average daily has come to define news.

"Bolshevik!"

ANY silence with regard to loyalty, however, was more than made up for by space given lavishly to everything even remotely indicating disloyalty. Just as every untoward incident was credited to the "German spy system," so was every disorder, every manifestation of unrest, ascribed either to the I. W. W. or the Bolshevik. Organizations like the I. W. W. and the Bolshevik thrive on publicity as much as any "movie" star. Every notice brings in members, for there is always a certain percentage of people ready to join any new movement that holds out promise of change, no matter what sort it is. And while the world was rocking, it was to this percentage that the press carried the message of "Bolshevik" growth and power. It might well have passed for a membership campaign.

No effort was made at distinction, labor demonstrations, Mooney protests, Socialist meetings, etc., all being lumped together. Whether in Europe or America, every disorder, every local revolt, every change in the established order, was ascribed to the Bolshevik. Headlines carried the word in the largest type, news columns fairly bristled with it, and all powers and every accomplishment were credited to the Bolshevik. The name had news value—it carried a "kick." The world faced the danger of seeing mob autocracy rise from the ashes of military autocracy, but through the crisis the average newspaper raced blithely with no more constructive cry than that of "Wuxtra!"

As a matter of fact, the I. W. W. is a ramshackle organization that never had a large membership. The Bolshevik, save in certain ghettos, and among the "parlor radicals" of Greenwich Village and Wall Street, were in America without other strength than vocal. The press, however, by its "press agenting," gave prominence and importance to both organizations, and built them to a point where there would have been real danger but for the common sense and patriotism of the American worker.

The Arizona Deportations

IT WAS also in connection with these real workers that the press "fell down" again as far as the national service was concerned. The thing that stuck most firmly in the craw of labor was the German lie about a "rich man's war." And even though the workers pledged loyalty, and

made good in blood and sweat, there was never a day when their suspicions slept. What they were watching for—what they had been told to watch for—was an attempt on the part of employers to use patriotism as a cloak for the tearing down of industrial safeguards and the crushing of unions. It was these suspicions that the press fanned into blaze by calling every labor demonstration "I. W. W." or "Bolshevik," and sent flaming high by various distortions and suppressions.

By way of illustration, here is an incident in point that made labor as bitter as any other one thing. The press of America, in July, 1917, carried the story of an industrial rebellion in the Warren district of Arizona, stating that the trouble was due to an I. W. W. and pro-German combination formed for the purpose of interfering with the copper production so vital to the war needs of the Government; that the Government itself had been forced to take a hand, that a censorship over telegraph and telephones had been instituted, and that the most drastic measures would be necessary to still a very grave and menacing outburst of disloyalty.

In the course of a week, protests began to pour into Washington from the labor organizations of the country, insisting that the press reports were not in accord with the facts. As a result, the President appointed a commission of inquiry, and on November 6, 1917, a report was made to him that contained these findings:

A strike was called in the Warren district on June twenty-six. The aid of Federal troops was requested, but after full investigation the War Department refused the request on the ground that conditions were peaceful and free from disorder. On the night of July eleventh, managers and officials of the copper companies agreed upon a campaign of deportation.

Early on the morning of July twelfth, the sheriff and an armed force of two thousand men rounded up one thousand one hundred and eighty-six men in the Warren district, put them aboard a train, and dumped them finally in the desert town of Hermanas, where they were abandoned without adequate supply of food, water and shelter.

According to an Army census of the deported men, 199 were native-born Americans, 468 were citizens, 472 were registered under the selective-draft law, and 433 were married. Of the foreign-born, over twenty nationalities were represented, including 141 British, 82 Servians, and 179 Slavs. Germans and Austro-Hungarians (other than Slavs) were comparatively few.

Nothing stood proved more clearly than that it was not an I. W. W. movement, nor even remotely German intrigue.

Silence Bred Distrust

THE President issued the report of his Commission, together with a letter of his own, calling upon the Attorney-General to take action against the company officers

and elected officials guilty of these violations of the law. And both letter and report were issued to the press of the United States for publication. Only one or two papers on the whole Atlantic seaboard carried the matter in any degree, and while the dailies of the Middle West made a better record, in no instance was the treatment important or generous.

This instance had two results: It gave people the belief that a loyal state was torn by disloyalty, and that the industrial forces of the nation could not be depended upon.

It produced a bitterness in the hearts of organized labor, for the workers knew that the lie that had been printed had not been corrected, and they felt increasingly that the press could not be depended upon to do them justice because the newspapers were controlled by Big Business.

The Editorial

THE case for the editorial is no better than that for the news column. One can count on the fingers the editorial pages of the country that carry weight. And there are good reasons. For the most part, the average run of editors "den up" in their sanctums, either spinning out of themselves like so many silkworms, or else penning condemnation or approval based upon facts that another man has gathered and into the truth of which they have not inquired. They are the victims of self-induced paralysis, they avoid the living stream and slosh around in the backwaters of life.

To gather together into one room ninety per cent. of the editorials printed in the papers of the United States during the war would be to create a Chamber of Horrors. It was not so much their utter recklessness, their utter disregard of facts, but their fatuity, their futility. Nine out of ten shouted this confession as though it had been printed across each editorial's face: "Another day. A column to fill! Oh, Lord, I wonder if this will do?" At most, there are ten editorial pages in the country that deserve and possess power and influence.

Party vs. Country

A REASON for the decline of the editorial, perhaps, and certainly a factor for inquiry as far as the national service was concerned, may be found in the persistence of the "party organ." Automatic support contributes as little to intelligent discussion as automatic attack. Just as Democratic papers felt constrained to "point with pride," so did Republican papers feel constrained to "view with alarm." As a consequence, no issue is presented as a whole, fairly and interpretatively, but one side is put forward in flat antagonism to the other, compelling the reader to make a choice between two distorted representations.

Opposition papers, putting party above country, hurt us more than all the publications subsidized by German funds. The

New York *Evening Mail*, for instance, was an absolute waste of Hun money, for the editors were so busy covering up their tracks, so eager to hide the secret ownership, that it failed absolutely as a medium for positive German propaganda. Not once, in all our foreign work, did we run against matter taken from the *Mail* or from Viereck's rotten sheets. The papers quoted principally by the German propagandists in neutral countries, and even in Allied nations, were the New York *Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune*.

When we preached the gospel of American idealism, the Germans would quote from American papers denunciations of the "hypocrisy" of Mr. Wilson; when we talked of Belgium and Serbia, the Germans would return with opposition newspaper attacks upon America's sincerity in the matter of Haiti, San Domingo and Porto Rico; when we told of American achievement, the Germans simply cried "Yankee lies," and quoted Republican papers to prove that we had ordered nothing but coffins, that we had no guns, but only broomsticks, that our whole war program was cursed by every neglect, inefficiency and failure.

All of which is not personal or peculiar, but merely a commonplace of politics. Lincoln was called upon to endure the same attack from behind, and McKinley suffered more from the opposition papers in the United States than he did from the whole press of Spain.

The military authorities were always insistent in their demand for the exclusion of newspapers from the foreign mails, pointing out that they fitted the need of German propaganda as skin fits the hand. They were overruled, however, and wisely. We did not want either neutrals or friendly belligerents to think that we were concealing domestic conditions from them, just as we knew that any attempt at censorship would plunge press and politicians into hysteria with all its resultant confusions and turmoils.

How right we were was proved by the one single departure from this policy. The report of the Senate Sub-committee on Aircraft Progress gave certain exact production figures that plainly constituted "information of value to the enemy." The War Department, therefore, insisted that the issues containing this report should be barred from foreign mails. A simple little thing, from the military standpoint, and obviously intelligent, but for days the thunder of protest from the press and Congress drowned even the noise of war.

So much, then, for the debit side! Confused counsel, hysteria, the half-cocked and the half-baked, ever recklessness of sensationalism, and always an utter lack of the educational, interpretative and truly informative. In foreign countries, a weapon fitted to the hand of the German propagandist!

Worst of all, it is an evil that does

(Continued on page 92)



Ritsuko Mori, Star and Pioneer

By Edith Wilds



"Just back from America!"

ABOUT ten years ago Tokyo society was appalled when Miss Ritsuko Mori went on the stage. No one approved. For was not her father a member of Parliament, and was she not an educated, cultured girl? And the stage? Well, the stage was the stage.

It has been a bitter fight. To the endless reproaches of friends and family were added the sneers of the newspapers and the jealousy of her fellow actresses, who resented her birth and breeding and her friendship with the high and mighty. But by a supreme effort she has won the first place in the modern drama of Japan and, what is better, has wrested from the Japanese world the admission that immorality and the stage are not synonymous. To-day there are in the profession a number of well-born, educated girls who have passed through the door opened by Miss Mori.

I found Miss Mori in the fascinating green-room of the Imperial Theatre—a long narrow room floored with straw matting. She was making up on a cushion before a doll-sized bureau with a tall mirror that shot up out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. On the bureau and floor was a confusion of large jars of white paint, smaller jars of rouge, scores of brushes, and powder-puffs and—naturally—a cup of tea.

Miss Mori met me with a simple, unaffected charm. She is not a beauty—even according to an Eastern standard, but she is very pretty and winsome. The one impressive thing about her is her mouth—made for friendly laughter.

"You ask why I entered the profession? I think partly because I love it and partly because I believe that women should be economically independent—even Japanese women. All my relatives and friends were against it and even persecuted me. You see, it was considered decidedly improper for a woman to go on the stage. But I knew that the stage was of low standard only because respectable girls held aloof from it. I thought,

I knew, that if the right girls went into it the profession must rise in the estimation of the public."

Several years ago Miss Mori visited England and there met the mighty members of her profession: Sir Herbert Tree, Ellen Terry, and also Sir Henry Irving's son and his charming wife. Miss Mori has one regret. It had been arranged that she should visit Sarah Bernhardt. The wonderful Sarah awaited her, but there was a delayed train, a ship about to sail, and a great disappointment.

Miss Mori's stage career has meant years of incessant study and work. There are no after-theatre suppers, no remaining in bed till noon for the actress in Japan. The theatre begins at three in the afternoon and continues till eleven! Miss Mori rises at eight, worships the god Fudo, breakfasts, and then it is time for lessons: singing, dancing, the samisen, French,

English; then to the theatre to play till eleven o'clock, then home and worship of Fudo again, and to bed. An endless routine, but not monotony.

"But why do you worship Fudo, the god of fire?" I asked.

"When I was a little girl," Miss Mori explained, "my mother dreamed one night that Fudo called to her from under the house, begging her to rescue him. She rose and ordered the servant to dig under the house, and sure enough, there was an image of the god which, of course, became the household god of the family, to be reverently worshiped by all of us."

A sketch of this Fudo is concealed in the band of Miss Mori's under kimono, which she raises to her brow every time she dresses to go on.

Miss Mori is now playing a boy's rôle—a Japanese boy who has just returned from America, and she plays it remarkably well. And a few years ago women were not considered capable of playing even female parts! Ten years ago there was not a single actress in the whole empire. For centuries all women's rôles had been acted by men, and exceedingly well acted, too, with only an occasional break in the falsetto voice to shatter the illusion. Miss Mori says she likes to play boys' parts. I was not surprised at this admission, for there is a certain frank spontaneity about this charming lady that suggests a boyish independence.

When I, realizing how difficult it is for a Japanese girl to escape marriage, suggested the possible abandonment of her theatrical career for matrimony, Miss Mori shuddered.

"Oh, do not speak of the future," she begged. "I love my work more than anything and I want to continue it, but of course if my parents insist upon my marrying, I shall have to obey them."



"The place for nice girls is on the stage," says the Japanese Elsie Janis.

"—by July 15th"

A Story of After-the-War Bravery

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

RANDALL GREGORY had not enlisted impulsively. He never did anything impulsively.

For weeks he weighed the question in his own orderly mind before submitting it to his mother, and then the two of them went over it in calm discussion every evening at dinner for another fortnight before he laid the matter before his editors and publishers.

Those canny gentlemen debated it soberly with him and with each other. There was a great deal to consider. Randall Gregory, at thirty-four, was climbing steadily toward the summit of solid and dignified achievement and the interruption of his career was to be deplored. On the other hand, in the event of his safe return, there would be an added and valuable aura about him and his writing. Meanwhile, his letters from the front, his reactions, would be significant and important. The publishing gentleman and his friendliest editor cast their votes for his going.

On the whole, this fitted in with his own desires. There was a considerable infusion of red with his blue blood. Grandfather Gregory having resigned his chair at Harvard and buttoned himself trimly into a blue coat about the same time in the summer of 'sixty-two that Grandfather Randall locked up his law office and flung himself into a gray one. His mother, a delicate Spartan in mauve taffeta and faintly yellowed lace and the Randall cameos, fought down her fears alone and showed him a serene countenance. She knew and he knew, and each knew that the other knew, that she would have been rather aghast at him if he had not volunteered or at least considered volunteering. It was the right and accepted thing to do, however much it might be at variance with one's personal wishes; and when had a Randall or a Gregory failed in that?

He envisaged the reality of war, not the romance. He pictured gravely to his mother and even more relentlessly to himself the dull weeks of training, the dreary, dangerous voyage, the misery and monotony of the trenches. Least pleasant of all in contemplation was the compulsory association with all sorts and conditions of men and



She leaned forward on the limb, watching Gregory breathlessly.

the heavy heel of authority on his patrician neck, for he meant to enlist as a private. The publishers and even his mother felt this a trifle extreme until he explained himself. There was nothing of hysterical self-abnegation in it; he could not, in the first place, spare the time, for he was delaying his action two months in order to finish his novel, to enter an officers' training-camp. And in the second place it did not interest him. He was going to war because his sense of fitness required him to do so, but he wished to go as simply and with as little ostentation and responsibility as possible.

His experience followed his prognostications perfectly save in one detail. The long weeks of training were even duller and less congenial than he had imagined; the danger and dreariness of the crossing strung his nerves to the snapping-point, and his longing for his work became as acute as physical hunger, but of the misery and monotony of the trenches he was to know but little. In the first day of actual

action, indeed his first "crowded hour of glorious life," he was wounded and carried to the rear. A week later he came to full consciousness in a French hospital to learn that he would soon be strong enough to be sent home, but that he had, on a conservative estimate, forty years of dark days before him. He was blind.

Another month saw him established as of old in his mother's house with a man attendant. His world—and he had not realized how large it was—lifted up its voice and wept over him. It wept the louder and longer because it understood that never again was it to revel in the strength and savor and fine subtlety of his work. Randall Gregory's writing days were done. Dictating was impossible. He had always written his things in his firm and characterful hand, looked at them, lingered over them, copied and revised them again and again before giving them to the typist. He could not conceive his stories in terms of sound, only of sight. The very thought was impious sacrilege. Delivering his exquisitely wrought sentences at white heat to the clumsy fingers of a stenographer would be worse than shouting love-letters through a megaphone to a deaf amenuensis in a public square.

He would have been touched, had he had any nerves of sensation left, at some of the letters he received from the fellowship of ink, but he sat in silence while his white-lipped mother or the friendliest editor read them to him, and asked them to send brief lines of civil acknowledgment. Words of deep sympathy wafted down from dizzy altitudes of greatness, or climbed bashfully from beginners who had worshiped him from afar; but every letter left him cold, save the few which faintly amused or annoyed him.

Into the latter group fell the crisp buff sheet, compactly typed and generously margined in brown, from Edna Ethel Binney. She was, in a sense, his rival. Her work was in no way comparable to his. For she was popular, immensely, overwhelmingly popular and prolific, and her stuff buoyant, robust, insistently wholesome. He had conceived the liveliest dislike for her and for her productions, which had not lessened when the Boston Transcript man

included eleven of her stories in the annual list and only four of his. Of course his output was far smaller, but, even so, one felt the fellow was confusing quality with quantity.

DEAR RANDALL GREGORY (Miss Binney wrote): I have been sitting before my machine for an hour, searching for words to say to you. I can't find them. My comfort is that you, who know everything, know what I—what every one—is feeling for and with you. You will not sit lamenting amid the ruins of your happiness (doesn't R. L. S. help heaps in times like these?) but will be touched with fire from the altar; up and doing to rebuild your city. This isn't meant to be a letter of sympathy at all; that would seem almost impertinent. We give pity to the weak. No, it's just to let you know I'm thinking of you these days; for, after all, we are both in the builders' guild, aren't we?—even though you raise cathedrals while I whack out bungalows, and apartments, and portable houses!

It makes my prosaic life, so many miles away, more vital and significant just to know that you are living your story as finely and splendidly as you would write it of another; to know that you *lead captivity captive*.

Faithfully,
EDNA ETHEL
BINNEY.

"That one does not require an answer," said the blind man. "You may tear it up."

The editor who was giving up a rare and precious holiday said it would be no trouble to pound off a line of thanks.

"For what?" The young woman was clearly enjoying herself. I've no doubt she considers that one of the neatest things she ever wrote. It was good of her to slip in the reference to Stevenson

so I should understand that she was quoting. Did she put the Bible bit in quotations or italics? Ah, yes, she would underline it, of course. No. It requires no answer. She will be quite sure that she has cheered and comforted me. I suppose her stuff is going as strong as ever?"

"We have just bought a serial from her, and contracted for a series of stories, and we're featuring a poem this month."

Gregory held out his hand for the note and tore it into small pieces. "Good heavens," he said petulantly, "the crea-

ture is as prolific as a guineapig. You are very good, my dear fellow, but I think I won't hear any more notes to-day. People are so exceedingly brave about bearing my misfortune."

His friend went away and left him alone in his darkness in his sunny and beautiful room. He left him unutterably alone and bitter and battered and beaten. He felt that he had been tricked and betrayed. He had made the sacrifice. He had gone forth, if not the Happy Warrior on jubilant feet, at least decently and heartily, ready to lay down his life if need be. And

friendliest editor bullied him into crossing the continent and spending the summer on a ranch he knew in the hot hills of California. He needed to get as far away as possible from his mother, and she needed to have him do so. She had a slender income of her own which would take care of her frugally, and his royalties promised him the comforts, including the silent, middle-aged attendant who dressed him and led him about.

He hated his friend every foot of the journey, but after a week in his new surroundings he understood and was glad.

There was something at once soothing and satisfying in the dry, heated air of the day, in the exquisite cool of the mornings and evenings. He was comfortably lodged and fed, and there were only two or three other boarders, to whom he was quite unknown. His jangled nerves quieted themselves. He had his man lead him up a steep path in the hills and leave him under the oaks for hours at a time. He slept a great deal; and when he was awake he did not think. He began slowly to use his other senses; he felt the warm, baked earth beneath him; he heard the scolding blue-jays and the wild canaries and linnets and lavish-voiced orioles and the shrill locusts; and he smelled the thousand pungent scents of summer. Much of the time he was not sure whether he was asleep or awake.

His man brought him his meals out-of-doors, so his seclusion was perfect, but the servant remarked one day that another boarder had arrived—a young

lady. That afternoon he heard swift feet coming toward him on the path.

"Get me out of the way!" he commanded his attendant, but the man was clumsy and slow, and in another instant the flying figure had collided smartly with him.

"Oh, sorry!" said a rich young voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Gregory distantly. "It was impossible for me to make way for you; I am blind."

"Oh," said the newcomer, moving on her way, "that must be a great nuisance!"



"What can blind men do besides holding out tin cups and grinding organs?"

before he had been of the slightest service, before he had been anything but a burden and an expense to his country, not his life but his sight had been required of him, and he had become a cumberer of the earth. It was ghastly, sardonic anti-climax. He felt that he had been made grimly ridiculous. His existence, stretching endlessly before him, was a stench in his nostrils, but because of his mother, still more because of his pride and his sense of fitness, he could not end it.

Facing the nervous crash inevitable, the

Original from

She sounded as if he had announced a cold in the head.

"I fancy you would find it so." He hated himself for the feeling in his tone, but the utter callousness of hers had pricked him.

"Yes, I expect I should—at first." She was going on up the steep hillside in leaps and bounds and now she began to sing. Her song came back faintly for a long while, heedless as the chatter of a blue-jay. Randall Gregory found himself tingling with temper. He was thoroughly fed up on pity, of course, but there were certain decencies of human sympathy—certain mere courtesies—

His rookery was never his own after that. The new girl was apt to dash past and almost over him at any hour of the day, and usually she had an *entourage* of children and dogs, and always she was noisy. The attendant, being interrogated, stated that she was a very healthy and happy-looking lady that dressed a good deal more like a boy. He added, uncertainly, that she had a sort of way with her. She always called out a carelessly good-humored greeting, and one keen morning she stopped beside his hammock.

"Want to come on a picnic?"

"I hardly think so. Thank you."

"Oh, come on! It's an easy climb. You wouldn't be a bit of trouble. We'd all take turns helping you."

"Thank you, no."

"All right!" she said with cheerful indifference, and went on her way with a rush. He could hear her for a long time, going joyously forth, he said to himself, like a he-goat on the mountains. A picnic! Climbing over the rugged hills. Could anything be less tactful, less decently considerate? One did not, heaven knew, desire her sympathy, but one looked, instinctively, for that well-known feminine quality supposed ever to be on tap for those whose brows were wrung with pain and anguish. One looked in vain. Anything less of a ministering angel would have been difficult to imagine.

THEN he sat up very suddenly, almost spilling himself out of the hammock. *She wasn't sorry for him!* After an instant of dazed consideration the thought was as bitter and bracing as a tonic. He had been fed for months on the soft food of tenderest commiseration; now he got his teeth into the tough substance of indifference. He began to work it out, slowly. If this presumably nice and normal young woman, the friend of children and animals, the lover of birds and flowers and trees, didn't pity him, then it must be that he was not so utterly an object of pity! "I expect I should—at first," she had said, in response to his somber assertion that she would find it a nuisance to be blind. Well, how would she set about—Randall Gregory did not recline in the hammock again. He called the man and demanded to be taken for a walk.

She was always cleverly calling his attention to his remaining senses. "Sniff that!" she would command imperatively, holding crushed bay-leaves under his nose; and, "Now, listen! That's a linnet! See how different it is from a canary's song? It doesn't have the slide at the end—it curls up instead." And again, "I've got a hatful of gorgeous wild blackberries. Just *feel* the size of 'em! Did you ever

taste such a flavor? There!" triumphantly, "you don't need to see them at all, do you? After all, the two best things in the world are sunsets and symphonies, and you don't have to see symphonies, and you can remember sunsets! *Loads* of people," she went on, warming enthusiastically to her theme, "always listen to music with their eyes shut. I do. The men are so dumpy and ugly and their shirt-fronts bulge so!"

He laughed aloud and the sound of it startled even himself. "You ridiculous young person! Do you know what you remind me of with your absurd optimism? Aunt Jobiska's comforting of the Pobble who had no toes!"

The girl rocked with mirth. "Of course!"

"The Pobble who had no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark
And they rowed him back and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, 'It's a fact that the whole world
knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes!'"

"To think of your knowing your Lear! How *nice*! I'm going to call you Pobble after this, and I'll be your Aunt Jobiska. This hill is my Park, and the hammock is your friendly Bark. I shall give you lavender-water tinged with pink, and a cozy piece of scarlet flannel for your nose."

I TRUST that you haven't a Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers," said Gregory with spirit, "for I certainly sha'n't fish for it. I loathe cats."

"Well, I'll let you off that," said the girl amiably. "Goodness, what fun it's going to be to have some one to play with!"

"I thought you were quite content with the young companions of your own age!"

"Mercy! What gave you the impression that I'm young? I'll be twenty-nine in three months. How old are you?"

"A hundred and seven. Thirty-four, I believe."

"Well, we're both getting on! What I meant was, some one to play my kind of play. Kiddies and pups are well enough to race and climb with. Nonsense is the sixth sense, so you've really got five, even now. But I've got to say something serious to you. My vacation's half over."

"Oh, really? One can not fancy you toiling and spinning."

"Nothing so picturesque. I pound a working-girl's piano."

"You're a typist?" The warm interest was gone from his tone, but he strove to keep it friendly. Work-talk hurt still.

"Yes; I was wondering if you couldn't give me some work? I've brought my thinkmobile here with me. I know about your writing. I've read a lot of your things." Her bright face paled a little as she saw his darken.

"No. I shall not write again. I have never been able to dictate."

She clenched her brown hands. "Well—can't you learn? You can't live all the rest of your life in a hammock—even if it is a friendly bark! Oh, *please* try! It means such a lot to me! If I could even get three hours' work a day, I'd feel that I could stay on here." She leaned closer to watch his expression, but her voice didn't change. "Consider my side of it. I can't

be an Idle Rich if you can. I'm a Laboring Class."

"I am very sorry not to be of service to you," he said, "but what you ask is utterly impossible."

"Oh," said the girl forlornly, sitting down on the ground. Her tone was doleful enough, but her face, had he been able to see it, would have astonished him with its pain and disappointment.

"Possibly," he said with an effort, "I might give you a few letters."

"That would be better than nothing," she said, brightening a little. "I believe you think I can't do it, but I can. Why, I've worked for one writer already—Edna Ethel Binney, and we got on famously."

MISS BINNEY'S work is very different from mine. I can imagine it being dictated with lightning velocity, while my own—

"But," said the girl kindly, "you can improve! Perhaps you haven't written as long or as much as she has. I've read that she—"

"If you please," said the blind man testily, "the subject does not interest me. Will you be good enough to call my man? I will go back to the house."

"Why don't you go alone?" She was frankly cross. "Aren't you ever going to learn?" She stamped away in a hot young rage and he heard her vehement feet on the dead leaves.

Then the typist whose vacation was half over did a strange thing. She stood perfectly still, treading the leaves in one place more and more softly, until she knew it must seem to the blind man that she had gone around the bend of the trail. Then she swung herself on the lowest limb of a great oak and sat there, as still as a frightened squirrel, her big, bright eyes fixed on him, her lower lip caught between her teeth. For some time he sat still, breathing fast. He looked very angry. He called for his servant. After a few moments he called again, impatiently. Then he rang the little bell he carried for such emergencies. The attendant appeared on the level ground far below them and begged in pantomime to be allowed to go to his master, but the girl sternly shook her head and frowned, and he went away.

She leaned forward on the limb, watching Gregory breathlessly. He was slowly getting to his feet, his face flushed with anger. She nodded delightedly. He took hold of his hammock and his chair, and the tree nearest him, and felt for the trail with one outstretched foot. It was the first time since his doom had descended upon him that he had taken a single step alone. The first few he took tentatively and timidly, then the watcher saw him fling back his head, fetch a long breath, square his shoulders and swing off confidently. Half-way down the trail his foot caught in a loop of blackberry vine and he fell solidly to the hot ground.

The girl held on to the tree so tightly that her knuckles were white in her brown hands. It seemed as if she had to hold that way to keep herself from running to him. She did not even let go to wipe away the tears that welled from her pitiful eyes and ran down her face.

Randall Gregory picked himself up and tried to brush himself off. There was a bruise on his forehead and briars in both hands, but she could see that he was

grinning. He located himself, found and understood the cause of his downfall and set off again, not quite so fast this time, but steadily. He reached the foot of the trail without further mishap, took his way carefully to the house, turned, retraced his steps to the foot of the trail, got his bearings, climbed up again, found his hammock and sat down.

The watcher, oddly enough at this happy ending to the adventure, put her head down on her arms and wept tempestuously but silently. Then she crept down by another path, found the unhappy attendant, patted his shoulder, slipped a bill into his hand, skipped up-stairs to her room—which was the best in the house—and smiled approvingly at her red-eyed reflection in the bureau's mirror.

The next morning's mail had come before she sought him.

"Is that my Aunt Jobiska?" he called when he heard her coming.

"Is it a peevish Pobble to-day?"

"No, it's a beamish boy!"

"Very well, then, here's your mail. Shall I tinkledy-blinkedly-winkle your bell for the slave to come and read it?"

"No, you read it, please. I'm going to have you write some letters for me."

"Thanks," said the young woman gratefully. She read him several commonplace epistles and then opened the last one, her eyes kindling. She recited, rather than read it, for she kept her eyes on his face. It was from the friendliest editor, and it contained bad news. He had undertaken to look after Mrs. Gregory's small affairs, and he reported now that she had no longer any affairs for him to look after. War conditions had so wrought upon her little income that it had practically ceased to be. He warned Randall not to write to her about it, as the shock might be dangerous in her highly nervous state. She need not know for the present, as he was continuing her allowance out of his own pocket. He regretted, likewise, to report that Randall's books were not going very well—war conditions again—people wanted red-blooded stuff these days. The tone of the letter was kind enough, but there was nothing sultry about it. It had the sound of a very busy man who wasn't overly interested in other peoples' troubles, but who meant, nevertheless, to do the decent thing. In conclusion he made a suggestion: If Randall cared to try a Christmas story, he would be very glad indeed to consider it, and if available would pay him well. It was imperative that he should have it by July fifteenth.

"Goody!" said the young woman. "Now you'll have to give me a job, and I won't have to go home so soon!"

Randall Gregory was as white as on the day he had been told of his misfortune. "I can not dictate," he said.

She looked at the navy-blue-and-green lump on his brow and slipped her warm hand into one of his, the one which was fullest of blackberry briars. "Oh, yes, you can," she disputed serenely.

There was nothing of romance in the way his hand tightened on hers. "The man is mad. 'By July fifteenth!' This is the fifth—it would have to leave here on the

mind, then, but I thought you must have enough imagination——"

"Good Lord!" he sat down again and took his head in his hands, "don't you suppose I'm crazy with plots and characters, night and day? Don't you suppose I thirst for my work as men thirst for liquor? But I tell you I can not dictate."

It appeared to be the truth, that first day. Her typewriter was fetched up to their rookery and she sat expectantly, with her slim brown fingers on the keyboard.



"I wish I could see you. I don't know at all what you look like."

tenth. Five days! I never wrote more than a story a month in my life."

"Mercy! Why, Edna Ethel Binney——"

"Hush!" He flung her hand away and jumped to his feet. "I beg your pardon. I am not myself. Good heavens, how can my mother's securities—and my books——" he struck a clenched fist into his palm and the blood rushed back to his face. "I have got to earn money. I can't be under obligations. What can I learn? What do blind men do, besides holding out tin cups and grinding organs?"

"I love nonsense, but I hate idiocy," she said coldly. "Haven't you any plots made up? Miss Binney always—well, never

but Gregory was hard aground. He was brain-bound and tongue-tied all through the still summer afternoon. "By July fifteenth," he groaned.

"Certainly! And they write the summer romances at Christmas-time. If the magazine readers only knew, when they're reveling in snow and Yule logs and holly, that it was evolved while the poor wretch mopped his brow and slapped at mosquitoes— There," she cried penitently, "I won't gibber. But I wish I could help. Can't you just take the ingredients for a Christmas story and set them all out and then decide what you'll make?"

Original (Continued on page 102)

The BRANDING-IRON

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS—The story opens with Joan, a beautiful mountain girl, reading the story of "The Pot of Basil" by the firelight in her tiny cabin on the Wyoming mountainside. Outside is the cold still night, and somewhere, Pierre, Joan's husband, traveling homeward on his snow-shoes.

While she reads, Joan pictures the loneliness of her own life before she married Pierre; then her running away from him to the little mining town to work in the hotel. There she had met Pierre, and in the first look had recognized her mate. Then had followed their marriage, the coming of the missionary who had lent her books, finally Pierre's jealousy of the books and of the "sin-buster."

Suddenly Joan hears a light step on the snow and feels a shadow at the window. A strange Pierre enters, of whom Joan is afraid. He refuses to greet her, but busies himself at the fire. After a while he steps to her with the red-hot Two-Bar brand, the mark for his cattle, declaring he will mark her so that all the world will know that she belongs to him. He burns the mark into her shoulder; Joan screams, and a man enters out of the night. Pierre fires first, then the stranger; Pierre falls and Joan loses consciousness.

Joan is restored to health in Prosper Gael's cabin in a cañon across the mountains from her old home.

With Prosper's aid Joan develops her woman's charm. She makes the soft stuffs he gives her into beautiful garments. She enters the world of romance through his music, his books, and his conversation. But one day she comes again among Prosper's books upon the story of *Isabella*. This brings Pierre and the little mountain homestead back so forcibly that Joan starts home. She is still very weak, and almost dies in the snow before Prosper finds her.

She begins to work indoors and out, trying to regain her strength in order to go home when spring comes. One day Prosper sends her to put on an outdoor suit which he says is in a closet in the hall. His shock at seeing her in it brings to Joan the realization of the woman for whom it was intended and for whom the mountain cabin was built. Joan, hurt this time in a different way, runs away again. This time she comes back of her own accord, unable to find her way in the snowy stillness. Thus Prosper wins Joan's love and together they live their spring.

With the spring comes also the intrusion of the outside world. Prosper is more interested in his letters than in Joan, whose hurt is unappeased by the gorgeous necklace which he has procured as a gift for her.



At that moment his stark spirit looked straight into hers, acknowledged

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

(Continued)

PROSPER hurried to the window and saw her walk out to the garden they had made and begin her work. He was puzzled by her manner, but presently shrugged the problem of her mood away and went back to his mail. That night he finished his novel and got it ready for the publisher.

Again Wen Ho, calm and uncomplaining, was sent out over the hill, and again the idyl was renewed, and Joan wore the collar, and was almost as happy as before. Only one night she startled Prosper.

"I asked Pierre," she said slowly after a silence, in her low-pitched voice, "when he was taking me home. I asked, 'Where are we going?' and he said to me, 'Don't you savvy the answer to that question, Joan?'"

And, Prosper, I didn't savvy, so he told me, and he looked at me sort of hard and stern, 'We're agoin' to be married, Joan.'"

Prosper and Joan were sitting before the fire, Joan on the bearskin at his feet, he lounging back, long-legged, smoke-veiled, in one of the lacquered chairs. She had been fingering her collar and she kept on fingering it as she spoke and staring straight into the flames, but, at the last, quoting Pierre's words and tone, her voice and face quivered, and she looked at him with eyes of mysterious pain; in them, a sort of uncomprehended anguish.

"Why was that, Prosper?" she asked. "I mean, why did he say it that way? And what—what does it stand for, marrying or not?"

Prosper jerked a little in his chair, then said he blasphemously: "Marriage is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Don't be the

conventional woman, Joan. Isn't this beautiful, this life of ours?"

"Yes." But her eyes of uncomprehended pain were still upon him. So he put his hand over them and drew her head against his knee. "Yes, but that other life was—was—before Pierre changed—it was beautiful."

"Of course; love is always beautiful. Not even marriage can always spoil it, though it very often does. Well, Joan," he went on flippantly, "I'll go into the subject with you one of these days, when the weather isn't so beautiful. It's really a matter of law, property-rights and so forth; a practise variously conducted in various lands; it's man's most studied insult to woman; it's recommended as the lesser of two evils by a man who despised woman as only an Oriental can despise her, Saint Paul by name; it's a thing civilized women cry for till they get it and then

quite bitterly learn to understand; it's a horrible invention which needn't touch your clean soul, dear. Come out and look at the moon!

"Listen!" They stood side by side at the door. "Some silly bird thinks that is the dawn. Look at me, Joan!"

She lifted obedient eyes.

"There! That's better. Don't get that other look. I can't bear it. I love you."

A moment later they went out into the sweet silver silence down to the silver lake.

Four months later the name of Prosper

lieved him to be recovering from some nervous illness; to watch him smoking and thinking of himself, his fame, his talents, his future; to watch him scribbling notes, planning another work; to hear his excited talk, now so impersonal, so unrelated to her; to see how his eagerness over her education slackened, faltered, died; to notice that he no longer watched the changeful humors of her beauty, nor cared if she wore bronze or blue or yellow; and, worst of all, to find him staring at her sometimes with a worried, impatient look, which scuttled

or with his absent-minded, fitful company; she worked in her garden, alone. At night, when he was asleep, she lay with her hand pressed against her heart, staring at the darkness, listening to the night, waiting. Curiously enough his inevitable returns of passion and interest, the always decreasing flood-mark, each time a little lower, did not deceive her, did not distract her. She never expressed her trouble, even to herself. She did not give it any words. She took her pain without wincing, without complaint, and when he seemed to need her in any little way, in any big way, she gave because she could not help it, because she had promised him largess, because it was her nature to give. Besides, although she was instinctively waiting, she did not foresee the end.

It was late in October when somewhere in the pile of Prosper's mail there lay a small gray envelope. Joan drew his attention to it, calling it a "queer little letter," and he took it up slowly, as though his deft and nervous fingers had gone numb. Before he opened it he looked at Joan and, in one sense, it was the last time he ever did look at her; for at that moment his stark spirit looked straight into hers, acknowledged its guilt, and bade her a mute and remorseful farewell.

He read and Joan watched. His face grew pale and bright, as though some electric current had been turned into his veins; his eyes, looking up from the writing but not returning to her, had the look given by some drug which is meant to stupefy but which taken in an overdose intoxicates. He turned and made for the door, holding the little gray folded paper in his hand. On the threshold he half faced her, without lifting his eyes.

"I have had extraordinary news, Joan. I shall have to go off alone and think things out. I don't know when I shall get back." He went out and shut the door gently.

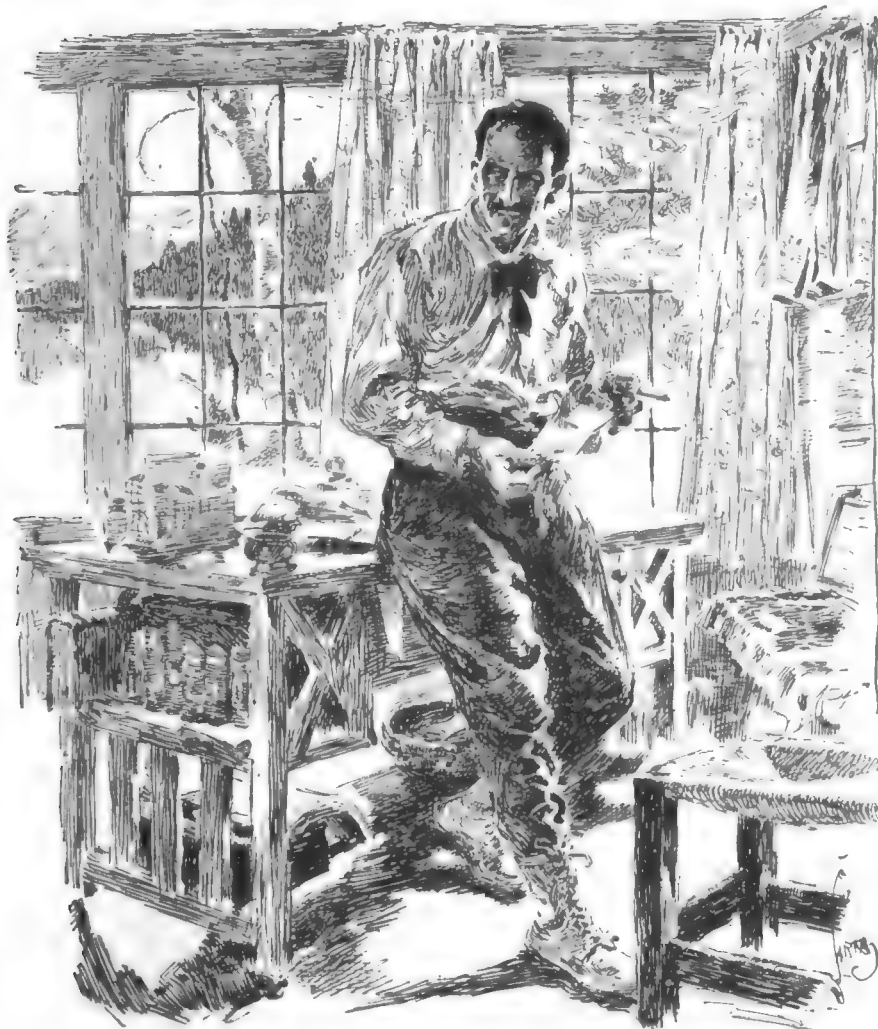
Joan stood listening. She heard him go along the passage and through the second door. She heard his feet on the mountain trail. Afterward she went out and stood between the two sentinel firs that had marked the entrance to that snow tunnel, long since disappeared. Now it was a late October day, bright as a bared sword. The flowers of the Indian paintbrush burned like red candle-flames everywhere under the firs, the fireweed blazed, the aspen leaves were laid like little golden tiles against the metallic blue of the sky. The great peak stood there in the glittering stillness of the day, and pointed up dizzily and down dizzily into the clear emptiness of the lake. A grouse boomed, but Joan was not startled by the sudden rush of its wings. She felt the sharp weight of that silent mountain in her heart; she might have been buried under it.

So she felt it all day while she worked, a desperate day, hideous in her memory, and at night she lay waiting. After hours, longer than any other hours, the door of her bedroom opened and an oblong of moonlight, as white as paper, fell across the matted floor. Prosper stepped in noiselessly and walked over to her bed. He stood a moment and she heard him swallow.

"You're awake, Joan?"

Her eyes were staring up at him, but she lay still.

"Listen, Joan." He spoke in short



its guilt, and bade her a mute and remorseful farewell.

Gael began to be on every one's lips, and before every one's eyes; the world, his world, began to clamor for him. Even Wen Ho grumbled at this going out on tremendous journeys after the mail for which Prosper grew more and more greedy and impatient. His novel, "The Cañon," had been accepted, was enormously advertised, had made an extraordinary success. All this he explained to Joan, who tried to rejoice because she saw that it was exquisite delight to Prosper. He was by way of thinking now that his exile, his Wyoming adventure, was to thank for his success, but when a woman, even such a woman as Joan, begins to feel that she has been a useful emotional experience, there begins pain. For Joan pain began and daily it increased. It was suffering for her to watch Prosper reading his letters, forwarded to him from the Western town where his friends and his secretary be-

out of sight like some ugly many-legged creature when it met her own eyes—painful, of course, yet such an old story.

Joan, who had never heard of such experiences, did not foresee the inevitable end and, in so much, she was spared. The extra pain of forfeiting her dignity and self-respect did not touch her, for she made none of those most pitiful, unavailing efforts to hold him, to cling; did not even pretend indifference. She only drew gradually into herself, shrinking from her pain and from him as the cause of it; she only lost her glow of love-happiness; her face seemed to dwindle, to contract, and that secret look of a wild animal returned to her gray eyes. She quietly gave up the old regulations of their life; she did not remind him of the study-hours, the hours of wild outdoor play. She read under the firs, alone; she studied faithfully, alone; she climbed and swam, alone

sentences, waiting between each for some comment of hers which did not come. "I shall have to go away to-morrow. I shall have to go away for some time. I don't want you to be unhappy. I want you to stay here for a while, if you will, for as long as you want to stay. I am leaving you plenty of money. I will write and explain it all very clearly to you. I know that you will understand. Listen," here he knelt and took her hands, which he found lying cold and stiff under the cover, pressed against her heart. "I have made you happy here in this little house, haven't I, Joan?"

She would not answer even this, except by the merest flickering of her eyelids.

"You have trusted me; now trust me a little while longer. My life is very complicated. This beautiful year with you, the year you have given to me, is just a temporary respite from—from all sorts of things. I've taught you a great deal, Joan. I've healed the wound that brute made on your shoulder and in your heart. I've taught you to be beautiful. I've filled your mind with beauty. You are a wonderful woman. You'll live to be grateful to me. Some day you'll tell me so."

Her quiet curved lips moved. "Are you tellin' me good-by, Prosper?"

It was impossible to lie to her. He bent his head.

"Yes, Joan."

"Then tell it quick and go out and leave me here to-night."

It was impossible to touch her. She might have been wrapped in fire. He found that though she had not stirred a finger his hand had shrunk from hers. He got to his feet, all the cleverness which all day long he had been weaving like a silk net to catch, to bewilder, to draw away her brain from the anguish of full comprehension, was shriveled. He stood and stared helplessly at her, dumb as a youth. And, obedient, he went out and shut the door, taking the white patch of moonlight with him.

So Joan, having waited behind an obstinately locked door for his departure, came out at noon and found herself in the small gay house alone.

She sat in one of the lacquered chairs and saw, after a long while, that the Chinaman was looking at her.

Wen Ho, it seemed, had been given instructions. He was to stay and take care of the house and the lady for as long as she wanted it, or him.

Afterward he was to lock up the house and go. He handed her a large and bulky envelope which Joan took and let lie in her lap.

"You can go to-morrow, Wen Ho," she said.

"You no wait for Mr. Gael come back? He say he come back!"

"No. I'm not going to wait. I guess—" here Joan twisted her mouth into a smile—"I'm not one of the waitin' kind. I'm agoing back to my own ranch now. It won't seem so awful lonesome, perhaps, as I was thinking last spring that it would."

She touched the envelope without looking at it.

"Is this money, Wen Ho?"

"I t'ink so, lady."

She held it, unopened, out to him.

"I will give it to you then. I have no need of it."

She stood up.

"I am going up now to climb this mountain back of the house so's I can see just where I am. I'll come down to-night for dinner, and to-morrow, after breakfast, I'll be going away. You understand?"

"Lady, you mean give me all this money?" babbled the Chinaman.

"Yes," said Joan gravely. "I have no need of it."

She went past him with her swinging step.

She was coming down the mountain-side that evening, very tired, but with the curious peaceful stillness of heart that comes with an entire acceptance of fate, when she heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the hollow of the cañon. Her heart began to beat to suffocation. She ran to where, standing near a big fir-tree, she could look straight down on the trail leading to Prosper's cabin. Presently the horsemen came in sight—the one that rode first was tall and broad and fair, she could see under his hat-brim his straight nose and firmly modeled chin.

"The sin-buster!" said Joan, then, looking at the other who rode behind him, she caught at the tree with crooked hands and began to sink slowly to her knees. He was tall and slight, he rode with imitable grace. As she stared, he took off his sombrero, rested his hand on the saddle-horn and looked haggardly, cagerly up the trail toward the house. His face was whiter, thinner, worn by protracted mental pain, but it was the beautiful living face of Pierre.

Joan shrank back into the shadows of the pines, crouched for a few minutes like a mortally wounded beast, then ran up the mountainside as though the fire that had once touched her shoulder had eaten its way at last into her heart.

BOOK TWO CHAPTER ONE

Jane—the Estray

THE Lazy-Y ranch-house, a one-storied building of logs, was built about three sides of a paved court. In the middle of this court stood a well with a high rustic top, and about this well, on a certain brilliant July night, a tall man was strolling with his hands behind his back. It was a night of full moon, sailing high, which poured whiteness into the court, making its cobbles, embedded in the earth, look like milky bubbles and drawing clear-cut shadows of a well-top and the gables and chimneys of the house.

The man slowly circled the court, beginning close to the walls and narrowing till he made a loop about the well, and then, reversing, worked in widening orbits as far as the walls again. His wife, looking out at him through one of the windows, thought that, in the moon-light, followed by his own squat, active shadow, he looked like a huge spider weaving a web. The effect was heightened by the fact that he never looked up.

He was deep in some plan to which it was impossible for her not to believe that the curious pattern of his walk bore some relation.

From the northern wing of the ranch-house, strongly lighted, came a tumult of sound: music, thumping feet, a man's voice chanting couplets:

"Oh, you walk right through and you turn around
And swing the girl that finds you.
And you come right back to the same old track
And turn the girl behind you."

Some one was directing a quadrille in native fashion. There was much laughter, confusion and applause. None of this noise disturbed the man. He did not look at the lighted windows. He might really have been a gigantic insect entirely unrelated to the human creatures so noisily near at hand.

A man came round the corner of the house, crossed the square and, lurching a little, made for the door of the lighted wing. Shortly after his entrance, the sound of music and dancing abruptly stopped. The stillness gave the spider pause, but he was about to renew his weaving when, in the silence, a woman spoke.

"You, Mabel, don't you go home," she said.

She had not spoken loudly, but her voice beat against the walls of the court as though it could have filled the whole moonlit night with dangerous beauty. The listener outside lifted his head with a low, startled exclamation. Suddenly the world was alive with adventure and alarm.

"Mind your own business, you wild-cat," answered a man's raucous voice. "She's my wife, which is somethin' that your sort knows nothin' about. Come on, you Mabel. You think that outlaw can keep me from takin' home my wife; you're bettin' wrong."

Another silence, then the voice again, a little louder, as though the speaker had stepped out into the center of the room.

"Mabel is not a-goin' home with you," it said, and the listener outside threw back his head with the gesture of a man sensitive to music who listens to some ecstatic melody.

"She happens to be stopping here with us to-night. You say that she's your wife, but that don't mean that she belongs to you, body and soul, Bill Greer; not to you, who don't possess your own body and soul. Why, you can't keep your feet steady, you can't pull your hand away from mine. You can't hold your tipsy eyes on mine. Do you call that ownin' your own body? And as fer your soul, it's a hell of a rage and dirty feelin's that I'd hate to burn my eyes by lookin' closely at."

A deep, short, alarming chorus of laughter interrupted the speech. The speaker evidently had her audience.

"So you don't own anything to-night," went on the extraordinary, deliberate voice; "surely you don't own Mabel. You can't get a claim on her, not that-away. She's her own. She belongs to her own self. When you're fit to take her, why, then come and tell us about it, and if we judge you're a-tellin' us the truth, mebber we'll let her go. Till then—" a pause which was filled with a rapid shuffling of feet. The door flew open, and in its lighted oblong the observer saw a huddled figure behind which rose a woman's black and shapely head. "Till then," repeated the deep-toned, ringing voice, "get out!" and the huddled man came on a staggering run which ended in a backward fall on the cobbles of the court.

The man who watched trod lightly past him and came to the open door. Inside, firelight beat on the golden log walls and

salmon-colored timber ceiling; a lamp hanging from a beam threw down a strong, conflicting arc of white light. A dozen brown-faced, booted young men stood about, three musicians were ready to take

No one asked this woman, who stood at ease, watching the dancers, her hands resting on her hips, her head tilted back against the logs. As he looked at her, the intruder had a queer little thrill of

She was very haggard, very thin, she wore her massive black hair drawn away hideously from brow and temples, and out of this lean, unshaded face a pair of deep eyes looked drowsily, dangerously. Her



He went out and shut the door, taking the white patch of moonlight with him.

up their interrupted music, the little fat man who had called out the figures of the quadrille stood on a barrel, his arms folded across his paunch. A fair-haired girl, her face marred by recent tears, drooped near him. Two of the young men were murmuring reassurances to her, others surrounded a stout, red-faced girl who was laughing and talking loudly. The observer's eyes wandered till they came to the fireplace. There another woman leaned against the wall.

The music struck up, the dancing began again, the two other girls, quickly provided with partners, began to waltz, the superfluous men stood up together and went at it with gravity and grace.

fright. He remembered something he had once seen—a tame panther which was to be used in some moving-picture play. Its confident owner had led it in on a chain and held it negligently in a corner of the room, waiting for his cue. The panther had stood there drowsily, its eyes shifting a little, then, watching the people, its inky head had begun to move from side to side. He remembered the way the loose chain jerked. The animal's eyes half closed, it lowered its head, its upper lip began to draw away from its teeth. All at once, it had dropped on its belly. Some one cried out: "Hold your beast!"

This young woman by the fireplace had just that panther air of perilous quietness

mouth was straightened into an expression of proud bitterness, her round chin thrust forward; there was a deep, scowling line that rose from the bridge of her straight, short nose almost to the roots of her hair. It cut across a splendidly modeled brow. She was very graceful, if such a bundle of bones might be said to have any grace. Her pose was arresting. There was a tragic force and attraction about her.

The man by the door appraised her carefully between his narrowed lids. He kept in mind the remembered melody of her voice, and, after a few moments, he strolled across the floor and came up to her.

"Will you dance?" he said.

He had a very charming and subtle smile, a very charming and sympathetic look. The woman was startled, color rose into her face. She stared at him.

"I'm not dancing, Mr. Morena," she answered.

"You know my name," smiled Morena, "and I don't know yours. I've been on Mr. Yarnall's ranch for a month. Why haven't I seen you?"

"For not lookin', I suppose." She had given him that one startled glance and now she had turned her eyes back to the dancers and wore a grim, contemptuous air. Her speeches, though they were cut into crisp, short words, were full of music of a sharp, metallic quality, different from the tone of her other speech, but quite as beautifully expressive.

"May I smoke?" asked Morena. He was still smiling his charming smile and watching her out of the corners of his eyes.

"I'm not hinderin' you any," said she.

Morena smiled deeper. He took some time making and lighting his cigaret.

"You don't smoke, yourself?" he asked.

"No."

"Nor dance?"

"No."

"Nor behave prettily to polite young men?"

Again the woman looked at him. "You ain't so awful young, are you?"

He laughed aloud.

"I amuse you, don't I? Well, I'm not always so all-fired funny," drawled the creature, lowering her head a little.

"No, I've heard that you're not. You rather run things here, I gather; got the boys 'plum scared.'"

"Did Mr. Yarnall tell you that?"

"Yes. I've just in the last few minutes remembered who you are. You're Jane. You cook for the 'outfit' and Yarnall was telling us the other night how he sent one of the boys out for a cook, the last one, a man, having been beaten up, and how the boy had brought you back behind him on his saddle. He said you'd kept order for him ever since; were better than a foreman. Who was the man you threw out to-night?"

"Perhaps," drawled Jane, in her musical voice, "he was just a feller who asked too many questions."

Again Morena's smile deepened into his cheeks. He gave way in the Jewish fashion so deceptively suggestive of meekness and timidity, when it is, at its worst, merely pliable insolence, at its best, pliable determination.

"You must pardon me, Miss Jane," he said in his murmuring, cultivated voice. "You see I've had a great misfortune. I've never been in your West. I've lived in New York, where good manners haven't time or space to flourish. I hadn't the least intention of being impertinent. Do you want me to go?"

He moved as if to leave her and she did not lift a finger to detain him.

"I'm not carin'. Do as you please," she said with entire indifference.

"Oh," said Morena, looking back at her, "I don't stay where people are 'not carin'.'"

She gave him an extraordinarily intelligent look. "I should say that's the only place you'd be wantin' to stay in at all—where you're not exactly urged to come," she said.

Morena flushed and his lids flickered. He was for an instant absurdly inclined to anger and made two or three steps away.

But he came back, drawn irresistibly.

He bowed and spoke as he would have spoken to a great lady, suavely, deferentially: "Good night. I wish I could think that you have enjoyed our talk as greatly as I have, Miss Jane. I should very much like to be allowed to repeat it. May I be stupidly personal and tell you that you are very beautiful?" He bowed, gave her an upward look, and went out, finding his way cleverly among the dancers.

Outside, in the moonlit court, he stood, threw back his head and laughed, not loudly but consumedly. He was remembering her white face of mute astonishment. She looked almost as if his compliment had given her sharp pain.

Morena went laughing to his room in the opposite wing. He wanted to describe the interview to his wife.

CHAPTER TWO

Morena's Wife

BETTY MORENA was sitting in a rustic chair before an open fire, smoking a cigaret. She was a short woman, so slenderly, even narrowly, built, as to appear overgrown, and she was a mature woman, so immaturely shaped and featured as to appear hardly more than a child. Her curly, russet hair was parted at the side, her wide long-lashed eyes were set far apart, her nose was really a finely modeled snub, more a boy's nose, even to a light sprinkling of freckles, and her mouth was provokingly the soft, red mouth of a sorrowful child. She lounged far down in her chair, her slight legs, clad in riding-breeches of perfect cut, stretched out straight, her limber arms along the arms of the chair, her chin sunk on her flat chest and her big, clear eyes staring into the fire. It was an odd figure of a wife for Jasper Morena, a Jew of thirty-eight, producer and manager of plays.

When Betty Kane had run away with him, there had been lamentation and rage in the houses of Kane and Morena. To the pride of an old Hebrew family, the marriage even of this wandering son with a Gentile, was fully as degrading as to the pride of the old Tory family was the marriage with a Jew. Her perverse, Gaelic blood on fire with the insults heaped upon her lover, Betty, seventeen years old, romantic, clever, would have walked over flint to give her hand to him. That was ten years ago. Now, when Jasper came into her room, she drew her quick brows together, puffed at her cigaret and blinked as though she was looking at something distasteful and at the same time rather alarming.

"Have they stopped dancing, Jasper?" she asked in a voice that was at once brusque and soft.

Jasper rubbed his hands delightedly. He was still merry and came to stand near the fire, looking down at her with eyes entirely kind and admiring.

"Have you ever noticed Jane, who cooks for the outfit, Betty?"

"Yes. She's horrible."

"She's extraordinary, and I mean to get hold of her for Luck's play. Did you read it?"

"Yes."

"The play is absolutely dependent on the leading part and I have found it

simply impossible to fill. Now, here's a woman of extraordinary grace and beauty——"

Betty lifted skeptical eyebrows, twisted her limber mouth, but forbore to contradict.

"And with a magical voice—a woman who not only looks the part but is it. You remember Luck's heroine?"

Betty flicked off the ash of her cigaret and looked away. "A savage, isn't she? The man has her tamed, takes her back to London and there gives her cause for jealousy and she springs on him—yes, I remember. This woman, Jane, is absolutely without education and hasn't a notion of acting, I suppose?"

Jasper rubbed his hands with increased delight. "Not a notion and she murders the king's English. But she is Luck's savage and—in spite of your eyebrows, Betty—she is beautiful. I can school her. It will take money, no end of patience, but I can do it. It's one of the things I can do. But of course there's the initial difficulty of persuading her to try it."

"That oughtn't to be any difficulty at all. Of course she'll jump at the chance."

"I'm not so sure. She was ready to throw me out of the kitchen to-night. She is really a virago. Do you know what one of the men said about her?" Jasper laughed and imitated the gentle Western drawl: "Jane's plum movin' to me. She's about half-way between 'You go to hell' and 'You take me in your arms to rest.'"

Betty smiled. Her smile was vastly more mature than her appearance. It was clever and cynical and cold. The Oriental, looking down at her, lost his merriment.

"Do you feel better, dear?" he asked timidly. "Do you think you will be able to go back next week?"

She stood up as he came nearer and walked over to the little table that played the part of a dressing-table under a wavy mirror. "Oh, yes, I am quite well. I don't think the doctors have much sense. I'm sure I hadn't anything like a nervous breakdown. I was just tired out."

Jasper drew back the hand whose touch she had eluded and nervously, his long, supple fingers a little unsteady, lighted a cigaret. At that moment he did not look like a spider but like a lover who has been hurt.

Betty could see in the mirror a distorted image of his dejected gracefulness, but, entirely unmoved, she put up her thin, brown hands and began to take the pins out of her hair.

"I like your Jane experiment," she said. "Let me know how you get on with it and whether I can help. I shall have to turn in now. I'm dead beat. Yarnall took me half-way up the mountain and back. Good night."

Jasper looked at her, then pressed his lips into a straight line and went to the door which led from her bedroom to his. He said "Good night" in a low tone, glanced at her over his shoulder and went out.

Betty waited an instant, then slowly unlaced her heavy, knee-high boots, took them off, and began to walk to and fro on stocking feet, hands clasped behind her back. With her curly hair all about her face and shoulders, she looked like a wild, extravagantly naughty schoolgirl, a girl in a wicked temper, a rebel against author-

Original from

ity. In fact, she was rejoicing that this horrible enforced visit to the West was all but over. One week more! She was almost at the end of her endurance. How she hated the beautiful white night

bedroom slippers on the clay hearth, a gorgeous, fur-trimmed dressing gown over the foot of her narrow iron cot; all the ridiculous necessities that Betty's maid had put into her trunk.

a ranch in Wyoming—Yarnall's. She'll get outdoor exercise, tonic air, sound sleep, release from all these pestiferous details, like a cloud of flies, that sting women's nerves to death. Don't pay any attention



"I've never been in your West. I've lived in New York, where good manners haven't time or space to flourish."

outside, those mountain peaks. the sound of that rapid river. the stillness of sagebrush, the voice of the big pines. And she hated the log room. its simplicity now all littered with incongruous luxuries: ivory toilet articles on the board table, lacy, beribboned underwear thrown over the rustic chair, silver-framed photographs, an exquisite gold-mounted crystal vase full of wild flowers on the pine shelf, satin

Yes, Betty hated it all because it was what she had always thirsted for. What a malevolent trick of Fate that Jasper should have brought her to Wyoming, that the doctor had insisted upon at least a month of just this life. "Take her West," he had said, and Betty, lying limp and white in her bed, her small head sunk into the pillow, had jerked from head to foot. "Take her West. I know

to whether she likes it or not. Let her behave like a naughty child, let her kick and scream and cry. Pick her up, Morena, and carry her off. Do you hear? Don't let her make you change your plans." The doctor had seen his patient's convulsive jerk. "Pack her up. Make your reservations and go straight to 'Buck' Yarnall's ranch, Lazy-Y, that's his brand,



AFTER PEACE-?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

THE end of the war has left us to create a world out of a chaos; has left us, unprepared, to solve problems unforeseen, transcending all experience. The war was the greatest in history; the problems—of industry, trade, finance, social organization, domestic life, education, government and international relations—which it has left are the greatest in history as well. It has brought into play new forces, thrust into the light new conditions affecting profoundly the lives of all of us. To understand them and to meet them they need the fullest and most open-minded discussion.

Ten months ago Everybody's began in these pages such a discussion, and from its open forum platform men of all interests and connections have spoken, and from it in the coming months, when these problems will hold the world, many other men and women will speak, whose views are not only interesting, but will be of weight in one phase or another of the work of reconstruction.

Getting Settled for World Service

By William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce

THE great variety of things which are now being very widely discussed and agitated under the head of "reconstruction," are really, for this country, not matters of reconstruction at all, but rather ones of readjustment, or possibly reorganization. We have here no lands laid waste, towns destroyed, factories wrecked by the violence of war, as have the countries of Europe.

Here we face rather the problems resulting largely from the transformation of our industries and trade from the condition of peaceful slackness in which they were before 1914 to the high speed and tension and close organization in which the sudden coming of peace found them. We face, too, certain more far-reaching problems resulting from the new position in world affairs in which America now finds herself.

Two Main Problems

THE problems of readjustment, then, with which we are called upon to deal, are of two distinct kinds: those of immediate concern, arising from the sudden coming of peace; and those larger problems which are not so much a result of the war as the outcome of deeper changes in American life and in America's relation to the world, changes which have been going on silently for a long time. It is important to keep these two parts of the question distinct in discussing the so-called after-the-war problems, since the failure to do so is a constant source of confusion at the present time.

Two chief questions of immediate adjustment are: the question of labor distribution, which is involved in the demobilization of our fighting forces, and the business question, which is involved in the cancellation of Government contracts and orders for all kinds of war supplies and war work involving millions of dollars' worth of labor and material. Both these questions, I believe, will be easily and smoothly adjusted by the numerous agencies available for the purpose. During the war the Federal Employment Bureau has built up a large and effective organization for the distribution of labor to meet the quick and stringent needs of war. This organization, in cooperation with the Council of National Defense and numerous special organizations which have been set up by the states, by cities and private parties, is likely to be able to handle the demobilization labor question adequately.

It is not probable, moreover, that there will be an excess of labor on our hands, over the needs of the period we are entering. The whole world has saved and gone short of most staple articles of commerce during the war, and there should be demand enough now, as soon as we get started, to keep all our factories busier than ever before. Everywhere men are being welcomed back to places that have been held for them, and the great army of returning fighters will melt into the industrial life of the country like the mist that hangs low at breakfast, but is gone at eleven o'clock.

The cancellation of immense war contracts, too, will present no large difficulties. It is probable that a satisfactory arrangement will be found so that those contracts just begun upon, may be abandoned with adequate compensation to all the interests involved, and those nearly completed accepted and paid for and disposed of wisely with Government advice. There is no danger that any business man will suffer loss through any assistance he has patriotically undertaken to render the Government in the war.

Adjustment to be Gradual

WHEN one examines many of the things that are being said everywhere about these adjustments one feels that what we call reconstruction is largely a state of mind. There is no reason for the apprehension manifested toward these immediate problems of demobilization, or for the feeling that some extraordinary measures, commissions, or officials are needed to deal with them. No commission or special agency is or could be as well prepared to handle these matters, and such other problems as may arise during this period, as the numerous agencies of the Government which are familiar with their details and have been handling them during and before the war.

The same considerations apply also to the larger problems of readjustment and reorganization which will be more or less permanently before us for a long time. In these we face, not questions of a sudden

transition, but of a gradual adjustment to new requirements and conditions of American life, adjustments which we shall all take part in and help and which it will devolve upon present agencies of Government to guide us through.

TWO main problems of this broader adjustment are the so-called Labor Question and the question of America's trade expansion.

Our larger question—the position of Labor in industry—is very different in this country from that in the countries of Europe. The American workman is bound closer with ties of the strongest kind to our institutions and our Government, and nothing can be such a good assurance of this as the extent to which he has participated willingly in the Liberty loans. This patriotic investment in the great adventure of America is the best proof that our American people, by and large, are interested in the welfare and the preservation of the nation and its institutions. Any difficulties that may arise out of temporary maladjustments, there are many and most effective means to remedy, both by private means and through the present agencies and projects of the Government departments; the American people may be trusted to work these out patiently and soberly and in no selfish spirit of class interest.

Our Share in World Trade

AND it is with the same spirit of fair dealing and justice that America enters upon her place among the great commercial nations of the world, and assumes her share in the trade precisely as she has assumed her share in the burdens of the world. There is no doubt, humanly speaking, that prosperity lies before America, and there is no doubt, I hope, as to what use America will make of her prosperity. The nation has had a new vision. It has made new

and unprecedented sacrifices. It may be called upon for more. We are associated more closely with other nations than we ever dreamed was possible. We have had bitter tasks to do and have done them well. We have others perhaps as hard ahead of us. Of course we need and are to have a large and expanding foreign trade, free, as soon as may be, from all restraints except those of economic law.

We hope to carry the gospel—it ought to be a real gospel—the gospel of American desire for business service, all over the world until it shall have fruitage in every city and every land. We must serve the world if we are to be on safe foundation ourselves. No mere entering a foreign market by force of cut prices or off-quality goods or by dumping or by untruthful advertising or by force of Government aid or political power is in any sense true commerce, nor will it last. Not selfishness, not the sheer desire for personal or even national wealth must control, but the spirit of profit through service. The countries of Europe are weak from the long struggle they have endured—weak in their need for raw materials and in their need for liberal credit. We must hold out to them the hand of helpfulness and service in all relations of peace as we held it out in the need of war. It is the great responsibility of our world trade, in relation to the world's future feeling toward America rather than the opportunity for selfish aggrandizement that should sober us in looking forward to our commercial future.

What is needed both in relation to the internal industrial problems and the larger question of business adjustment to the world is the concentration of purpose and effort on output, the elimination of waste, and the putting of our economic life on the plain basis of its sheer merits, in a fair field with no favors. What our busi-

ness men must look to, both for success in solving their problems and internal adjustment and their problems of world trade, is not the artificial stimulus of false political support and the advantage of unfair economic restraints, but to the spirit of science applied to their work. There is much, I believe, that the scientific study of the problems of industry and of the problems of trade can do to eliminate waste, and improve production and marketing and bring to the American business man the rewards that are his fair share of the world's prosperity.

IN THIS, if Congress grants it the necessary aid, the Department of Commerce intends to help in three ways: by continuing the admirable work of commercial conservation and standardizing, involving the stopping as far as may be of industrial wastes; by direct and continuous promotion of trade abroad; and lastly, by placing through its great new industrial laboratories the fruits of science and research at the service of industry.

The American business man must hold his place in the world of commerce, and in the world of home industry by effectiveness in service. This is the key-note of our welfare and security as individuals, as classes, and as a nation in the period before us. There is no problem immediate or lasting that we can not solve, if this spirit rules. The turmoil which the war has stirred up will settle down as sand does in a vessel of water, and each grain will find its true level. We, all of us, are now doing our readjusting every minute of the day, while we work, while we play, when we buy any article of common use. It is this silent, invisible force that will bring us back to normal, and make way for the larger readjustments I have spoken of. And in these too, the dominant American spirit of fairness and service will rule.

Retaining American Leadership

By William H. Barr, President, National Founders' Association

AERICAN success in the war was a result of the cooperation born of intensive necessity. Our industrial readjustment will be greatly enhanced by similar effort. This effort will be most effective if it is unembarrassed by government interference with economic factors, or by the introduction of artificial elements which make for difficulty rather than for helpfulness.

Cooperation in peace time is not as easy as in time of war. The latter is a matter of actual or potential compulsion. Nevertheless, our people must realize the situation and act with an effective degree of unity in meeting its problems if we are to increase our prosperity and retain our place as a power in the world of industry and commerce. Unless we unite as intelligently for peace as we did for war, we will face defeat and may be obliged to endure the self-inflicted punishment of stupidity.

It is unfortunate that there has never been proper cooperation between our Government and business. Legislation has been enacted which was unwarranted by conditions, and which was punitive without being constructive. The false theory

that large industrial institutions must necessarily be illegally conducted has been a feature of our governmental attitude. In the future, any governmental action must constructively promote business, particularly in foreign trade. Manufacturers and distributors, on the other hand, must see to it that their methods are strictly within the law, not merely in the fear of prosecution, but in the broadest sense.

One of the national problems that must be correctly solved is government control of public utilities. Is it wise to retain such control, either in the form of government ownership, or of the type exercised during the war? Apparently, our country can not afford government ownership either from a political or economic point of view. It is possessed of so many dangers that the majority of our people will never regard it as a possibility. Further, our present immense national debt will not permit the addition of several more billions of dollars with consequent increase in taxation. One can scarcely believe that the public utilities, if purchased, could in themselves liquidate the debt incurred by their

purchase, and increased taxation, either direct or indirect, would at once result. Further, the creation of a gigantic political machine associated therewith, presents even more serious possibilities, and no analyst will suggest that the utilities, if owned or controlled by the Government, would not become devoid of efficiency.

The Interests of the People

AS A result of what we have gained in intelligence and appreciation of the situation since we entered the war, is it not wiser to return the utilities promptly and honorably to the owners and adopt a healthy legislative policy which will restore to the railroads the vigor of regulated private initiative?

Let us, therefore, hope that the Government of the United States will take a new position with regard to industry, and act in cooperation with those who have the best interest of the country at heart. The answer to this important question will demonstrate whether our Government, which is essentially of the people, is operating for their interests, or for

(Continued on page 76)



"Billy," he cried, "d'ye think that
A've no' had that feelin'?"

TAM o' the SCOOTS

The Début of William Best

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrations by Ernst Fuhr

THERE is a loneliness more poignant than that "loneliness of wings" of which Leonardo wrote; there is the loneliness of anonymity. To be one of twenty thousand men or more, roughly classified heroic by an admiring but misunderstanding public, is to endure the same crushing sense of obliteration which comes to all men in a crowd.

Billy Best realized fully enough that he was a member of a great and wonderful brotherhood. It was a brotherhood which included in its membership even those men who daily sought his destruction in the air and whom he variously described, according to his mood, as Fritz, Heinie, Boche, Hun, Jerry, or "them."

For Billy had adopted the nomenclature of both armies, French and British. There had been a time when he had thought that it was low down that terms of contempt should be employed against German fighting men who were undoubtedly brave, who were certainly patriotic and who, whatever might be the justice of their cause, were entitled to respect.

But he had learned in the great school of war that such phrases were not contemptuous, but were rather labels applied by high-spirited young men to a foe whose valor they respected but of whose inferiority to themselves they were perfectly convinced.

Billy lived among men whose names, if they did not reach the newspaper-press—for the British government was a little too

conservative on the publicity side of the war—were familiarly spoken of in every mess-room he visited. He learned of the little feuds between particular French and British squadrons and particular German squadrons. He knew why von Heuben went regularly to a certain aerodrome behind Rheims looking for Villiers, the French ace, and why Villiers avoided meeting the man who was his half-brother.

He knew why the Captain Baron von Kohn was killed by Seveni, the Italian airman, in circumstances so remarkable that one hesitates to record them, since the two men had fought a duel behind a German aerodrome under the eyes of a princely army commander. And von Kohn's offense had been so great in the eyes of

honorable men that Seveni after killing his man was allowed to go back to his machine which stood in the center of the German ground and retire unmolested.

He knew of "Eighteen" Spanton, so called because on his eighteenth birthday, which was the eighteenth of the month, he shot down his eighteenth enemy plane and died that night in number eighteen general hospital. He knew of the men in the German service that both the French and British knew, of Boelke, Immelmann, and the two Richthovens and their kind, and he knew also that in the German messes there were French and British fighters who were discussed at every table.

Had not Tam been challenged by three or four of the most famous of fighters? Had not Blackie been signaled out by Bissing's circus in the old days?

All these men knew one another though they had never met. Their methods, their character, their systems of fighting were discussed and criticized in very much the same way as the form of a race-horse or of a team player is discussed by the votaries of sport. And he was of the crowd, one of the unmentioned, and it depressed him, not because he was a lover of the spot-light, not because he was looking forward to seeing his name figure in the world's press, but rather from a mistaken sense of his unworthiness.

He was piqued with the feeling that he did not count. With youth happily such moments of depression are of brief duration, but while they last there is no denying that they are fairly intensive.

"Ye ought to be ashamed of yersel'," said Tam severely. "A'm surprised at ye, Billy."

"Oh, shut up," said Billy, a sad figure in shirt-sleeves sitting in the one chair of which Tam's modest apartment boasted, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. "I just feel out of it; I'll never make a scout."

"Will ye be quiet," said Tam; "have ye no candy to put in yer face, and after me teachin' ye the art and science of scootin'? Have ye no sense of decency or will ye be an American to the end of yer days?"

"I guess there's nothing wrong with America," said Billy, reviving sufficiently to defend his native land against the aspersions of a foreigner. "It's me that's wrong."

"WHAT would ye like?" demanded Tam, sitting on the edge of the table and eying the other with disfavor. "Would ye like me to put a wee bit in the Glasgow *Herald*, or maybe ye'd like to see yer portrait in the police news?"

"Forget all that," said Billy rudely; "you know that doesn't cut any ice with me. I'm just no good. Do you know what happened to-day?"

"A'm waitin' to learn," said Tam; "all this afternoon A've been sitting by patiently and, if A may use the word, modestly, waitin' for yer confession. Ye've done something, Billy. A can see it in yer fairtive glances. Yer color comes and goes. Yer hands shake like a brigade movie. Yer breath is labored. Ye wear a hunted and a haunted look. Tell me the worst, laddie. Have yer parents no' sent the candy they promised ye?"

Billy snarled something rude.

"Oot wi' it," said Tam.

The boy rose to his feet and thrust his

hands deep into the pockets of his slacks.

"Tam," he said and then there was a long silence which Tam did not break. "I just hate to tell you," then quickly, "Did you hear anything to-day—about me, I mean?"

"A haird ye were pursood by Mr. Mac Bissing and his world-renowned caircus!"

"That's right," said Billy and his face was long and glum. "Tam—gee! I was scared sick! It came over me all in a moment. My mouth went dry and my hands shook and all my bones seemed to turn to water. What do you think of that?"

A bright and kindly light dawned in Tam's eyes. "A'm glad ye told me," he said quickly, "and A'm glad it's ower."

"Over? What do you mean?"

Tam slid down to the floor and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Billy," he said, "d'ye think that A've no' had that feelin'?"

"YOU? Why, of course you haven't."

"Mon, I had it to-day," said Tam. "A have it regularly twice a week. A never see a Hun maneuvering for ma tail without A don't wish A were home suppin' tea wi' ma Aunt Elizabeth. I have no Aunt Elizabeth, but A often wish A had. If ye went to Blackie and told him, he would tell ye the same. If ye had a heart-to-heart talk with Richthoven, he would tell ye the same. If ye went down to the Frenchies' aerodrome and talked it over with the aces, they would all tell ye the same. They're scared to death. If it wasn't for that, air fighting would be wilful murder. As it is, it is just justifiable homicide in self-defense."

"But do you mean," demanded Billy, "that feeling like that I am fit for scouting—that I'll have those sensations again?"

"If ye're normal ye will," said Tam; "if ye're mad ye won't. It's a sign ye're healthy, Billy. It relieves ma mind. A was afraid ye were smoking too much."

"Do you really mean that?" said Billy brightening up.

"A mean it," said Tam, and his sincerity carried conviction.

Billy remembered this conversation the next morning when forming one of the escort to a bombing squadron which was making its way toward a much too active railway junction, he found himself engaged with that very circus which had occasioned him so much misgiving.

It cheered him to feel that his sensations had their counterpart in the bosom of an invisible German pilot who at that moment was firing at him through his propeller, and when he maneuvered to his enemy's tail and, following him down in a nose dive, saw the German machine crash and burst into flames, he experienced the righteous sense of satisfaction which comes to the respectable householder who has got the first shot at an armed burglar.

What Tam had not told Billy was that no airman succeeds until he has evolved a system of his own and developed characteristics which remove him from the general run of good workmen and place him in a class by himself. Such things are not to be told to the young lest they form "ground theories," for systems of fighting are born in a flash in moments of deadly crises. They can not be worked out by rote nor puzzled out in leisure moments.

The versification of air fighting may be mechanically mastered, its poetry defies

research and comes in that second of inspiration when the soul of the man who acquires the knowledge is trembling on the brink of eternity.

Billy did things according to the book. He knew all the tricks that skilled masters could teach him, did as well, in fact, as any other good man who had a hand light enough to manipulate the controls of a fast and sensitive scout. He knew when to sideslip, when to loop, when to fall into a tail dive. He knew how to dodge shrapnel and when it need not be dodged. He understood the mechanical side of reconnaissance. In fact, he was, as so many other men have been, a credit to the masters who had pumped into his receptive mind the a-b-c of his work.

It was all to his advantage that he was consumed with that divine discontent which is the very hallmark of genius and that he could detect between his own methods and those of his compeers a difference so subtle as to evade him.

The men of the Flying Corps have no secrets from one another. Their systems are individual and, giving their frankness its lowest value, there is nothing to be gained by preserving a reticence about a method which, since no two men think and act alike, is inimitable.

Bradbury, the American ace, came over to the Umpty-fourth and to him as a compatriot Billy opened his heart. Bradbury listened without smiling.

"There's nothing to it," he said when Billy had finished; "it's just adapting the know-how in a novel way that makes the star airman, I guess—it will come to you. After you've crashed about a dozen Germans you'll find the way you can crash 'em best and then you'll be a specialist."

"HUH!" said Billy without enthusiasm.

There was little opportunity for specialism during the ensuing days and nights. Early morning reconnaissance work, escort duty to bombing squadrons, patrol guard over the artillery planes, these and other duties of a similar kind offer little scope for the display of initiative.

Billy had a fight or two with "sausage killers," those venomous wasps who shoot their fiery sting at the helpless and obese observation balloons. He interfered with the comfort of a too venturesome enemy patrol. He enjoyed a little fight on his own over the Lille aerodrome (his enemy was obviously a novice and dived for safety after the first burst of fire) and he experienced the discomforts attendant upon a crash of his own.

Then one day his opportunity came. He was one of a flight told off to escort a special train running from Calais to Paris conveying some important members of the British Government to an inter-allied conference. His flight had to cover eighty miles of the journey where the escort duty was taken up by another flight. Nothing untoward occurred and the train was formally handed over to the new escort and the flight had turned northward on its homeward journey when far away to the right and flying at a considerable elevation Billy saw a solitary airplane which from its shape he judged was German. Tam's sharp eyes had seen the machine and he had no doubt. He signaled Billy to investigate and Billy swung off eastward. It was indubitably an enemy plane. What was its mission, why it was so far behind the lines

or how it had evaded the patrols, Billy did not trouble to think.

At any rate, the enemy machine was not evading Billy and it came round and began a swift glide in his direction. It was an Albatross scout, obviously a two-gun machine, and Billy maneuvered to avoid unpleasantness, recognizing with dismay the certain symptoms of approaching panic. Despite the encouraging talk he had had with Tam those symptoms developed alarmingly.

He felt his breath coming in short gasps. He had a curious sensation in the pit of his stomach. He felt himself breaking into a perspiration and cursed.

The hand at the gun was steady enough. He would have only the fraction of a second to meet and counter the attack. He was horribly lonely and then suddenly his fear turned to an almost insane anger. Why should this man wish to destroy him? What had he done to deserve—

Zip! Zip! Zip!

He felt the bullets whistle past him and saw a great rent in the canvas of his wings. A strut snapped and a wire hung loose. All this he saw before the attacking Albatross flashed by.

Billy banked over in a cold rage and dived straight for the machine. He had no other desire but to ram his enemy.

In the second of time between taking his decision and swooping down to carry it into effect he felt a wild exaltation at the thought of the smash which was coming when the full weight of his heavy scout traveling at one hundred and twenty miles an hour struck home. He had bloody murder in his heart, and only by a miracle did the Albatross escape. Down went the nose of the German, Billy on his tail. By this time something of the old training had asserted itself. He reached for his gun and emptied a tray of ammunition at the falling machine. Something jumped out of the wing, something that looked like a stick with a piece of rag attached. Billy fired again and this time with deadly effect. The machine was wrapped in a pall of smoke, pierced by long streamers of flame.

CADET WILLIAM BEST returned to the aerodrome of the Umpty-fourth in a condition bordering upon the ecstatic. He strutted over to Tam and clapped him on the shoulder with gross familiarity. "Son," he said, "I've found it!"

Tam looked up guiltily. "A've found it mesel," he said; "'twas under yeer pillow. Mon, those seegairs of yours are no' what they're cracked up to be."

"I don't mean the key of my box, you pirate," chortled Billy; "I've found my *metier*."

"Oh aye," said Tam, "she'll be a bonny lass, but ye're ower young to think o' marryin'."

"*Metier!*" roared Billy. "I'm the Terror of the Skies."

"Ye'll have to fight me for that championship," said Tam. "What's the sky been doin' to ye?"

"I am the rammer," said Billy, biting off the end of a large cigar.

"Open the window," begged Tam; "it's the sun, Billy. Ye'll feel all right in a minute. What have ye been ramming?"

Not briefly did Billy relate his story. He told it in detail. He gave sectional

views of his emotions. He described how he felt and why he felt it.

"Condensin' yeer serial story," said Tam after a very patient hearing, "into a few pithy paragraphs, A gather ye made an attempt to damage government property and commit suicide and that the heat of yeer language and the fire in yeer eye set a light to puir wee Fritzie. Have ye any other statement to make before A report the disgusting caircumstances to yeer superior officer?"

"But wasn't it fine, Tam?"

"**A'M NO'** so sure," said the cautious Tam, "and at the same time A'm no' so sure it wasn't. If yeer daring exploit was witnessed by the other Fritzies ye'll have a reputation for insanity which ought to make yeer fortune."

Billy's reputation came in a night, was consolidated in a week. His system was a simple one. It was no more and no less than a series of desperate attempts on his part to collide with enemy airplanes. Had he succeeded he would not have survived his success. The story of how he fell spread-eagle upon the great von Bissing and of how that gentleman, one of the most skilful of fighters, did not look back until he reached his aerodrome; the story of his head-on dive at Major von Hoffer; the story of his gallant attempt to ram von Richthoven himself, have been told so often and have been exaggerated and embellished so frequently that it is not necessary to describe all the particulars of those remarkable combats.

At the end of the second week German airmen prisoners brought the news that several expert fighters were looking for the "mad dog" and Billy was in the seventh heaven of delight. Nobody checked him, because that is not the way of the air service. Nobody warned him or counseled moderation. Battles are not won by paying heed to such counsel. They gave him the best and the fastest machine they could find and they said good-by to him every time he went out, without any great hope that he would be back to lunch.

Tam, whose methods had more finesse, watched his jubilant subordinate and on one occasion, at least, relieved Billy of responsibility by driving down the machine which the boy was maneuvering to crash.

The moral effect upon the enemy was great. Even the skilled fighters gave him a wide berth. Elkstein, who was shot down behind the British lines, explained this reluctance to face the bull-rush dive of the "Rammer."

"It is good to be killed by fair shooting, also by clever maneuverment, but it is like to be knocked down in the street by a beer wagon for a gallant soldier to outgo from life in such brutal circumstances."

And Billy reigned supreme, the joy of a hundred tiny mess-rooms up and down the line, until the day that Lieutenant Heinrich Mikelbaum went up in an old-type Taube escorted by a fighting squadron of German scouts and sought the Rammer in that sky area where he loved to roam.

The Intelligence Department of the Royal Flying Corps is singularly efficient. It works in conjunction with other Intelligence Departments and the news it secures is both curious and accurate.

On the morning when Lieutenant Heinrich Mikelbaum and his escort rose, Tam, who had been on an early morning flight,

came into the room where Billy was shaving.

"Billy," said he, "A want to see ye."

"Feast yer eyes," said Billy arrogantly.

"'Tis not so fillin'," said Tam; "mon, will ye never lairn that it is ridiculous to put a reaper over asphalt? A had a dream aboot ye last night."

"You don't say?" said Billy politely.

"A dreamt A was making up a bit of poetry about ye, Billy, and was writing a letter to yeer misguided parents. 'Dear father and mother of Billy Best,' writes I, 'yeer puir foolish son is no more. We shall miss him, but the Hun did not, so no more at present. From his late—but never too late to learn—friend, Tam.'"

"Ah," said Billy, fingering his chin with satisfaction.

"The point of ma story is to come," said Tam. "Billy, the authorities are worried about ye and they have got a ground stunt for ye. A've come to bring the news."

Billy looked round anxiously. "What's wrong, Tam?"

"Let other lips tell ye," said Tam, shaking his head; "A hate to bring ye the sad news, but they're trying to save yeer life. It seems unnecessary, but ye must humor the foolish people."

"What's the joke?" demanded Billy.

"Whether 'twas a telegram from President Wilson or Doctor Wilson, as the case may be, or whether they want ye for the movies noo that Charlie Chaplin's joining up, or whether the Gairman Emperor has threatened reprisals, A don't know."

THE mystery was cleared up when Billy put in his appearance at the orderly room and was introduced to a quiet-looking gentleman in the uniform of a staff-major who proved to be Sir George Cannel, the aeronautical expert.

"This is Mr. Best, sir," said Major Blackie.

The staff-officer nodded. "We have reason to believe that the Hun is going to get you, Mr. Best," he said, "and as we are anxious not to lose you, we thought that we would like to make a sporting experiment which might or might not save your life and which might or might not prove that certain of our theories are right."

"Yes, sir," said Billy, groping for light.

The officer took up a fairly large bundle which lay across Blackie's desk. It looked like a tightly rolled blanket, though the material was of a much finer texture. Protruding from one end of the bundle were a number of straps.

"This is the Cannel parachute," he smiled; "it is, in fact, my own invention. We have had one or two experiments from airplanes, but they have not been wholly successful and we have never tried them out in fighting airplanes. Your peculiar method of fighting, however, enables us to—er—er—"

"Make the experiment on my foul body," smiled Billy; "yes, sir, I would be very pleased."

"I would not guarantee," said the staff-officer, "that this is going to save your life, but that doesn't seem to matter much."

"Not at all, sir," said Billy cheerfully.

"I beg your pardon," laughed the major; "what I mean is that if you collide in mid-air without this, you are certainly killed. With this you have a fifty to fifty chance of escaping."

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Billy hesitated. "Is that exactly fair to the other man, sir?" he asked.

"The German?"

Billy nodded.

"I shouldn't worry very much about him," said the officer dryly; "it is by no means a certainty that you will escape. The odds are two to one that the parachute will get entangled in the fuselage. It is not like a clean drop from a balloon. It is an even chance that you will be insensible when the crash comes and be unable to operate. In fact, the chances are all against you."

"I'll take 'em then," said Billy promptly.

The necessary instructions did not take very long. The working of the parachute was simplicity itself, always providing he could jump clear of the falling machine. If it turned turtle or fell sideways the chances of saving his life were remote.

Billy, strapped and belted, with the parachute lightly fastened to the nacelle behind him and the release string within his reach, went up in search of adventure with less pleasure than he usually experienced when he set forth. Adventure he soon found and that immediately behind the German line. Six enemy machines, five of the newest pattern and one which was strange to him and which was obviously slower than the rest, came into sight and then, as if on some signal, four of the six retired, leaving a slow monoplane to meet the Rammer.

Billy maneuvered for height and reached his enemy's level. He did not doubt that the usual thing would happen, that before his devastating rush his enemy would drop in flight, exposing himself to the pursuer's gun.

Something within him made him hesitate to attack. It wasn't fair. The chances were not equal. If he were sure that the parachute would not act, he would have gone joyously to the fight; but there was an outside risk of safety. His oppo-

nent settled all misgivings by suddenly turning and heading his way. In a moment Billy forgot his scruples. Straight at the Taube he went, all out, his engines roaring like a mill. Nearer and nearer—then Billy realized with a gasp and a return of the old panic feeling that the machine would not avoid him. This, then, was Billy's last fight. He recognized its inevitability, saw the end and with a quick jerk of his hand released the safety-catch of the parachute.

The machines collided at an angle. Billy leaped up into the air and was jerked back by the weight of the parachute. He was horribly shocked and jarred. He did not know what had happened to the machines save that they had collided. He smelled something burning, was flung upward again and was again pulled back and felt himself falling, falling at a terrifying rate through the air.

He closed his eyes. He did not pray nor experience the slightest tinge of fear. He was just curious and found himself wondering why there was such pressure under his arms. He opened his eyes and looked up. Above his head was spread a big circular umbrella shape. The parachute had acted.

He almost fainted for the first time in his life as he realized the fact. He looked down. He saw the two machines whirling downward in smoke and flame, tumbling (slowly as it seemed) to earth and again felt that twinge of remorse that he had experienced before the fight had started.

"Poor devil," he muttered, "it wasn't fair."

Somebody was talking, yelling is a

better word, cursing would be a truer description. With an effort he turned round. Not fifty yards away and level with him was another parachute and suspended therefrom a red-faced German officer who alternately cursed him in English and German.

"Pig! Schweinhund!" he roared. "You have no bravery. Ha! You have parachute. You can not take risk. You always have parachute, you brave fellow."

"You're a liar!" yelled Billy.

"Pig!" said the German.

"When I get down I'll break your head!" shouted Billy.

The parachutes were drifting nearer together. Conversation was almost impossible unless the men raised their voices.

"You are so bold a fellow that you can not come up to fight mit German gentleman mitout a parachute, eh?"

"Listen, you poor boob," yelled Billy; "what do you think you are hanging on to, a damned Christmas-tree?"

They were still quarreling violently when they descended gently into a field behind the British support line. They were quarreling when delighted Tommies released them from their straps and from the staff car that carried them both back to headquarters. The sound of their recriminations came to the admiring soldiery long after they had passed out of sight round the bend of the road.



"Ah!" said Billy, fingering his chin with satisfaction.

"People Don't Do That Sort of Thing"

A Talk About Books

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

Decorations by C. B. Falls



SOME time in the fourteenth century Berthold Schwartz made a gun, probably the first gun ever made. It wasn't a very good gun. It was almost as safe to stand in front of it as behind it. So Berthold Schwartz could hardly have realized what a mighty force he had loosed.

For a while guns were beneficial. They gave security to Europe. No longer was there the nightmare in men's minds that a greater Attila might burst out of the barbaric heart of Asia, an Attila who would not draw rein until his panting horse stood upon the last headland of Ireland while behind him all Europe lay stricken unto death. And guns gave Europe an outlet. They blasted open the doors of a New World.

They did even a greater thing than these. They gave the serf a weapon. Feudalism was led out in the custody of a firing-squad. Guns started a leveling process that has never stopped.

And yet, long before Berthold Schwartz lived and died, an uncelebrated man devised a weapon that makes all the guns ever made seem puny things. All he did was say seven words—"People don't do that sort of thing!"

What incalculable millions of lives have they not blighted? At first, like guns, they were beneficial. Then they got out of control. They were used to condemn anything that was different. For, to a good many people, anything that is different is dangerous, and anything that is dangerous is dire.

The war has shaken our faith in guns. They were necessary and they may be necessary again to curb a nation gone mad. But if we can, we want to find a less costly way to achieve justice.

Even more has the war shaken our faith in "People don't do that sort of thing!" It was magical before the war, whether we used it to suppress a man who wore soft collars or one who advocated trial marriages. It mattered not whether what he wanted was good or bad. It was different. That was enough.

The war woke in us long-repressed habits of wondering. The magic has gone out of the seven words. When you say them now, questions spatter you like bullets out of a machine-gun. "Who are people?"

"Why don't they do it?" "Wouldn't it be a good idea if they did?" Your seven words crumble as the German line did when Foch really started to hit it.

Look into some novels that are going to live more than a few weeks after birth. They are not many, for the infant mortality of fiction is so appalling that the reformers ought to do something about it. But in the novels that will be read next year, and perhaps in the year after that, you discover that the seven words are duds. They don't explode.

How has it happened that we've grown so afraid of them? Elsie Clews Parsons in a meaty little book called "Social Rule" (Putnam, \$1.00), suggests that tradition not only serves as a barrier against uncomfortable people who want to upset things generally, but that it also gratifies the will to power. The wealthy man invokes it to keep women, the young, the poor and the lawless, in their proper places. These places are somewhere down below, where inferiors can smile up gratefully into the faces of those above and make them glow with benign happiness.

Isn't Mrs. Parsons a bit rough on mere man? Isn't it usually the mother, for example, who can not understand why such nice children as Harold and Ermentrude choose such peculiar playmates? "The kind of people, my dear, that you'd never think of inviting into your home!" There's Mrs. Trenchard, in Hugh Walpole's "The Green Mirror," (Doran, \$1.50), a fine, true and sympathetic study of an English family.

Mr. Trenchard did not care what his children did. All he wanted was to be left alone. Mrs. Trenchard, you thought at first, was a placid, pleasant soul, the kind of woman that a man wants every other man in the world except himself to have for a mother. Gradually you begin to find out that Mrs. Trenchard had a will to power as strong as any of the African chiefs whose habits, as Mrs. Parsons shows, are so embarrassingly like ours.

Mrs. Trenchard makes life for her children resemble existence on a feather bed. It's snug and comfortable. The two daughters and the son fretted a good deal about the things that they were missing out in the great world where people did as they pleased, where there was struggle and high passion, bitter woe and sharp ecstasy.

After all, however, it was pleasant to be at home. Every one in the family was so happy and life drowsed along so cozily. Perhaps it might be more exciting to stand in the bow of a questing ship and peer into the horizon for a tropical landfall. And yet—the feather bed was so sure, so safe.

It was an untoward fog for Mrs. Trenchard that sent Philip Mark knocking at the door. For it was not long before he

was knocking at the door of Katherine Trenchard's heart, and you could see that Katherine was very glad. It would all have been proper enough if Philip had not been unusual. He had lived in Russia.

That certainly was an odd thing to do when one might live in England. Worst of all was his strange habit of saying the things he thought. And he did not think the Trenchard thoughts. So you can readily see that Mrs. Trenchard was as distressed as she would have been had Katherine fallen in love with a chimpanzee.

If Mrs. Trenchard had been a fool, she would have kicked up no end of a rumpus. Then Katherine and Philip would have eloped. But Mrs. Trenchard was not a fool. She smothered Philip in the Trenchard tradition. He was like a fly in a spider's web. The harder he struggled, the more tightly twined the silken threads. He was to be allowed to marry Katherine, but he would not be the Philip Mark whom she had loved. He would be a credit to the Trenchards—tame, reliable, pleasantly dull.

Tradition is stronger than guns and she broke Philip to her will. But she was so intent upon her victim that she forgot Katherine. So it was Katherine who did what Philip had done when he first entered the Trenchard home. She flung wide the door and let in cleansing, gusty winds from the world outside.

What a commotion it caused! When it had subsided, the elders patted their hair back into order and drowsed along in the old way. But all the younger Trenchards were out on the uplands, free, joyous, with heads high. It was better than the lolling life on the feather bed.



How tradition works on a bigger scale may be seen in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (Dutton, \$1.90). This novel, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, a Spanish republican, is probably the greatest story inspired by the war and published while the world was aflame.

When you read "The Green Mirror," you see but a few people and usually in the same familiar room. Señor Ibanez goes to the opposite extreme. He takes you to a mountain top, so high that you could not see a room if you tried. You gaze upon continents and before your eyes sweeps the

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pageantry of human life. Instead of green tints, you see violent reds, red in the words of a philosophic Russian anarchist, red of the Marne, red of passion and hatred and war.

Instead of the purr of pleasant voices, you hear the hoofbeats of countless cattle pounding over the limitless South American pampas, the staccato noises of peaceful Paris, and then a distant rumble that swells ominously into the full-throated roar of great guns.

Let us see what convention did to three generations—to Madariaga the Centaur, to his son-in-law, Marcello Desnoyers, and to his son, Julio. The Centaur is a terrible old man. Tradition means nothing to him. He follows his tempestuous whims; he covets no man's good opinion. Land and women are all that he desires. Before he dies he owns so many thousands of acres that you could drop a German principality into the middle of his holdings and spend the rest of your days hunting for it.

In his love-makings he is like Zeus, the real Zeus of rascally philanderings. The Centaur was as elemental as the free winds, as moral as the sea and the sun. A terrible old man indeed, but how alive, of what Homeric breed!

Tradition got a slight grip on Marcello Desnoyers. He was an odd contrast to the Centaur, a thrifty, severe man, conscious of the value of a good name. Yet he did not bow to the opinions of his neighbors. He lived his own life, forsook the pampas that had poured millions into his pockets, returned to his native land, rented a palatial Parisian home and bought a Renaissance castle on the Marne.

With his son Julio tradition at last triumphs. He sows wild oats, it is true, but only because every one about him does. If he had lived in Edinburgh or Boston he would have sown tame oats.

So in three generations we have swung through the whole circle of human progress, from the wild rider of the plains through the correct and dignified capitalist to the most admired of tangoists in dance-mad Paris.

And then were loosed the trampling horsemen of the Apocalypse, galloping, galloping, striking sparks that flamed into lurid fire and then into a reddening conflagration that lit the very skies with baleful radiance.

War robbed Julio's frivolous raiment of all its shimmering charm. What a relief it was to kick off those graceful dancing shoes and to pull on shapeless soldiers' boots, boots that would not have been worthy of a sneer a few weeks before. The last of the Desnoyers was doing what every one else was doing, but not because every one else was doing it. Something bigger than himself drove him on.

Why, tradition is breaking down so fast that even a duke may be eccentric. Up to a few years ago a duke always had to be a duke, which must have been uncomfortable. Now he can be a human being. Very human indeed is the Duke of Wynninghame, who strolls with Molly through the pages of John Hastings Turner's "Simple Souls" (Scribner, \$1.35).

Wynninghame is quite heedless of tradition. Mr. Turner assures you that the duke "had done none of the things that everybody does." His sister, Lady Octavia, thought that Wynninghame should have been organized. Lady Octavia was

a bristling Victorian. The duke never could get used to her. Tadpoles were much easier to understand.

And Molly—she was unconventional, too, but it was harder for her to be unlike other people. For Molly was poor, and eccentricity, which is only a mild form of

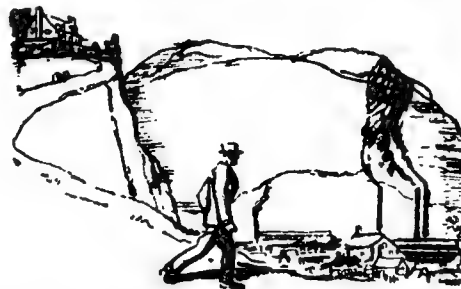


lunacy when your purse is bulging, is a crime when your purse is empty. Books were Molly's eccentricity, not good books, but silly books. The more impossible they were, the better they seemed in contrast to the books people said she ought to read.

When the duke meets Molly at the Zoo, you know what is going to happen. King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid and that sort of thing. It's bound to be a bore. And yet, oddly enough, it isn't. And the reason why it isn't is that the duke and Molly do not go sentimentalizing all over the place about privilege and the woes of poverty and all the other things that are usually packed into tales of this kind. Molly does not put on a tiara, or whatever it is that a duchess wears, and talk about improving the drains. That is what book heroines do.

Molly steps out of real life and remarks that she is going to be "a hell of a guy as a duchess." And the duke does not brood over letting sunlight into the slums. He ought to, of course, but he simply will not follow tradition. Instead he hunts up words to rime with Molly, which is a much more human occupation.

What about tradition here in the United States? "People don't do that sort of



thing," seems to be loosening its grip here, just as it has in France and England. You find testimony in William Allen White's "In the Heart of a Fool" (Macmillan, \$1.60). Grant Adams is the hero, and he trudges away from his own caste on the hill to lead the lowly. Laura Nesbit is the heroine, and she follows her own thinking. Why, even the villain, Tom Van Dorn, the "Fool" of the title, scouts the prudent preaching of his elders.

"In the Heart of a Fool" is the history of Harvey, Kansas. In the beginning there are just prairie grass, a low hill and a sluggish stream, a prairie-chicken booming in the grass, and a lark singing overhead.

Then oxen, straining, and the buzz of human voices. The hamlet grows into a town and the town into a city, noisy, clamorous, a pleasant place for the fortunate on the hill, dreary enough for those in the huddled tenements about the coal-mines below.

Mr. White points out that his real hero is the American spirit. It is not a contented spirit. Anything but that. Sometimes it is lured after false prophets, sometimes it falters on the path. At these moments you think that Mammon is its god, that its goal is tawdry success. You are blind if this is all you see. For in this spirit are the "dreams and visions and the love of humanity that dwelled in the hearts of the pioneers."

The novel so teems with characters and their relationships are so curiously interlocked that the plot can not be told in a few words. It's more than a capital and labor story, although the fight of Tom Van Dorn, champion of the privileged, against Grant Adams, the agitator, has much to do with the action. So, too, have the complicated love affairs of Tom and Grant and Laura Nesbit and Margaret Muller, but it's more than a love-story. What it really is is a story of American life.

And it is to be noted that Mr. White sympathizes most keenly with those of his characters who go their own ways because their own ways seem best. Grant Adams does that, and so does his father, who talks with George Washington on the planchette board, and big George Brotherton, and Laura and even her father, the political boss. In all their hearts there is something singing, an enraptured note that you never hear in the hearts of those who steer always for snug harbors.

These four novels are not the greatest that have been published within the last few months. But they are among the best, and they are representative. "The Green Mirror" is as attractive and as true a story of a single family as any that might be chosen. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has faults of construction, and the women in it are hardly more than ghosts, but it is the outstanding novel of the war. "Simple Souls" is perhaps the happiest undiluted romance of a grim period. "In the Heart of a Fool" has in it a bigness of outlook and a sympathy that you do not always find in more highly polished work.

But if you widened your quest and picked out a dozen novels that will be read in 1920, you would find the same thing in practically all of them. The characters whom you most like are those who refuse to be run into molds. They do not strive after affectation, for to do something just because it is different is a silly thing to do. But they refuse to see any magic in the seven words. They are willing to follow if their leaders choose the right road. But if they are led into swamps of stupid customs and morasses of taboos and conventions, then they insist upon hewing out their own trails.

They are the pioneers, but after the pioneers come the settlers. They are leading us into a world that is not going to be so soft and snug, but into a world that is tinglingly alive. From enervating lowlands where habit has chained us, we can see them on the high plateau above. They beckon. Shall we not follow after?

Whittlesey's Other Answer

By Lieutenant Arthur McKeogh, U. S. A.

HERE is a new light on the commander of the famous "Lost Battalion," whose beleaguering occurred early in the Argonne-Meuse offensive. After four days of continuous advance Major Charles W. Whittlesey, commanding the 1st Battalion, 308th Infantry, found that his line of communications had been cut by machine-gun nests in the rear, and that regimental headquarters could not be reached for instructions, ammunition, or food. Lieutenant Arthur McKeogh, adjutant of the battalion, was ordered to select two runners and report personally to the colonel about two miles to the rear. This he did after twenty-four hours, during which he encountered an enemy force in funk holes, killed three Germans and was himself wounded.

Relief was sent with ammunition and food on September thirtieth, and on the following day the refreshed command started forward again—again to be cut off, this time for five days. It was shortly before relief came that the enemy commander sent a message calling for "honorable surrender." Apart from quietly uttering his famous reply in the direction of the German lines, Major Whittlesey had another and more courageous answer, generally unknown up to this time.

"W H I T" will be implacable when he reads this. His eyes will snap angrily behind thick-lensed glasses that intensify the optic fire, and he will murmur fervently: "Damn Mac—and his pen—and his *cacoethes scribendi*!"

But I am venturing his displeasure because I want people to know Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey, commander of the "Lost Battalion," and winner of the First Congressional Medal of the war, as I knew him. The nation has made public property of him, and little wonder. If they intend setting him up permanently among their martial *lares* and *penates*, as history promises to do, I, as a sort of self-constituted sculptural Boswell, must see to it that there has been no false modeling, no under-developed or over-drawn lines.

The colonel, for instance—he was a major at the time—never sent the message, "Go to hell!" to the beleaguering Germans. He sent no written answer whatever. But that's anticipating.

Anything that savors of exaggeration Colonel Whittlesey abominates. So does any man who has seen nature bared in battle, when, if at any time in life, hearts are stripped naked of all social veneering, and a man stands—in his boots. Yes, even more: stands revealed in his soul. It is at the front, if any place in life, that one learns to distinguish between words and deeds,



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Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey, Commander of the "Lost Battalion."

contemning the one and respecting, as never before, the other.

One word there is, however, for which there is no disdain in me—when it is fittingly employed. That word is "hero." It is among the most sacred terms I know, because, in my own mind and speech, from the first day I reached the front, I have never used it except when I saw a wooden cross. For such men as remain in France, infusing new-born freedom into her

soil with their very life-blood, for such men alone should that word be reserved.

So I am not going to call Whit a hero. Just as no lardy-locked movie idol is a hero to his valet, neither, probably, is a lank major to his adjutant. And for that he will thank me—in the midst of his storm of rebuke.

"Don't write about me," he said to a war correspondent who sought him out behind the lines after the relief of his command, cut off in the Argonne wilderness for five interminable days; without food for four days; with ammunition running low, and with the Germans on the heights, north and south, dropping death down upon them and launching attack after attack—five of them as a total. "Don't write about me, but about those men. They were wonderful, and I wish every one of them could be given a medal."

He was thinking of those of his followers who had contributed most

toward earning victory, yet could not now share in its fruits—thinking of the one hundred and seven men and officers back there for all mortal time on the hillside east of Charlevaux. And, to quote from *The Stars and Stripes*, official publication of the A. E. F., "of the three hundred and ninety-four soldiers to leave the ravine alive, one hundred and fifty-six were wounded." He was thinking of such

(Continued on page 111)

For

One Performance Only

By Major Bozeman Bulger

This is a theatrical story by a major, who used to be an author, after he stopped being a baseball writer. Major Bulger is Chief of the Field Headquarters of the Press Section, with the Army of Occupation. But this story has nothing to do with that.

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

SHE glided into the office of Burke & Green as manna from heaven, unannounced, unexpected. From his desk, Phil Burke turned to me and nodded. I am Green, the playwright of the vaudeville concern, and I understood.

Here was the exact type.

Twenty women of as many types and sizes had come and gone. Some could act and some could not. None looked the part. With a sure-fire hit in prospect and a chance of borrowing the money for production, we were getting desperate.

As I looked at the frail though commanding little figure, with her hand resting hesitatingly on the little rail that separated our desks, I felt that Fate, in one of her vagaries, had dropped a good winter income right into our laps.

The part called for a woman of foreign caste, a mother—not one who could merely act a mother, but one who could fondle a baby and look at it with that maternal expression, impossible and unnecessary for a playwright in the two-a-day to describe. Rafael put it in the Madonna, and far be it from Joe Green to, attempt an improvement.

She stood there quietly, almost mournfully—a woman small of stature, handsomely dressed, lithe of body and distinctly foreign. In her deep, black eyes there burned a light that is seen only in women capable of intense feeling. With that kind emotional stuff is sure-fire.

"You are looking for a part—this mother part?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied in a modulated voice. "I have heard what you want and I think I can play it."

In her voice there was a suggestion of foreign accent, but not enough to mar her English, grammatically perfect. Her enunciation, even in quiet conversation, was remarkable.

As I had written the part and understood its needs, Phil turned her over to me for a more detailed interview. As she came forward, though, I could see him watching her closely, puzzled. Unseen by the woman he would start as if to utter an exclamation and then check himself.

"Russian, aren't you?" I inquired of the distinguished-looking caller. She nodded



"You are looking for a part—this mother part?" I asked her.

affirmatively, offering no additional information.

That woman had the most wonderful eyes that I ever looked into. You don't look at eyes of that kind. You look *in* them. I've been kicked around too much to be a dreamer or anything like that, but, honestly, I could picture in the depths of those big black eyes all the sorrowful things I had read about Russia and its people. I was ready to engage her on expression alone.

"What would you be willing to work for?" I asked tremulously.

"Fifty dollars a week. I believe that is customary for a part like this, isn't it?"

"It may not be exactly customary"—I could not lie to that woman—"but we'll pay that amount and maybe more if the piece is a success."

As briefly as possible I outlined what was required of her.

"Read this, will you?" I handed her my first writing of a big emotional scene at the finish, in which she was expected to dramatically show the extent of mother-love in a crisis.

As she stepped back to begin the reading, the woman threw off a sable stole. A glimpse of that bit of magnificent fur added to my mystification over her offer to work for fifty dollars a week. That stole alone must have cost fifteen hundred dollars.

Up to this time the visitor had managed to avoid giving her name and had done it so cleverly that to ask it had not occurred to me.

In two seconds after she started to read, Phil Burke and I straightened up in jerks. I never have heard anything like it in my life. That I could have written a speech with a punch like that seemed impossible.

"Just a moment," requested Phil, as the woman was about to hand me the typewritten sheets. "I've got you now! Is this a joke you are trying to play on a couple of little producers who don't make as much in a year as you do in a month?"

"Joke, sir? Could I think of a joke after reading those lines?"

"No, I don't see how you could," he admitted. "I know I couldn't; but, just the same, I know that you are Madame Zitrova!"

"Why, certainly, that's who it is!" I agreed, kicking myself for not having recognized the great artist before. For a second I was mentally stunned. The greatest emotional actress that Europe had sent to America in a decade, the sensation of Broadway, was here in the office of a couple of theatrical pikers applying for a job!

"But that won't rob me of the chance?" she asked in alarm. "I admit I am Zitrova, though I can not play for you under that name."

"And you'll play for fifty dollars a week?" Burke asked.

"I will, sir. I have heard so much of your vaudeville that I would like to try it. My new play is not ready yet, and in the meantime I will take—what is it you Americans call it?—a flyer."

"If we could only use that name 'Zitrova,'" urged Phil, trying to force our luck, "we'd get four times the price of the act. We could write our own ticket and so could you."

"But that is impossible, sir," she insisted. "You may bill me as Madame Minovitch, but Zitrova—no, no!"

"Well, I don't get this thing at all," I confessed, "but we'll certainly give you the job and we'll also play square about the name."

"You will play at Atlantic City?" she inquired casually, but with enough show of interest to make Phil look at her curiously.

"In three weeks, yes," I replied. "You understand, though, that the theatre here is what we call a break-in house. Performers usually play that week for half salary, but that will not apply to you."

"But that isn't necessary, sir," she said. "You may cut my salary also. I want to try your vaudeville as others try it. But the baby," she suddenly inquired. "You will have a real baby to work with—one that lives, I mean?"

It was evident that Zitrova knew more about our plans than she had indicated, but her questions were legitimate ones that any performer would have asked.

"Sure," Phil answered. "We will do this piece right."

"I could not put real feeling into a scene over a wooden baby, I fear," she told us.

"It's a go," announced Phil jubilantly.

"A go? I beg pardon, sir?"

"I mean you are engaged," he explained to her. "Will you report at Lyric Hall tomorrow morning at ten o'clock for rehearsal?"

"I will be there, sir. Good day."

And she was gone.

"Green," Phil said to me after a silence that had enveloped the office for five minutes, "I have a hunch that you are going to know how it feels to be rich. If this doesn't put us on the theatrical map, you might as well throw that typewriter out the window, get yourself a pick and shovel and parade with the other fellows on Labor Day."

"But there is something queer about this, Phil," I reminded him. "That woman, who gets twenty-five hundred a week, isn't going to work for us for fifty just to have a look at vaudeville."

"I can't dope it out, myself," he said; "but we should worry. If she wants to take the worst of it, Burke & Green have got no kick coming."

"Who do you suppose tipped her off about this part?" I asked, still anxious to discuss the rapidly growing mystery.

"They had the word at all the dramatic exchanges," he said. "I don't know what's in her head—unless"—Burke suddenly stopped and snapped his fingers as if a great light had dawned on him—"unless she simply wants to fondle a baby—she asked about the baby, didn't she?"

"Insisted on knowing about it," I agreed. "That's it, sure."

It was the loss of a baby by the great Russian actress that had given me the idea for the playlet—a domestic quarrel, kidnapping by the husband and all that. But what could be her idea in coming to us?

As I fumed and fretted over this, my mind naturally went back over the progress of our work for the past few days. To make the situation a little clearer I will start from the beginning.

II

THE production that promised to put Burke & Green in a red-letter spot on the vaudeville map, strange as were its developments, was really the result of a wide-open chance to slip one over on a friend. I don't mean that we intended to make him lose money—it takes a pretty smart person to do that to Joseph Lynn; but it was a chance to get by with an old script

that had lain in the trunk for two years, moth-eaten and marked with countless refusals. When it was all over we could give him the laugh. There was also a genuine chance of its making good.

Another incentive was a need for ready money, for, on the morning that Lynn breezed into our office, in the booking exchange building, the firm of Burke & Green had gone flat broke in the production of a tiny operetta.

Burke was the producer of the firm and I the playwright, so, naturally, he looked to me for the big idea—the idea that would get the money without the necessity of having to spend a lot on chorus-girls and costumes.

We were in the throes of a discussion of needs and prospects when the door flew open and in burst our opportunity, the same being Joseph Jefferson Lynn, manager of the two-a-day house at Atlantic City. He had come to town for his weekly booking and, being our friend, had dropped in for his usual Tuesday call—apparently. In his hand Lynn carried a folded newspaper which he waved good-naturedly before taking a seat.

"Never mind about that operetta flivver," he advised, sensing that we had been talking hard luck. "Here's your idea and it's a bird. Just saw it in the morning paper as I came in on the train. And you," he added, pointing the paper at me, "are the boy who can write it."

Poising a derby hat on the back of his head the good-natured though shrewd fellow proceeded to put us in good humor by narrating his trials of the past week, all the time indicating that he would spring the big idea momentarily.

Lynn had been doing pretty well with his house down at Atlantic City because he had the nerve to give new acts a try-out

and was thereby getting his attractions for almost nothing. Playlets are always put on the first week at a loss just for the chance of polishing off the rough spots. And Joseph Lynn rarely ever picked a bad one.

At one time, Joseph Jefferson Lynn was high up in the show business and, if it were not for getting ahead of my story, I'd tell you that he isn't so far from the top right now. He had been press-agent for grand opera and, on another job, had toured France, Spain and Russia in search of new dramatic talent. But one of those intrigues that come up in big offices had put him down and he had to start out anew. Lynn's Atlantic City house had proved lucky for Burke & Green as well as for Lynn. We had put over two clean hits the previous season.

"Come on with it, Lynn," Phil Burke finally had a chance to say. "Let us have that idea. It may mean a meal-ticket."

"You are not as bad as that, I reckon," he observed. "But here! Did you see that story in the papers this morning about that great Russian actress being in more trouble about that kid of hers? Doesn't look like a press notice either."

"If you mean Madame Zitrova, I saw that," Burke answered.

"That's it. Her trifling husband, that bum actor, has stolen the baby again and disappeared."

"Yes," said Burke. "I see she says she'll never put her heart into the drama again until they've found it, which means that she's run out on her producer and he's up against it. That the idea?"

"That's what suggested it, yes; but the idea is that this is the time for a good baby sketch, and Green there"—he pointed to me—"can eat up that kind of stuff." He turned suddenly and addressed his remarks to my side of the house. "Didn't you say something to me about being interested in a baby play a year or so ago?" he asked.

He knew very well that I had offered him a sketch with a baby in it and that he had refused it. For some reason he was trying to draw me out. I know that Joseph Jefferson Lynn never forgot anything in his life. I was on the point of reaching for a lower drawer when he stopped me.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he said, starting for the door. "I've got to go up-stairs for a moment. Think up something while I'm away. If you boys can do it quick, I'll give you a break-in at a pretty good price. You need some money and I need a new sketch. Understand?"

"Phil," I said to my partner when Lynn got out of earshot, "I hate to do this to a fellow who has helped us out, but here is where my old pet comes out of the moth-balls. Two shots at that venerable piece about the baby, and I can make Lynn think it's brand-new stuff. He's all worked up for some reason."

"Go on and slip it over," he urged. "If he's satisfied, where does the kick come in? He's wiser than you think."

"No, he isn't," I demurred. "I know he's got something up his sleeve. He isn't in the habit of booking playlets before they are written."

"All right, then," Phil announced. "He'll be back in a minute and we'll cross him. Be loaded."



The nurse arrived with the baby long before the time appointed.



Zitrova took it in her arms and, paying no heed to our warning not to overdo herself, smothered it with kisses.

Dusting off the old script I hurriedly glanced through the scene-plot and the list of characters. I recalled then that I had never let him read it and it would be comparatively easy to outline a plot to Lynn as though I had created the whole idea during his departure. As long as he was trying to rush us into something, we'd beat him to it.

"I've got it!" I called to him as he reappeared in the doorway a few minutes later.

"Heart-interest stuff?" he inquired.

"Make 'em laugh and cry at the same time."

"I told you that you were the boy who could do it. That heart-interest stuff is always sure-fire in my house. They may tell you that the world loves a lover, but take it from me, the old world'll go to it hook, line and sinker on a baby."

"Well, I've got it," I declared feeling sure of my ground now. "Just four people in the caste—two women, a clubman, and a cop."

To the Atlantic City manager's quick brain that meant he would get the whole piece for something like two hundred dollars—half price for a break-in. A sketch with four people brings from four hundred to five hundred dollars on the regular time.

"Give me an idea of the plot," he suggested; "maybe I can help it along."

Briefly as possible I outlined the story of the coming playlet something like this:

"Homeless, foreign woman is wandering along the street with a baby in her arms. She steals a lap-robe from an automobile to keep the baby warm. She is caught and

arrested. At the station-house the police, by third-degree methods, force her to admit that she is not the proper person to bring up a child, especially as she will have to go to Blackwell's Island. She is persuaded to sign a paper giving the matron permission to turn the baby over to some well-to-do people for adoption."

"But can a child be legally adopted that way?" the practical Phil Burke interrupted to inquire.

"I don't know," I admitted. "But that is not of enough importance in the play to bother about."

At Lynn's suggestion I went on with the plot: "A wealthy, childless couple adopt the baby. For a day it is very amusing to them. There is a lot of fun in their ignorance of babies in general and this one in particular. The foster-father gets in all kinds of toys, some suitable for a boy of ten years."

"The foreign mother, crazed with grief over the loss of her child, manages to escape from jail. After a long search she locates her baby in the home of the wealthy couple. Concealing her identity, she applies for the position of nurse for the baby, explaining to the sympathetic couple that she has had a child and, therefore, knows how to take care of one. She can also feed it."

"By George, that sounds good," interrupted Lynn.

"But wait for the kick!" I advised, watching him closely.

"It develops that the foreign woman stole the lap-robe from the couple that she is now working for. A policeman comes to the

house to summon them to court. The mother of the child, the thief, of course, is caught in the parlor when the couple talk to the officer. Seeing her plight, they beg for her to be set at liberty. They refuse to appear as prosecuting witnesses. The officer insists that the woman must go back to jail. He is about to drag her away from her baby, which lies in the crib, when she gets on her knees, makes a confession and pleads for her baby and freedom in a wonderfully dramatic speech. The emotional scene is so good that the policeman, remembering his own little boy that is living and one that died through lack of proper nourishment, finally breaks down and tells her that the baby needs her more than does the law. With that he backs out the door and the curtain falls."

"You're a wonder, Joe," was Phil Burke's compliment, after a long silence. "This is all new stuff to me," he said, turning to Lynn.

"But how about that quick adoption of the child?" Burke recalled. "Wouldn't there be some doubt in the minds of the audience about its being legally and technically correct?"

"Not a bit of it," said Lynn. "State license has covered worse things than that."

"You know," I explained, "the playlet opens with the couple taking care of the baby. All the stuff before that is merely recounted in the dialogue."

"Get it ready, Green, and I'll take a chance," ordered Lynn. "Break it in at one of the small picture-houses around here

so as to get the parts set and then we'll pull an opening at Atlantic City. How long will it take to get it ready?"

I assured him that I could have the manuscript ready in two days and nights. The rewriting that was necessary could be done in rehearsal.

When Lynn dropped in for a minute late that afternoon I had the whole thing pretty well outlined, though I didn't let him know that I had taken page after page from my old moth-eaten script. In the meantime, Phil had been going over the question of a stage setting and had decided, wisely, that it would be unnecessary to build special scenery, which costs money, as the act could be played in the ordinary drawing-room sets carried in stock by nearly all theatres. This would also eliminate the necessity of engaging a regular stage carpenter as required by the union to handle special sets—a saving of thirty dollars a week in salaries.

"But say," Phil suddenly reminded us, "we're going to have trouble in getting a real live prop baby at every one of these theatres."

"Don't you think we could use a doll—one of those that are made to look like small babies?" I suggested.

"I don't think so," said Lynn, who had grabbed the spirit of the thing and was running away with it. "The audience always knows a real baby from a doll, and once they realize that the infant is made of wood the drama loses a lot of its punch. Remember how they used to laugh in that Chinese play, that ran so long on Broadway, when a little mother wept over a stick of wood that she called her baby?"

"You know, it's a lot of trouble," I demurred, "to get a real baby that can be used twice a day." I also knew that it would cost money. "Mothers don't like to rent out their babies, and we'll have every property man on the circuit sore."

"You won't at my house," said Lynn. "There's a nurse living at one of the big hotels down there and she lets us use the baby any time we want it. She's stage-struck and likes to sit in a chair and hold the kid. I don't think this particular baby has any parents—at least, I've never seen them. The girl tells me she was engaged by the father and he's always away. Oh, it's a cinch down there."

"But she couldn't sit on the stage in this piece," I reminded him. "The foreign woman who is arrested for stealing has to handle the kid!"

"That'll be all right, too," he insisted. "Just leave it to me. I can even fix that."

"WELL, I can't see that we've got anything to worry about," said Burke. "If necessary, we can use a doll when we try the act before an audience at one of the picture-houses around here. If it goes fairly well, we can pull the real thing at Atlantic City when the managers come to see it."

Without further ado Lynn booked the piece for Monday three weeks later. His eagerness had convinced me that my idea was there with a real kick. I tucked the old manuscript in a drawer and smiled.

For breaking-in purposes we had decided to call the playlet "The Kid," which really meant nothing in particular and at the same time embodied the whole theme of the piece.

Phil Burke lost no time in looking up a

cast. He had no difficulty in getting the married couple and the policeman, but to find a woman who could do that emotional stuff and look the part was a tough one. We were almost ready to give up in despair when I walked the woman we discovered to be Madame Zitrova and knocked us off our pins.

It was enough to upset the most affluent producer in New York.

Imagine us, a couple of pikers in two-a-day, managing the greatest foreign actress that ever put foot in America!

But when Joseph Jefferson Lynn dropped in again, our mouths had been sealed by the promise to Zitrova. He would never know what he was getting for two hundred dollars a week.

"There's something funny about this, though," Phil said to me. "It doesn't seem right for luck to break this way. Here we are broke and a manager books our playlet before it's written, and then, while we look in vain for a leading woman, in comes the star of stars willing to work for fifty dollars a week."

III

PHIL BURKE and I had none of our usual arguments as to who would stick with rehearsals. It was worth the price of admission any time we lined up the troupe for a start. The cast proved good at study and came up the second day almost letter-perfect. Each of them, it developed, was or had been a parent and they simply ate up that manuscript!

Without realizing what she was doing, Zitrova became so enthusiastic that she took the load right off the shoulders of the director and whipped things together in a hurry. There was nothing officious or presumptuous in her manner, and we were quite willing to let her go. The first time she pulled that emotional speech without a manuscript in her hand, the whole cast broke out in tears, and I even caught the hardened Phil brushing something from his eye with the pretense that it came from cigaret smoke. Luckily, none of the actors had ever seen Zitrova on the stage and did not recognize in her the great Russian artist. But they raved about "Madame Minovitch" and saw visions of a long, fat season ahead. We knew that sooner or later she would be recognized by some theatregoer when the act began playing to first-class houses, but when the exposé did come, we failed to see where it could hurt the firm of Burke & Green.

The only drawback we had in rehearsal was with the policeman, played by Jack Gorman, a good-natured old Irishman. He persisted in crying every time Zitrova started to talk about the baby, and, consequently, failed to feed her the lines properly for contrast. The officer was supposed to remain hard and unrelenting while the woman put over the tears. Frequently Zitrova had to call him down, but she always did it gently.

"You are not supposed to be heart-broken over this, my dear sir," she would say to the old actor, "until I reach your heart at the finish."

"I know, madame," he would blubber, "but when you look at me that way, I can't stand it, thinking of me own little John Lawrence as I do."

"Your own little John Lawrence, I take it," suggested Burke, "was named for

John L. Sullivan." The kindly old actor nodded. "Well, John L. was a fighter, and he'd look fine as a cry-baby, wouldn't he? Just remember that, will you?"

And it solved the problem. Every time the old fellow felt the spell coming on, he'd think of John L. and brace up.

"I know not what it means," remarked the puzzled Zitrova, "but M'sieu Burke is a wonderful director. He has got the result quickly."

When we opened a week later at the Bijou, a combination moving-picture and vaudeville house, far up-town, it had been so difficult to get a live prop baby that we were compelled to work with a doll. Any apprehension we might have had, though, was quickly dispelled the moment Zitrova made her entrance. Proving that all audiences have the same human feelings and are swayed by the same magnetic influences, that woman's soulful eyes held the moving-picture crowd's attention before she had uttered a word. They hung on her every move and speech. While she occupied the center of the stage the other performers might as well have gone out to lunch. Zitrova had them in the palm of her hand, lifting and dropping them as she pleased. It was a revelation even to a pair of seasoned old birds like Burke and myself.

The fact that the baby was a doll made no apparent difference. We could only sit there and wonder how much greater the scene would be with a real baby—one that women in the audience could see pucker up its little lips and whimper.

We were not anxious to have the booking-agents see the sketch until it was thoroughly broken and polished off, so we kept the news of our sure-fire hit a secret. Joseph Lynn knew about it, of course. Already he had plastered Atlantic City with three-sheets, announcing the première of the new playlet at his theatre.

After the second performance, Madame Zitrova expressed herself as delighted with vaudeville.

"IT IS such a pleasure to look in the eyes of those people," she explained, "and read their sympathy; knowing that they are working with the performer and not against her. Ah, gentlemen, I am delighted."

The Russian actress frequently inquired about the booking at Atlantic City, appearing as eager for the real opening as would an ingénue going out for her first season.

Phil Burke and I shook hands with ourselves so often that at the end of the week we were feeling genuinely sorry for David Belasco, Dillingham and Frohman. I saw visions of a trip to Europe and could imagine myself being interviewed on the return like this: "Mr. Green, of Burke & Green, announces the following dramatic novelties for the coming season, etc."

Phil woke me up with the reminder that Joe Lynn, figuring the regular price of the act at about four hundred dollars, had agreed to pay us two hundred dollars for the break-in week. We would lose something like one hundred dollars, but that would be getting off light. The prospect was so bright that we borrowed the necessary amount for expenses. There was not a cloud in the vaudeville sky. The policeman, even, had recovered from his inclination to weep ahead of time.

IV

"THE KID" company arrived in Atlantic City on Sunday in order that we might have a couple of dress rehearsals before opening Monday afternoon.

Joe Lynn was pleased beyond measure. If he recognized Zitrova in the rehearsal, he gave no indication of it. He raved so continually about "Madame Minovitch" that

Burke asked him, forgetting the Continental tour which had kept Lynn in Paris for more than a year. I recalled this to his mind while Lynn smiled.

"You have the baby—the real baby that lives?" she inquired of the house-manager in French. I could understand enough to get that, but they quickly launched into a sputtering of foreign language that went clear over my head.

and dressed by two, the hour for lifting the curtain. Joe Lynn had rigged up a good setting for the piece from an old Colonial drawing-room that had been carried in the theatre for years.

The nurse arrived with the baby long before the time appointed, explaining that she had to avoid a man in the hotel who constantly haunted the lobby. While she expressed disappointment over not being



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an introduction could not be avoided. In presenting him I still held to the assumed name. Her heart was gladdened when he spoke to her in French.

"She is Russian—not French," I told him.

"I know," he explained, "but she speaks either language, as do all educated Russians. I made a few cracks in Russian, but I'm not so good at that lingo."

"Where do you get the French stuff?"

"Everything's all right," said Lynn, turning to Burke and me. "She thinks she can work much better with the real baby and I've told her that it's all fixed. You've got quite an actress there."

Everything was set for the opening performance now, the rehearsal having run off smoothly, despite the use of the doll for a baby.

We were all in the theatre at one o'clock the next day, the whole cast being made up

permitted to sit in the scene, she gave us permission, a little reluctantly it seemed, to use the baby for the week.

"The baby, the baby!" Zitrova kept calling from her dressing-room. "Is it here?"

At Lynn's suggestion the nurse carried the infant to the star's dressing-room. Zitrova took it in her arms and, paying no heed to our warning not to overdo herself, smothered it with kisses. I never saw a

"That temperament is the real thing," observed Lynn. "When that woman kisses a baby, she means it. Look at her eyes."

With considerable difficulty we persuaded her to release the kid until she had done her first scene. She insisted on arranging it in the crib herself. The baby and crib were to be on the stage at the rise of the curtain with the wealthy couple gazing down in the crib and talking about what wonderful parents they would make. The husband, already, was thinking of things to buy that would amuse it.

For introductory music we had the orchestra play "Rock-a-Bye, Baby, in the Tree-Top," and the audience appeared to catch the spirit of the playlet from the sounding of the first note.

The wealthy couple started the act off smoothly and got many laughs when the man exhibited a pair of boxing-gloves, a hobby-horse and an air-gun that he had brought home for the kid. The baby, it might be explained, was supposed to be four months old and a girl, at that.

The first big punch came, however, when there was a sharp rap at the door and Zitrova glided in. The audience did not know that she would turn out to be a thief and the mother of the waif, but the mere presence of the star created an atmosphere of suspense. Her personal magnetism gripped them. Her every movement indicated that something was going to happen.

With marvelous skill Zitrova went through the scene where she asked for the position of nurse, explaining her qualifications for handling babies. It was clean-cut comedy, but, being the perfect actress, she gave all the laughs to the husband. Her innocent comments and questions, showing utter ignorance on all matters pertaining to infants, brought ripples of laughter from the women in the audience.

Finally came the arrival of the policeman. Then it was that Zitrova stepped out to display her real art. Phil Burke, Lynn and myself stood in the wings with our mouths open. Not one of us could offer a suggestion.

When old man Gorman, in the rôle of cop, entered, there was a hush. Everybody seemed to sense trouble for the poor little woman, who by this time had gained the sympathy of every man, woman and child in the audience. Phil and I were apprehensive for fear the policeman would cry too soon. That was our only care.

"Keep a stiff upperlip," we whispered to him from the wings. "Be hard—hard as nails!"

ZITROVA, crouched over the crib with her back to the door, delicately conveyed the thought that she dreaded the officer and did not want to be seen. He finally spied her, though, and denounced her as the thief against whom the couple were to appear in court. There was a gasp of surprise. Sensing the impression he had made, even though the rôle was villainous, old Gorman braced up and went after the girl hammer and tongs. Despite the pleading of the couple he grabbed Zitrova by the arm and started to put her through the third degree. The remonstrations of the couple were in vain.

"Git yourself ready," he ordered, after giving the woman a rough shake.

This brought cries of "Shame, shame!" from the worked-up audience.

"I'll be back in half an hour," he said to her, "and don't yez be tryin' to escape, naythur."

The officer turned and started for the door. With a leap Zitrova clutched the skirt of his long blue coat and abjectly threw herself at his feet. He dragged her half across the room as she dramatically pleaded for the child. Stronger and stronger she went, her voice growing alternately husky and shrill. As Zitrova gradually approached the climax half the audience was on its feet.

"Think! think!" she cried to the policeman. "Have you no mercy? Have you no heart? My God, officer, can you not feel for me? Have you never had a child in your home?"

Old man Gorman had started to cry and Phil was cursing him under his breath. Realizing his failing, Gorman kept his back to the audience, tugging away at the woman, until she asked about a child in his home. As he turned, Zitrova fell in a heap, weeping hysterically. The audience wept with her.

As Gorman faced down-stage again tears were rolling over his cheeks. He thought of his little John Lawrence and the other child that had died a few months before, and in a broken voice conveyed this to his hearers.

"To hell with the law!" he cried, overstepping his lines, and at the same time giving the audience a laugh as relief.

"Woman," said the policeman, as the ripple of laughter subsided. Zitrova looked up. The grease-paint on her face was smeared in streaks from actual weeping. "Woman," he repeated, "this baby needs you more than the law needs you. Take it."

With that old man Gorman backed out the door. Zitrova flung herself across the baby's crib and the curtain descended with the husband ruefully examining the boxing-gloves.

V

TO CALL "The Kid" a hit would be too mild even for a conservative critic. It was a riot!

Zitrova answered curtain calls, holding the baby in her arms until her muscles ached. Her voice broke when she tried to make a curtain speech and she merely threw a kiss at the audience and then kissed the baby.

With the child still in her arms the Russian star went to her dressing-room utterly fatigued. For the moment we did not disturb her.

When all had gone, we returned to the stage to congratulate members of the company and take all hands, including Zitrova, to dinner. A rap at the star's dressing-room door brought no response. Again we rapped and, getting no answer, finally shoved it open.

Zitrova was gone!

With this came another shock. The nurse rushed to inform us that she had been unable to find the baby. Both were missing.

An acrobat, who had been on last, told us that he had seen the actress crossing the stage back of the scene and that she had the baby with her. The doorman furnished the information that she had gone out to the street and that is all we ever

knew about her method of disappearance.

A room-to-room search was made at the hotel where the star had been stopping, but no trace could be found of Zitrova or the child. At dinner-time the mystery was still uncleared and Burke and I began to worry about the night performance.

At eight o'clock members of the company had reported at the theatre to be ready for the performance at ten. There was still no Zitrova and the frantic nurse, we were told, had turned the case over to the police.

Our main concern, though, was the night performance. With a hit like that at matinée and no chance for a night show we would be ruined. We had no understudy for Zitrova. It would have been impossible for anybody else to play the part, anyway.

MANAGER LYNN informed us that news of the big hit had spread so rapidly that most of the house had been sold out for the night show. He appreciated our predicament, however, and did not appear to be unusually upset.

"If you can't play, boys, you simply can't, and that's all there is to it. It's pretty tough to disappoint my patrons, but if worst comes to worst I can hang up a sign outside, notifying those who haven't already paid for their tickets, and I can redeem the others if my customers so desire."

At nine o'clock a telegram was delivered to me on the stage. Something told me it contained the solution, and, calling Burke, I tore it open. It was from Zitrova, and had been sent from Newark. She had caught the first train out of Atlantic City. It read:

I am mailing you check for one thousand dollars to offset losses you have incurred. I regret to disappoint you very kind gentlemen, but I have the one thing in the world I sought. I have my own dear baby. No law can take her.
ZITROVA.

It was her baby, all right, and for the next two days the papers were full of it. But that got nothing for Burke & Green. The sketch was now a dead one and the old script resumed its former lodging in the dust-covered drawer. Nobody but a twenty-five-hundred-dollar star could play it.

"I knew there was something queer about this thing," said Burke; but, just the same, it was months before we could find the answer. We could not figure how Zitrova knew that her baby was in Atlantic City and that it would be brought to the stage as a prop. Moreover, we went for months without an inkling as to how she knew that we would open there before applying for the fifty-dollar job.

Though we had long since given it up, a little light came with the new year. Phil and I were walking along Broadway and saw a huge poster announcing Zitrova in her new play. The light of understanding was in a line of smaller type which added:

"Under the personal management of Joseph Jefferson Lynn."

Then we got it. He had framed us from the jump.

"Come on, Green," suggested Burke, icily, as we stopped at an inviting doorway. "Let's go in and have a big laugh about slipping an old one over on that bird."



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WONDERS of the WAR

The Helium Airship

By A. Russell Bond

ONE of the most amazing scientific achievements of the war, and one that will have a tremendous influence on the future of mankind, is the production of a non-inflammable gas for balloons. It means a revolution in aeronautics that holds a world of possibilities.

When the war started, Germany placed a great deal of reliance on her Zeppelins. Those huge dirigibles, capable of lifting a useful load of thirty-eight tons and of traveling at the rate of seventy miles per hour, seemed ideally suited to carry German frightfulness into the very home of the Briton. But they were afraid—these great airships—afraid of the little battle-planes that attacked them. The airplanes traveled so fast and dodged so quickly that the Zeppelin's guns could not find them. They would mount above the airship where the huge gas-bag hid them from the gunners.

Even when guns were mounted on top of the balloon, the Germans had reason for dread because the battle-planes fired incendiary bullets, and it needed but one of these to penetrate the skin of the Zeppelin and set fire to the hydrogen gas it contained. The Zeppelin commander's position was about as enviable as would be that of a naval commander who went forth to war in a boat molded out of TNT. He was afloat under two million cubic feet of highly inflammable gas, which needed but to be mixed with a suitable quantity of air to become a powerful explosive.

EVEN in time of peace the bag of hydrogen is a hazardous thing to deal with. There is no balloon fabric that is absolutely gas-tight. The German machines are formed of a rigid shell divided into compartments in which the gas-bags are placed. In the space between the bags and their containers there is bound to be an accumulation of gas which mixes with the air and needs only a spark to touch it off. Under the balloon are the gasoline engines, which are quite liable to discharge flaming gases from their exhaust-pipes. To avoid the danger of fire these engines must be suspended well below the gas-bags and their exhaust-pipes must be carefully screened. Another danger lies in the fabric of the balloon itself. It is liable to become highly electrified and under certain conditions will emit sparks which may cause the balloon to explode.

In view of all these drawbacks the Allies did not find it advisable to build many dirigible balloons, and even the Germans had to admit that airships were not a success for aerial warfare.

When this country entered the war our Allies took us into their confidence and told us all their troubles and deficiencies. British aeronautical experts advised us that there was a crying need for a balloon gas that would not burn, and they suggested

ONE of the compensations of the war is the tremendous stimulation it gave to scientific activity. Gas masks, tanks, submarines, airships—scores of things we know about, have been invented or perfected during the war. But there are others not so well known—some that were just on the verge of use when peace came. In this department we hope to offer you every month a short account of one or more of these marvels. The helium airship heads the list.

that our chemists might pay some attention to the production of helium, which is not inflammable. Helium was one of the rare gases. Its cost per cubic foot ranged from fifteen hundred dollars to six thousand dollars. To fill a large Zeppelin with helium at even the lowest market price would have cost *three billion dollars!* But then there was not that much helium in captivity. No laboratory in the country could boast of more than five cubic feet.

ONE of the reasons for the scarcity of helium lay in its apparent uselessness. There has always been a certain amount of romance about the gas. It was discovered first in the atmosphere of the sun, by means of the spectroscope. For years it remained a mystery until, in 1895, Sir William Ramsay discovered it here on earth when studying the spectrum of the mineral cleveite. But after he found the gas he could do nothing with it. Next to hydrogen it was the lightest gas known, with a lifting-power only eight per cent. less than that of hydrogen. But the gas would not burn and it would not freeze. Only when Onnes, the Dutch scientist succeeded in getting it down to a temperature of four hundred and fifty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, did the gas yield to the chill and condense into a liquid.

Just before the war it was discovered that about one per cent. of helium exists in the natural gas of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. But what could be done with it; it would not combine with any other element. And so it might have remained a worthless member of the chemical community had it not been drafted into the service by the needs of the war. Our chemists were given the job of finding a way of producing the gas in enormous quantities and at a reasonably low cost. This meant no end of research and experiment.

Helium's resistance to liquefaction furnished a good means of separating it from the other elements with which it was mixed. The natural gas was frozen and as the temperature was lowered, the various components would succumb to the cold and condense into liquids, until finally, at a temperature of some three hundred degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, no gas remained but helium. To obtain the requisite degree of frigidity, refrigerating apparatus and powerful compressors of the type used

in obtaining liquid air were employed.

But the war came to a close before the helium-filled airship had been produced. Some helium had been manufactured, enough to fill some of our observation balloons on the other side. But the most astonishing fact was that our chemists had brought down the cost of manufacture from fifteen hundred dollars to *ten cents per cubic foot!* And the prospects are that even this figure may be lowered when the two-million-dollar plant, which is to be completed in April of this year, is operating under full swing.

When the armistice was signed preparations were under way to build a fleet of helium airships to conduct bombing raids over Germany. These airships would not feel the sting of the battle-plane's incendiary bullets. Had the Germans continued the fight, the Zeppelin raids on London would have been amply avenged.

Now that we have no use for war airships it is interesting to speculate upon what is to be done with the quantity of helium that is to be manufactured. Undoubtedly great airships will be built which can travel all over the world. Balloon fabrics have now reached such a stage of perfection that there would not be a loss of more than six per cent. of the buoyancy of a large airship in a month, and with tanks of compressed helium to make up the loss, an airship could stay up indefinitely.

Of course there is the barometer to look out for. If the barometer suddenly falls, the gas-bags will correspondingly expand. The heat of the sun will also cause enormous expansion, and a chill wind will contract the gas. In an ordinary balloon these fluctuations are serious because they make the craft mount too high or fall crashing to the earth, but in a dirigible the engines drive the airship up or down and, with the aid of plenty of ballast and machinery to compress the surplus gas when it expands, there is little to fear from weather conditions. If the weather is unfavorable for landing, the airship may stay aloft until conditions are better.

NOW that the danger of destruction by fire has been removed by the commercial production of helium, the design of the airship may be improved materially. The passenger and engine cars can be attached directly to the balloon proper. The engines can even be placed within the balloon, thus cutting down head resistance and bringing the propellers on the center line of the airship, where they can exert a more direct pull.

With the fire risk removed there are so many advantages of the airship over the airplane for big loads and long-distance travel that we may expect before long to see a regular transatlantic service, with giant passenger balloons making the trip across, with a load of a hundred passengers, in less than two days, even against unfavorable weather conditions.

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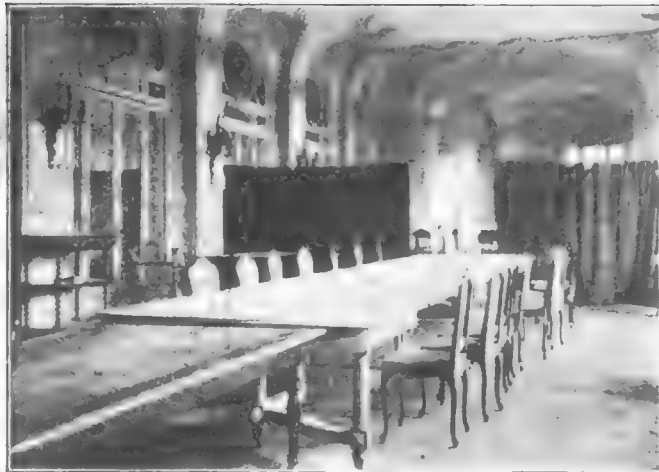
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From here General Pétain ran the train called the Rheims Sector. He was the engineer responsible for the detail of the heaviest fighting. If his train had gone to smash, a million American lives would have been lost in the wreck.



This is a station on the Peace Special's route. Here at Spa, the German Armistice Commissioners weighed the terms of that respite which meant surrender.



"For the good of his people" the Kaiser signed his abdication in this room at his military headquarters at Spa, Belgium—almost on the spot where he had ordered the first shot fired.



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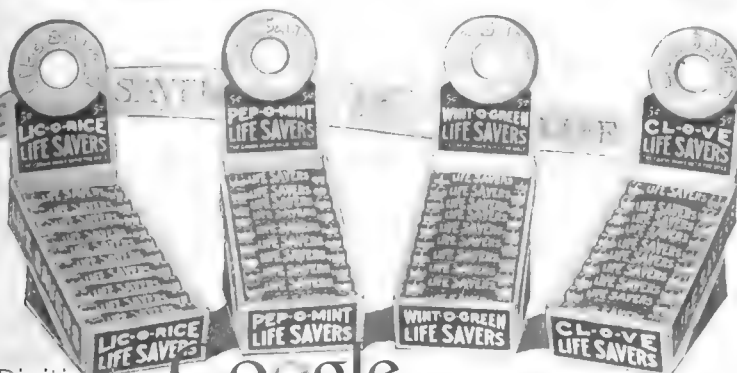
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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

AFTER PEACE—?

(Continued from page 57)

the promotion of the individual ambitions and fortunes of government officials.

Further, the development of permanent prosperity is dependent upon the proper application of two basic industrial principles which have been the cause of much comment, and which are not clearly understood outside of industrial circles; namely, the proper length of the working day and maximum individual production.

The Length of the Work-day

THERE seems to be a disposition on the part of many, to emphasize their belief in the eight-hour work-day. These same uninformed or misinformed persons would be surprised to learn that there are certain occupations in which industrialists, having a keen interest in the conservation of manpower will not permit men to work longer periods than six or even fewer hours out of twenty-four. The one great fact in connection with the length of the work-day, which only needs statement to be obvious, is that no universal measure can be applied to all trades and occupations. A man engaged on heavy continuous labor reaches the point of fatigue, where further effort is at a reduced efficiency, in a shorter period than a man engaged on light intermittent work.

In Memorandum No. 29 on Weekly Hours of Employment, issued October, 1917, by the Health of Munition Workers' Committee of the British Ministry of Munitions, the following conclusion as to the proper length of the work-day appears: "It is impossible to lay down a single rule as to the best hours in all cases. The best scheme can only be determined after a careful consideration of a number of different factors, e. g.—" Here follows a list of eight different items necessary to be considered, such as the character of the strain, whether heavy or light, continuous or intermittent; pace of machine work; factory environment; physical capacity, age, sex, experience, etc.; factory organization; workers' food; arrangement of hours and outside conditions.

In Bulletin No. 221 of the U. S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, a special study on "Output in Relation to Hours of Work" made by the British Health of Munition Workers'

Committee is discussed. The following is quoted: "The object of the committee was to ascertain the hours of employment most likely to produce a maximum output over periods of months or even years. It held that output can not be maintained at the highest level for any considerable period if the conditions were such as to lead to excessive fatigue and to deterioration in the health of the workers. . . . It was found that the time schedule producing the maximum output varied with the character of the operation. For men engaged in very heavy labor the maximum hours of actual work yielding the most effective results appears to be fifty-six hours per week; for men engaged in moderately heavy labor probably sixty hours per week; while for men and youths engaged in light labor, such as tending semi-automatic machines, probably sixty-four hours per week should be the maximum."

It thus appears that there is no eight-hour day in England, which with increased industrial efficiency will be a more formidable competitor than ever. In France and Germany the work-day is ten hours. In Italy it is even longer.

The question of the work-day should be considered in the light of the actual facts here and abroad. We must concede that we can not attempt to artificially limit any just and honorable methods which will help to retain our commercial prestige, and insure the consequent happiness of our people in the face of overseas competition made desperate by the spur of necessity, and efficient by long training and experience. We are not returning to longer hours. Industry is proceeding as usual, making adjustments as experience dictates while looking to the best interests of all.

The basic eight-hour day which has been established in so many plants by government order at the demand of the unions, is in effect only a wage law which does not limit the number of hours in the work-day, but does require the payment of fifty per cent. increase in the hourly rate for each hour worked in excess of eight hours. Most of these plants have been operating ten hours a day, and strikes involving thousands of men have occurred where the actual working time has been reduced

to only eight hours of work with consequent loss of overtime pay. The extension of the basic eight-hour day in war industry furnishes no argument or precedent for the adoption of the actual eight-hour day in time of peace.

The status of the railroad employees is the same. Contrary to general belief, there is no eight-hour work-day on the railroads. The hours of work were not changed by the Adamson Law.

Yet, whenever it can reasonably be expected that successful operation in any industry can be accomplished working only eight hours out of twenty-four, no one will be more ready to adapt themselves than those industrialists who have won past success for American industry only by working like the farmer, frequently for twelve or more hours, and at the same time carrying financial and managerial responsibility, which is quite as wearing as physical labor. The responsible directors of industry expect to meet with a very generous sense of responsibility the intricate problems which industry creates.

Manifestly the development of maximum individual effort on the part of every contributor to any branch of manufacturing becomes at once a matter of most important consideration. Restriction of output in any form will only react against the permanency of industrial leadership of the nation. Manufacturers realize that to develop best efforts, wage payments must always bear a proper relation to individual efficiency.

They understand that no nation can look hopefully toward a great commercial future where wages constantly go up and where efficiency goes down. Such a condition can only work disaster ultimately to the worker himself. Accordingly, the manufacturer has resolutely set himself to systematically and sympathetically bring about a high order of cooperation between management and labor, which will meet both the requirements of successful competition and the great responsibilities of the present hour. Above all, we must perpetuate those individual possibilities which will help to maintain citizenship privileges, the equal of which no other country can offer.

Representative John L. Burnett, of Alabama

Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, Sixty-fifth Congress

I AM very much impressed with the idea that some drastic legislation ought to be passed by this Congress to further restrict immigration to our country. In fact, I believe that it would be wise to prohibit it entirely for the next three or four years, with possibly reasonable provision for the admission of those who are fleeing from religious persecution or who have left their country on account of the commission of offenses purely political.

I believe we ought also to prohibit the admission of aliens who fought in the armies of nations with which this country has recently been at war. To this I would think an exception should be made of those who can show that they deserted such

armies and joined the armies that fought against the Central Powers. I think the burden should be on the immigrant to prove himself within the above exceptions, and if it should afterward be ascertained that he or any one for him made false statements to gain admission they should be subject to conviction and imprisonment. The alien who secured admission by such false testimony should be deported after his term of imprisonment expires.

I introduced a bill several months ago limiting immigration for any one year to not less than twenty nor more than fifty per cent. of the naturalized resident males over twenty-one years old who came from any foreign country. Since that time a great many aliens have been naturalized

on account of being in our armies, and the maximum percentage is no doubt too high. A bill of this kind would materially reduce immigration. However, I rather favor an absolute prohibition for the next several years. During the recent war we have suffered greatly on account of the large number of aliens in this country. The records of the Provost Marshal's Office show that thousands of Italian, Greek and Russian slackers remained in this country and escaped military service entirely because they were unwilling to go back and fight under their own flags and we could not force them to fight under ours. I introduced a bill and secured its passage through the House last February to deport these fellows unless they enlisted



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in our armies or submitted to our draft. Through the opposition of the State Department the Senate refused to act on the bill. They finally secured treaties with several of our co-belligerents authorizing the drafting of such persons unless they voluntarily returned to their own countries within sixty days from the ratification of the treaty. These treaties came so late that they had but little effect.

I am fearful that there will be a great influx of the worst class of aliens to this country unless we do something to stop them. The men who fought gallantly in the armies of our co-belligerents will most of them want to stay to rehabilitate and rebuild their stricken countries, while the worst element will be rushing to our shores.

We shall soon have four million men released from our armies and perhaps a million more put out of war industries, and all these will be seeking employment. It will be unfair to our own soldiers to allow the jobs to be taken and wages depressed by millions of low-priced laborers from the other side. I could give other good reasons why I believe that as a matter of self-protection we should keep these people out. The ones I have stated, however, I think are sufficient.

After-the-War Work of Our Disabled Soldiers

By Dale Wolf

THE complete paradox to all practises of society, the direct opposite to all artificial social customs, is bound to come when our wounded soldiers come home. And this radical change will largely come through our industries. After careful study of the afflicted individual in our factories, one is convinced that industry will do more to revolutionize society and its false standards than any other element, by its dealing with the problems of the after-war reconstruction of the maimed soldier.

Ever since the days of Adam, animals have shunned those of their own kind who were afflicted. Humane beings of the uncivilized world used to kill their maimed children. Later the parents of afflicted children allowed them to live, but went around with bowed heads, feeling that a great shame or curse had been placed upon them by God.

Even to-day in modern, Christian, civilized America, forty-nine out of fifty people will not voluntarily associate with the afflicted. We may help a blind man to cross the street at a busy corner of the city. We may stop and give a cripple a lift, should he fall on a slippery day. We may show a mute some object for which he is seeking. But will we choose a blind person to be our guest at dinner? We might if it were a Helen Keller. Will we select a deaf-and-dumb acquaintance to go with us to a party or baseball game? Will we stop a friend who uses crutches and invite him to the club for the evening? Will or do we choose these afflicted persons for our friends? Most of us will not have to search our conscience far to be compelled to answer "No."

Because of this false standard of society, most people do not care to be seen in the company of their afflicted brothers. Even to-day in many homes where there is an unfortunate, the ill-fated member of the

family is rarely present when the normal members of the household have guests. If he is present, there is often a "whispered explanation" as to why or how or what. There are exceptions to this, but the exceptions are so rare that a census taken would even have as much trouble finding them as a fond mother finding her son in an army camp.

Several times during the past two months returned wounded soldiers have been at our plant speaking along lines that would encourage our workers to increase production. These men were heroes, and will always be heroes. However, after they have taken off their uniforms and returned to normal life, how long will we be in forgetting their sacrifices, and unconsciously making them "different" because of their affliction? Only in industry will we be likely not to do this lamentable piece of injury to our returned soldiers.

Sure enough we pity the afflicted. However, in our normal social life our pity is only visual and momentary. In industry it will more than justify, it will be the rendition of that service that is due every returned soldier who has been handicapped by the horrors of war.

During the war our manufacturing plants used many methods to get sufficient help to turn out their product. One of the most fruitful sources of labor supply came from the utilization of the handicapped men and women. The psychological reaction within our factories was not only contrary to the usual attitude of society, but reversed our own private opinions regarding the possible effect upon the workers in the factories.

Prior to the war we had in our plant one mute operator and one mute helper on a line of automatic screw-machines. At first these two men were a curiosity to most of the workers, and were subconsciously put in a classification of "not-like-we-are."

It was noticeable that these mutes became less "different" to the other workers as their length of service increased. Why? Because they were part and parcel of the normal life of the normal worker in the factory. By constant association, the mutes became "accepted" socially and otherwise. As these two men have received a place in the normal life of society, so likewise will industry introduce, cultivate and foster other handicapped men and women in their rightful places in the world.

When we placed crippled men on machines, foremen would accept the handicapped men from the employment department with a feeling that "Here is another outcast that I'm supposed to use in getting out production; and then the manager wonders why I can't get out the goods."

I remember hiring my first one-legged man for the assembling department. I felt that first I should "sell" the proposition to the foreman; if the idea, as well as the man, was to succeed. Approaching the foreman regarding the man on crutches, I found him, as expected, very skeptical. After going over the alleged reasons why he should not be employed, the foreman signified his willingness to give the fellow a chance. He proved to be a good beginner and thereby "sold" his condition to the foreman sufficiently to be allowed to bring a crippled friend to that department at the end of the first week.

However, some of the employees of this

assembling department turned their snobbish selves against such a thought as having cripples in their workroom. One of the best assemblers was heard to say that "With all the old cripples and girls in the country coming in to do the work of the department, he intended to get out and get a *man's* job."

By constant association with these handicapped men this department is to-day so accustomed to seeing them come into the workroom that no more comment is expressed at their presence than for any other new worker.

At the installation of twelve new single-spindle drill-presses, it was suggested that we have blind people to operate them. At once the question arose, "What would be the psychological effect upon the other employees?"

After consultation with several heads of departments, we decided to find out the psychological effect by trying one or two workers first to see how the employees would accept them.

When Tinsley (the first blind man to work in our plant) appeared in the department, all work slackened and a great deal of talk at once started with conjectures about what he would or would not be able to do. When the foreman was not looking, some operatives would even go over near his drill-press to see if the "freak" was working at all.

Tinsley could not, of course, know of his reception in that department. This was a good thing, for it did not cause him to be self-conscious, as he might otherwise have been.

The tool-setter was assigned to instruct him in the setting up of tools. The superintendent took it upon himself to give the instruction of Tinsley his personal attention. This act on the part of the superintendent helped strengthen the cause of handicapped men.

By noon, Tinsley knew how to operate the drill-press and was a producing worker. When lunch-hour came, the employment manager was on hand to personally take Tinsley into the lunchroom.

Still he was of another world, and the regular workers were not quite sure what their attitude would be toward the newcomer. To help matters along, a conference was held to determine the proper man to look after the needs of the blind workers.

It was agreed that a man who was already handicapped physically would have the best degree of sympathy for their condition—consequently would, because of his own position, better serve the sightless workers. Such a man, a hunchback and crippled in his legs, was secured at once from an assembling department.

With some one to definitely care for the needs of the workers of the dark, there arose at once in the department a new spirit toward the blind. A few days later two more blind went to work. The tool-setter went out of his way a great deal to help them.

From the tool-setter the idea of sociability, service and brotherhood grew. It was contagious, going through the department and out into the entire factory.

These men from the world of the social outcast, due to the false standards of society, were returning to their rightful sphere. It made them happy, and in making them happy it made every one else happy. Their number grew. They went

to lunch in a line singing or whistling—not always guided by their regular guardian, for there was much rivalry among the workers as to who would serve them, and they certainly never lacked for attention.

For the first few days their pianist was escorted to the recreation-room piano for a lunch-period concert. Then several of his afflicted associates would go with him to the instrument. Soon they were singing, a little at first, then more and more.

Now, one noon-hour out of every week is given over to an entertainment by our blind men. (Our blind women, recently added, have not yet entered these functions.) And such entertainments as they are! They would put the bills of many vaudeville houses to shame. They are musical and they are funny. Not all of the blind men perform. In fact, the best worker of the crew claims to have no talent for entertaining.

The superintendent of inspection was commenting upon how happy the blind men were, and said: "If those fellows can be so happy and contented with their great affliction, I'm going to try and be likewise. They are teaching us all to do less knocking and more boosting. I know that for me they have shown me a new outlook in life and I'm going to be able to smile more for having been associated with them."

Throughout the factory other men and women are saying the same things and the very atmosphere of the plant has been changed. Even the president of the company has caught their spirit and he has passed many happy lunch-hours due to the smiles and fun of the blind workers.

Socially these handicapped men and women are fitting themselves into a niche never before believed possible by them. They are being treated like normal human beings. Men sit down to talk with them. Women walk to the cars and home with the blind women. In short, they are just being treated naturally.

It has been found that the blind workers do not need as much attention as was at first thought. Men and women are just as eager to advance their service as always, but they have discovered that the afflicted ones desire to use all of their own abilities and talents normally, not being made to feel their own shortcomings.

Thus great mutual profit is coming to society through industry. The thing that social-service workers have been striving for in much of their work can be and is being accomplished by industry.

It is to be lamented that *society* will feel that *it* has been the benefactor in giving handicapped men and women a chance to become "as we are." But *society* will find *itself* just as much as our unfortunate brothers will find themselves. It will be a great mutual awakening, and society should not forget that it is finding its true and honorable relationship to its unlucky associates. Industry has knocked down these false standards and has proven its case to the world.

In industry every man stands true, as he is. The crippled returned soldiers who go into industry will still be serving the cause of humanity in a measure almost, if not quite, as large as when they were giving their life's blood for the sake of humanity on the fields of France. For here in industry society will crawl out of the dark ages into the sunlight of its true relationship to all physically handicapped.

He Shot the Gun

And Found that He Had the
Greatest Wheat Food in Existence



Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

**Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs**

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

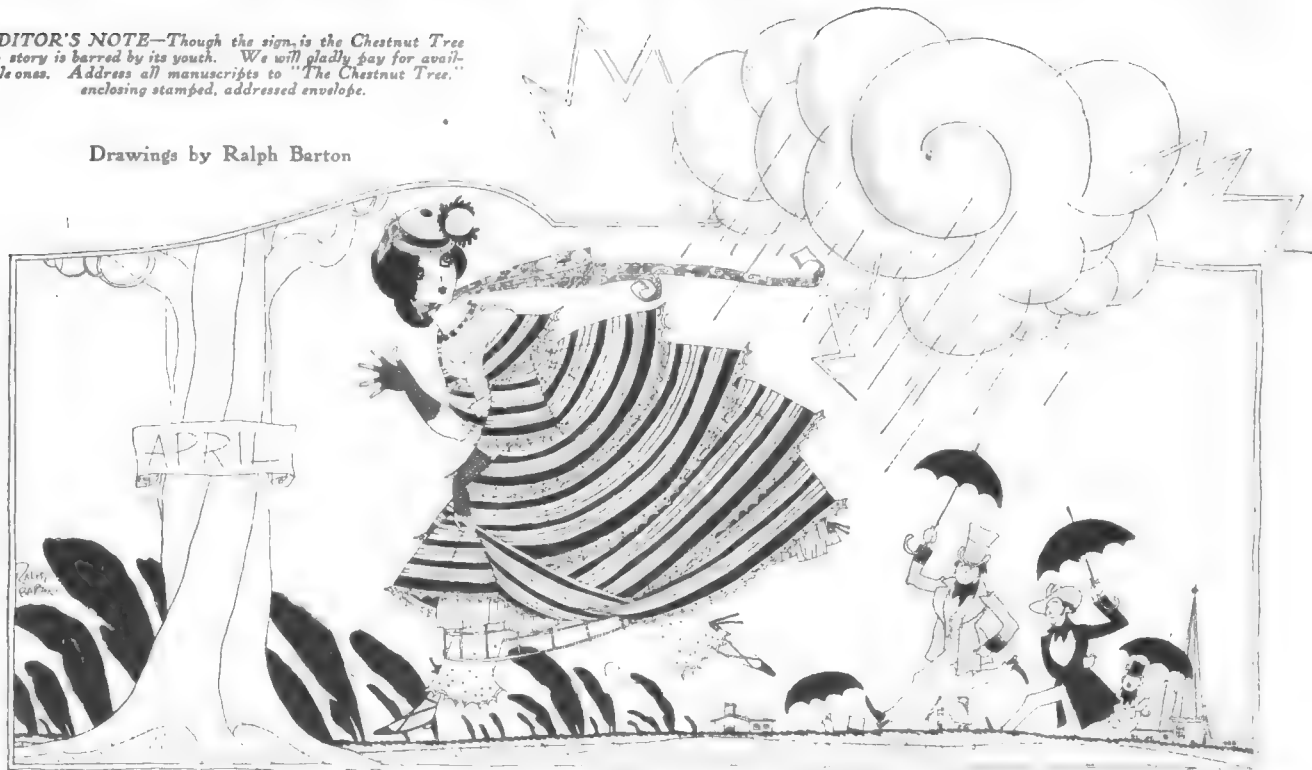
Sole Makers

(7034)

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Drawings by Ralph Barton



ONE day on a road in Belgium a boche officer met a youngster leading a donkey. He accosted him with the familiarity of his race which tries to be agreeable and succeeds only in being rough.

"Ah, little one, you have a fine donkey there. What do you call it? Albert, I wager."

"Oh, no, sir," answered the child, "I love my king too much."

The officer raised his eyebrows; an annoying thought could be read on his wrinkled red face, and he said: "I hope at least that you do not call him William."

The boy answered quickly with ironic candor, "Oh, no, sir, I love my donkey too much."



AN AMERICAN negro espied a member of a French Colonial (negro) regiment and attempted to engage him in conversation. The Colonial began to speak in French, to the surprise of the American, who broke out into great guffaws, exclaiming: "Dat fool nigger, he don' even know his native language."

FURLOUGHS were in order. "Every man who has a good reason for requesting a furlough step forward."

"Company halt!" the captain roared.

A DARKY was unloading horses and when he had the halter-hanks of six horses he started up the road toward camp and the stables. Just before entering camp the road turned sharply to the right, in fact it made a right angle with its previous course.

At this point the darky with his six halter-hanks experienced some difficulty in getting all the horses to make the turn, and he was heard to shout:

"Here, what's de matter wid you-all? Don't you-all know how to make a turn to da right? Number one pivot! Pivot there on da right!"



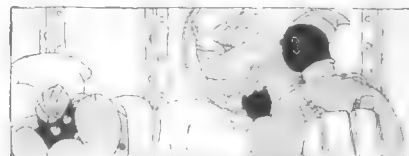
A GOOD old Quaker was milking a cow whose lively disposition had often taxed his patience severely. The pail was nearly full of foaming milk, when, in some manner, the cow managed to overturn it. The old man in righteous indignation snatched up a near-by club to strike the exasperating animal when he remembered the precepts of his religion.

He dropped the stick, and in a voice trembling with anger, said:

"I may not beat thee, neither may I kick thee, but—I will twist thy durn tail!"

"DID ye hear that the landlord had lowered the rint for us, Casey?" says Callahan.

"Ye don't say so!" says Casey. "Well, I suppose he thinks he'll lose less money whin ye skip without payin' it."



IN A transport going over, one negro trooper said to another, and very sick boy: "Look out dere, look out dere and see dat sailboat!"

"Don't you call me for no sailboat, nigger," came from the sick fellow, lying with his head on his arms. "Don't you call me at all unless you sees a tree."

FIVE-YEAR old Dicky had been a regular attendant at Sunday-school for several months, when one day his mother took him to see a circus parade. Each passing cage drew a question from the little fellow. As the wagon containing the rhinoceros rumbled up, the beast opened its huge mouth to its full width. Dicky gave one look at the animal, and jerked at his mother's dress.

"Mamma, did God make that?"

"Yes, dear."

A moment's pause; then determinedly: "Well—I ain't going to Sunday-school any more."



OFFICER: "Have you mopped that floor yet?"

PRIVATE: "No."

OFFICER: "No, what?"

PRIVATE: "No mop."

(Moral: 7 days' C. B.)

"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"

(Continued from page 22)

He had a fashion of stretching and yawning comfortably as he bade her good night, and sometimes a yawn caught him in the middle of a word, and he talked while he yawned. She hated this. She was passing through that hard middle ground, that purgatory between maidenhood and wifehood in the course of which married folk find each other only human, after all. And she had not yet come to accept this condition and to glory in it. She had always thought of Joel as a hero, a protector, a fine, stalwart, able, noble man. Now she forgot that he was commander of this ship and master of the men aboard, and saw in him only a man who, when work was done, liked to take his ease—and who talked through his yawns.

She gnawed at this bone of discontent in the hours when Joel was busy with his work. She was furiously resentful of Joel's flesh-and-bloodedness; and Joel, because he was too busy to be introspective, continued calmly happy and content.

The whales led them past Easter Island for a space; and then, abruptly, they were gone. Came day on day when the men at the masthead saw no misty spout against the wide blue of the sea, no glistening black body awash among the waves. And the *Nathan Ross*, with all hands scrubbing white the decks again, bent northward, working toward that maze of tiny islands which dot the wide South Seas.

Their water was getting stale and running somewhat low, and they needed fresh foodstuffs. Joel planned to touch at the first land that offered. Tubuai, that would be. He marked their progress on the chart.

On the evening before they would reach the island, when Joel and Priss were preparing for sleep, Priss burst out furiously, like a teapot that boils over. The storm came without warning and—so far as Joel could see—without provocation. She was sick, she said, of the endless waste of blue water. She wanted to see land. To step on it. If she were not allowed to do so very soon, she would die.

Joel, at first, was minded to tell her that they would sight land in the morning, then, with one of the blundering impulses to which husbands fall victim at such moments, he decided to wait and surprise her. So, instead of telling her, he chuckled as though at some secret jest, and tried to quiet her by patting her dark head.

SHE fell silent at his caress, and Joel thought she was appeased. As a matter of fact, she was hating him for having laughed at her, and her calm was ferocious. He discovered this, too late.

He had just kissed her good night. She turned her cheek to his lips, and he was faintly hurt at this. But he only said cheerfully: "There, Priss. You will be all right in the morning."

He yawned in midsentence, so that the last two or three words sounded as though he were trying to swallow a large and hot potato while he uttered them. Priss could stand no more of that. Positively. So she slapped his face.

He was amazed, and he stood looking at her helplessly, while the slapped cheek grew redder and redder. Priss burst into tears, stamped her foot, called him names she did

not mean, and as a climax, darted into her own cabin, and swung the door, and snapped the latch.

Joel did not in the least understand, and he went to his bunk at last, profoundly troubled.

An hour after they anchored, the next day, at Tubuai, a boat came out from shore and ran alongside, and Mark Shore swung across the rail, aboard the *Nathan Ross*.

VI

JOEL was below, in the cabin with Priss, when his brother boarded the ship. Varde and Dick Morrell had gone ashore for water and supplies, and Priss was to go that afternoon, with Joel. She was sewing a ribbon rosette upon the hat she would wear, when she and Joel heard the sound of excited voices, and the movement of feet on the deck above their head. He left her, curled up on the cushioned bench, with the gay ribbon in her hands, and went out through the main cabin and up the companion-ladder. He had been trying, clumsily enough, to make friends with Priss; but she was very much on her dignity that morning.

When his head rose above the level of the cabin skylight, he saw a group of men near the rail amidships. Finch and Hooper, and old Aaron Burnham, and two of the harpooners, all pressing close about another man. Finch obscured the other man from Joel's view, until he climbed up on deck. Then he saw that the other man was his brother.

He went forward to join them, and it chanced that at first no one of them looked in his direction. Mark's back was half-turned, but Joel could see that his brother was lean, and bronzed by the sun. And he wore no hat, and his thick, black hair was rumpled and wild.

The white shirt that he wore was open at the throat above his brown neck. His arms were bare to the elbow. His chest was like a barrel. There was a splendor of strength and vigor about the man, in the very look of him, and in his eye, and his voice, and his laughter. He seemed to shine, like the sun.

Joel, as he came near them, heard Mark laugh throatily at something Finch had said; and he heard Finch say unctuously: "Be sure, Captain Shore, every man aboard here is damned glad you've come back to us. You were missed, missed sore, sir."

Mark laughed again at that, and he clapped Jim's shoulder. The action swung him around so that he saw Joel for the first time. Joel thrust out his hand.

"Mark, man! They said you were dead!" he exclaimed.

Mark Shore's eyes narrowed for an instant, in a quick, appraising scrutiny of his brother. "Dead?" he laughed jeeringly. "Do I look dead?" He stared at Joel more closely, glanced at the other man, and chuckled. "By the Lord, kid," he cried, "I believe old Asa has put you in my shoes!"

Joel nodded. "He gave me command of the *Nathan Ross*. Yes."

Mark looked sidewise at big Jim Finch, and grinned. "Over your head, eh, Jim? Too damned bad!"

Finch smirked. "I had no wish for the place, sir. You see, I felt very sure you would be coming back to your own."

Mark tilted back his head and laughed. "You were always a very cautious man, Jim Finch. Never jumped till you were sure where you would land." He wheeled on Joel. "Well, boy—how does it feel to wear long pants?"

Joel, holding his anger in check, said slowly: "We've done well. Close on eight hundred barrel aboard."

Mark wagged his head in solemn reproof. "Joey, Joey, you've been fiddling away your time. I can see that!"

Over his brother's shoulder, Joel saw the grinning face of big Jim Finch, and his eyes hardened. He said quietly: "If that's your tone, Mark, you'll call back your boat and go ashore."

A flame surged across Mark's cheek, and he took one swift, terrible step toward his brother. But Joel did not give ground, and after a moment in which their eyes clashed like swords, Mark relaxed, and laughed and bowed low.

"I was wrong, grievously wrong, Captain Shore," he said sonorously. "I neglected the respect due your office. Your high office, sir. I thank you for reminding me of the—proprieties, Captain." And he added in a different tone, "Now, will you not invite me aft on your ship, sir?"

Joel hesitated for a bare instant, caught by a vague foreboding that he could not explain. But in the end he nodded, as though in answer to the unspoken question in his thoughts. "Will you come down into the cabin, Mark?" he invited quietly. "I've much to ask you, and you must have many things to tell."

MARK nodded. "I will come," he said, and his eyes lighted suddenly, and he dropped a hand on Joel's shoulder. "Aye, Joel," he said softly into his brother's ear, as they went aft together. "Aye, I've much to tell. Many things and marvelous. Matters you'd scarce credit, Joel." Joel looked at him quickly, and Mark nodded. "True they are, Joel!" he cried exultantly. "Marvelous—and true as good, red gold."

At the tone, and the eager light in his brother's eyes, Joel's slow pulses quickened, but he said nothing. At the top of the cabin companion, he stepped aside to let Mark descend first, and Mark went down the steep and awkward stair with the easy, sliding gait of a great cat. Joel, behind him, could see the muscles stir and swell upon his shoulders. In the cabin, Mark halted abruptly, and looked about, and exclaimed: "You've changed things, Joel! I'd not know the place!"

The door into Priscilla's cabin, across the stern, was open. Priss had finished that matter of the ribbon, and was watering her flowers, kneeling on the bench, when she heard Mark's voice, and knew it. And she cried, in surprise and joy: "Mark! Oh—Mark!" And she ran to the door, and stood there, framed for Mark's eyes against the light behind her, hands holding to the door-frame on either side.

Mark cried delightedly: "Priss Holt!" And he was at her side in an instant, and caught her without ceremony, and kissed

her roundly, as he had been accustomed to do when he came home from the sea. But he must have been a blind man not to have seen in that first moment that Priss was no longer child, but woman. And Mark was not blind. He kissed her till she laughingly fought herself free.

"Mark!" she cried again. "You're not dead. I knew you couldn't be."

Joel, behind them, at sight of Priscilla in his brother's arms, had stirred with a quick rush of anger; but he was ashamed of it the next moment, and stood still where he was. Mark held Priss by the shoulders, laughing down at her.

"And how did you know I couldn't be dead," he demanded, "Miss Wise Lady?"

She moved her head confusedly. "Oh—you were always so—so alive, or something. You just couldn't be."

He chuckled, released her, and stood away and surveyed her. "Priss, Priss," he said contritely. "You're not a little kid any longer. Dresses down, and hair up." He wagged his head. "It's a wonder you did not slap my face." And then he looked from her to Joel, and abruptly he tossed his great head back and laughed aloud. "By the Lord," he roared, "the children are married! Married!"

PRISCILLA flushed furiously, and stamped her foot at him. "Of course we're married!" she cried. "Did you think I'd come clear around the world with—" Her words were smothered in her own hot blushes, and Mark laughed again, until she cried: "Stop it! I won't have you laughing at us. Joel, make him stop!"

Mark sobered instantly, and he backed away from Joel in mock panic, both hands raised defensively, so that they laughed at him. When they laughed, he cast aside his panic, and sat down on the cushions, stretching his legs luxuriously before him. "Now," he exclaimed, "tell me all about it. When, and why, and how?"

Priss dropped on the bench beside him, feet tucked under her in the miraculous fashion of small women; and she enumerated her answers on the pink tips of her fingers. "When?" she repeated. "The day before we sailed. Why? Just because. How? In the same old way." She waved her hand, as though disposing of the matter once and for all, and looked up at him and laughed. Joel thought she had not seemed so completely happy since the day the cabin was finished. "So," she said, "that's all there is to tell you about us. Tell us about you."

Mark's eyes twinkled. "Ah, now, what's the use? That will come later. Besides—some chapters are not for gentle ears." He nodded toward Joel. "So you love the boy, yonder?"

Priss bobbed her head, red lips pursed, eyes dancing.

"Why?" Mark demanded. "What do you discover in him?"

She looked at Joel, and they laughed together as though at some delightful secret, mutually shared. Mark wagged his head dolorously. "And I suppose he's wild about you?" he asked.

She nodded more vigorously than ever.

Mark rubbed his hands together. He looked at Joel with a faintly malicious twinkle in his eyes. Joel saw the mocking and malignant little devil in his eye. "I've never had a kid sister," said Mark gaily.

"And it has been the great sorrow of my life, Priss. Joel, you must expect Priss and myself to turn out the very best of friends."

And Priscilla, on the seat beside him, nodded her lovely head once more. "I should say so!" she exclaimed.

VII

MARK SHORE held something like a reception on the *Nathan Ross*, all that first day. He went forward among the men to greet old friends and meet new ones, and came back and complimented Joel on the quality of his crew. "You've made good men of them," he said, "those that weren't good men before."

He listened, with a smile half contemptuous, to Jim Finch's somewhat slavish phrases of welcome and admiration; and he talked with Varde, the morose second mate, so gaily that even Varde was cozened at last into a grin. Old Hooper was pathetically glad to see him. Hooper had been mate of the ship on which Mark started out as a boy, and he liked to hark back to those days. Young Dick Morrell, on his trips from the shore, gave Mark frank worship.

Joel saw all this. He could not help seeing it. And he told himself, again and again, that it was only to be expected. Mark had captained this ship, had captained these men on their last cruise; they had thought him dead. It was only natural that they should welcome him back to life again.

But even while he gave himself this reassurance, he knew that it was untrue. There was more than mere welcome in the attitude of the men; there was more than admiration. There was a quality of awe that was akin to worship; and there was, beneath this awe, a lively curiosity as to what Mark would do. They knew him for a quick man, dominant, one with the will to lead; and now he found himself supplanted, dependent upon the word of his own younger brother. Every one knew that Mark and Joel had always been enemies rather than comrades; so now they wondered and waited and watched with all their eyes. Joel saw them, by twos and threes, whispering together about the ship; and he knew what it was they were asking each other.

Of all those on the *Nathan Ross* that day Mark himself seemed least conscious of the dramatic possibilities of the situation. He was glad to be back among friends; but beyond that he did not go. He gave Joel an exaggerated measure of respect, so extreme that it was worse than scorn or mockery. Otherwise, he took no notice of the potentialities created by his return.

Priss had planned to go ashore in the afternoon; but Mark dissuaded her. This was not difficult; he did it so laughingly and so dexterously that Priss changed her mind without knowing just why she did so. Mark took it upon himself to make up for her disappointment; they were together most of the long, hot afternoon; Joel could hear their laughter now and then.

He had expected to go ashore with Priss; but when she came to him and said: "Joe, Mark says it's just dirty and hot and ugly ashore, and I'm not going," he changed his mind. There was no need of his making the trip, after all. Varde and Morrell had brought out water, towing long strings of almost-filled casks behind their boats; and boats from the shore had come off to sell

fresh food. So at dusk the anchor came up, and the *Nathan Ross* spread her dingy sails and stalked out of the harbor with the utmost dignity in every stiff line of her, and the night behind them swallowed up the island. Mark and Priss were astern to watch it blend in the darkness and lose itself; and Priss, when their last glimpse of it faded, heard the man draw a deep breath of something like relief. She looked up at him with wide, curious eyes.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "Were you—unhappy there?"

Mark laughed aloud. "My dear Priss," he said, in the elder-brother manner he affected toward her. "My dear Priss, the South Sea Islands are no place for a white man, especially when he is alone. I'm glad to get back to the smell of oil, with an honest deck underfoot. And I don't mind saying so."

Priss shuddered and wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, how I hate that smell!" she exclaimed. "But, Mark—tell me where you've been and what you did and—everything. Why won't you tell?"

He wagged his head at her severely. "Children," he said, "should be seen and not heard."

She stamped her foot. "I'm not a child! I'm not a child! I'm a woman!"

He bent toward her suddenly, his dark eyes so close to hers that she could see the flickering flame which played in them, and the twist of his smile. "I wonder," he whispered. "Oh—I wonder if you are."

She was frightened, deliciously.

Mark had persisted, all day long, in his refusal to tell her of himself. He had dropped a sentence now and then that brought to life in her imagination a strange, wild picture. But always he set a bar upon his lips, caught back the words, refused to explain what it was he had meant to say. When she persisted, he laughed at her and told her he only did it to be mysterious. "Mystery is always interesting, you understand," he explained. "And—I wish to be very interesting to you, Priss."

SHE looked around the after-deck for Joel; but he was below in the cabin, and she decided abruptly that she must go down.

They had bought chickens at Tubuai, and they had two of them, boiled, for supper that night in the cabin. It was a feast after the long months of sober diet; and the presence of Mark made it something more. He was a good talker, and without revealing anything of the months of disappearance, he nevertheless told them stories that held each one breathless with interest. But after supper he went on deck with Finch, and Joel and Priss sat in the cabin astern for a while; and Joel wrote up, in the ship's log, the story of his brother's return. Priss read it over his shoulder, and afterward she clung close to Joel. "He's a terribly—overwhelming man, isn't he?" she whispered.

Joel looked down at her and smiled thoughtfully. "Aye, Mark's a big man," he agreed. "Big—in many ways. But—you'll be used to him presently, Priss."

When she prepared to go to bed, he bade her good night and left her and went on deck; and Priss, in her narrow bunk in the cabin at the side of the ship, lay wide-eyed, with many thoughts stirring in her small head. She was still awake when she heard

them come down into the main cabin together, Joel and Mark. The walls were thin; she could hear their words, and she heard Mark ask: "Sure Priss is asleep? There are parts—not for the pretty ears of a bride, Joel."

Priss was not asleep; but when Joel came to see, she closed her eyes and lay as still as still, scarce breathing. Joel bent over her softly; and he touched her head clumsily with his hand and patted it and went away again, closing her door behind him. She heard him tell Mark, "Aye, she's fast asleep."

The brothers sat by Joel's desk in the cabin across the stern; and Mark, without preamble, told his story there. Priss, ten feet away, heard every word; and she lay huddled beneath the blankets, eyes staring upward into the darkness of her cabin; and as she listened she shuddered and trembled and shrank at the terror and wonder and ugliness of the tale he told. No Desdemona ever listened with such half-caught breath.

VIII

"YOU'RE blaming me," said Mark, when he and Joel were puffing at their pipes, "for leaving my ship."

Joel said slowly: "No. But I do not understand it."

Mark laughed, a soft and throaty laugh. "You would not, Joel. You would not. You never felt an overwhelming notion that you must dance in the moon upon the sand. You've never felt that, Joel; and—I have."

"I'm not a hand for dancing," said Joel quietly.

Mark seemed to forget that his brother sat beside him. His eyes became misty and thoughtful, as though he were living over again the days of which he spoke. "Mind, Joel," he said, "there's a pagan in every man of us. And there's two pagans in some of us. And I'm minded, Joel, that there are three of them in me. 'Twas so that night."

"It was night when you left the ship?"

"Aye, night. Night, and the moon; and it may have been that I had been drinking a drop or two. Also, as you shall see, I was not well. I tell you these things, not by way of excuse and palliation; but only so that you may understand. D'ye see? I was three pagans in one body, and that body witched by moon and twisted by drink and trembling with fever. And so it was I went ashore, and flung my men behind me, and went off, dancing, along the hard sand."

"That was a night, Joel. A slow-winded, warm, trembling night when there was a song in the very air. The wind tingled on your throat like a woman's finger-tips, and the sea was singing at the one side, and the wind in the palms on the other. And ahead of me, the wild, discordant chanting of the islanders about their fires. That singing it was that got me about the throat and led me. I twirled around, very solemnly, by myself in the moonlight on the sand; and all the time I went onward toward the fires."

"I remember, when I came in sight of the fires, I threw away my coat and ran in among them. And they scattered and yelled their harsh, meaningless throaty yells. And they hid in the bush to stare at me by the fire. They hid in the rank, thick grasses—all except one, Joel."



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Joel, listening, watched his brother and saw through his brother's eyes; for he knew, for all his slow blood, the witchery of those warm, southern nights.

"The moon was on her," said Mark. "The moon was on her, and there was a red blossom in her hair, and some strings of things that clothed her. A little brown girl, with eyes like the eyes of a deer. And—not afraid of me. That was the thing that got me, Joel. She stood in my path, met me, watched me; and her eyes were not afraid.

"She was very little. She was only a child. I suppose we would call her sixteen or seventeen years old. But they ripen quickly, Joel—these island children. Her little shoulders were as smooth and soft. You could not even mark the ridge of her collar-bones, she was fleshed so sweetly. She stood and watched me; and the others crept out of the grasses at last and stood about us. And then this little brown girl held up her hand to me and pointed me out to the others and said something. I did not know what it was that she said; but I know now. She said that I was sick.

"I did not know then that I was sick. When she lifted her hand to me, I caught it, and I began to lead her in a wild dance in the moonlight about their dying fires. I could see them in the shadows, their eyeballs shining as they watched us. And they seemed, after a little, to move about in a misty, inhuman fashion; and they twisted into strange, cloudlike shapes. And I stopped to laugh at them, and my head dropped down before I could catch it and struck against the earth, and the earth forsook me, Joel, and left me swimming in nothing at all.

"My memory was a long time in coming back to me, Joel. It would peep out at me like a timid child hiding among the trees. I would see it for an instant, then 'twould be gone. But I know it must have been many days that I was on the island there. And I knew, after a time, that I was most extremely sick; and a little brown girl put cool leaves on my head and gave me strange brews to drink and rubbed and patted my chest and my body with her hands in a fashion that was immensely comfortable and strengthening. And I twisted on a bed of coarse grass. And I remember singing, at times."

He looked toward Joel, eyes suddenly flaming. "Eh, Joel, I tell you I was not three pagans, but six, in those days. The thing's far beyond your guessing, Joel. But it was big. An immense thing. I was back at the beginning of the world, with food and drink and my woman. It was big, I tell you. Big!"

HIS eyes clouded—he fell silent, and so at last went on again: "I was asleep one night, tossing in my sleep. And something woke me. And I laid my hand on the spot beside me where the little brown girl used to lie, and she was gone. So I got up unsteadily. There were rifles snapping in the night, and there were screams. And I heard a white man's black curse and the slap of a blow on flesh, and the screams.

"So I went that way; and the sounds retreated before me, until I came out, unsteadily, upon the open beach. There was no moon that night; and the water of the lagoon was shot with fire. And there was a boat pulling away from the beach with screaming in it.

"I swam after the boat for a long time, for I thought I had heard the voice of the little brown girl. The water was full of fire. When I lifted my arms, the fire ran down them in streams and drops. And sometimes I forgot what I was about and stopped to laugh at those drops of fire. But in the end I always swam on. I remember once I thought the little brown girl swam beside me, and I tried to throw my arm about her, and she wrenched away, and she burned me like a brand. I found afterward what that was. My breast and sides were rasped and raw where a shark's rough skin had scraped them. I've wondered, Joel, why the beast did not take me.

"But he did not, for I bumped at last into the boat and climbed into it, and it was empty. But I saw a rope at the end of it, and I pulled the rope and came to the schooner's stern and climbed aboard her."

His voice was ringing exultantly and proudly. "I swung aboard," he said. "And I stumbled over fighting bodies on the deck, astern there. And some one cried out in the waist of her; and I knew it was the little brown girl. So I left those struggling bodies at the stern, for they were not my concern; and I went forward to the waist. And I found her there.

A FAT man had her. She was fighting him; and he did not see me. And I put my fingers quietly into his neck from behind; and when he no longer kicked back at me and no longer tore at my fingers with his, I dropped him over the side. I saw a fiery streak in the water where I dropped him. That shark was not so squeamish as the one I had—embraced. It may have been the other was embarrassed at my ways, Joel. D'ye think that might have been the way of it?"

Joel's knuckles were white where his hand rested on his knees. Mark saw, and laughed softly. "There's blood in you, after all, boy," he applauded. "I've hopes for you."

Joel said slowly: "What then? What then, Mark?"

Mark laughed. "Well, that was a very funny thing," he said. "You see, the other two men, they were busy astern with their own concerns. And when I had comforted the little brown girl and sat down on the deck to laugh at the folly of it all, she slipped away from me and went aft and got all their rifles. She brought them to me. She seemed to expect things of me. So I—still laughing, for the fever was on me—I took the rifles and threw them, all but one, over the side. And I went down into the cabin with the little brown girl and went to bed; and she sat beside me with the rifle and a lamp hanging above the door.

"And that was all that happened until I woke one morning and saw her there and wondered where I was. And my head was clear again. She made me understand that the men had sought to come to me, but had feared the rifle in her hands.

"And we were in the open sea, as I could feel by the labor of the schooner underfoot. So I took the rifle in the crook of my arm, and with the little brown girl at my heel I went up on deck. And we made a treaty."

He fell silent for a moment, and Joel watched him and waited. And at last Mark went on:

"I had been more than a month on the island," he said. "The *Nathan Ross* had

gone. The schooner was a pearler, and they had the location of a bed of shell. They had been waiting till another schooner should leave the place, to have their own way clear. And when that time came they went ashore to get the brown women for companions on that cruise. And they made the mistake of picking up my little brown girl when she ran out of the hut. And so brought me down upon them.

THERE were two of them left; two whites, and three black men forward, who were of no account. And the other two women. These other two were chattering together on the deck astern when I appeared. They seemed content enough.

"The men were not happy. There was a large man with slanting eyes. There was Oriental blood in him. You could see that. He called himself Quint. But his eyes were Jap, or Chinese; and he had their calm, blank screen across his countenance to hide what may have been his thoughts. Quint, he called himself. And he was a big man, and very much of a man in his own way, Joel.

"The other was little, and he walked with a slink and a grin. His name was Fetcher. And he was oily in his speech.

"When they saw me, they studied me for a considerable time without speech. And I stood there with the rifle in my arm and laughed at them. And at last, Quint said calmly:

"'You took Farrell.'"

"'The fat man?' I asked him. He nodded. 'Yes,' I said. 'He took my girl, and so I dropped him into the water, and a friend met him there and hurried him away.'"

"'Your girl?' he echoed, in a nasty way. 'You're that, then?'"

"'Am I?' I asked, and shifted the rifle a thought to the fore. And his eyes held mine for a space, and then he shook his head.

"'I see that I was mistaken,' he said.

"'Your sight is good,' I told him. 'Now—what is this? Tell me.'"

"He told me, evenly and without malice. They had a line on the pearls; there were enough for three. I was welcome. And at the end, I nodded my consent. The *Nathan Ross* was gone. Furthermore, there were nine pagans in me now; and the prospect of looting some still lagoon, in company with these two rats, had a wild flavor about it that caught me. My blood was burning and the sun was hot. Also, they had liquor aboard her. Liquor and loot and the three women. Pagan, Joel, pagan! But wild and red and raw. There's a glory about such things. Songs are made of them. There was no handshaking; but we made an alliance and crowded on sail and went our own way."

He stopped short, laughed, filled his pipe again, watched Joel. "You're shocked with me, boy. I can see it," he taunted mockingly. Joel shook his head. "Will you hear the rest?" Mark asked; and Joel nodded. Mark lighted his pipe, laughed. His fingers thrummed on the desk beside him.

"We were a week on the way," he said. "And all pagan, every minute of the week. Days when we fought a storm—as bad as I've ever seen, Joel. We fought it, holding to the ropes with our teeth, bare to the waist, with the wind scourging us. It tore at us and lashed at us. And we drove the

three black men with knives to their work. And the three women stayed below, except my little brown girl. She came up, now and then, with dry clothes for me. And I had to drive her to shelter.

"And when there was not the storm, there was liquor; and they had cards. We staked our shares in the catch that was to come. Hour on hour, dealing and playing with a few words; and our eyes burned hollow in their sockets, and Quint's thin mouth twisted and writhed all the time like a worm on a pin. He was a nervous man, for all his calm. A very nervous man.

"The fifth day one of the blacks stumbled in Quint's path on deck. Quint had been losing at the cards. He slid a knife from his sleeve into the man's ribs, and tipped the black over the rail without a word. I was twenty feet away, and it was done before I could catch breath. I shouted; and Quint turned and looked at me, and he smiled.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have you objections to present?" And the smeared blade in his hand, and the bubbles still rising overside. I was afraid of the man, Joel. I tell you I was afraid. The only time. Fear's a pagan joy, boy. It was like a new drink to me. I nursed it. And I shook my head, humble.

"No objections," I said to Quint. "Tis your affair."

"That was my thought," he agreed, and passed me and went astern. I stood aside to let him pass and trembled, and laughed for the joy of my fear.

"And then we came to the lagoon, and the blacks began to dive. Only the two we had; and there was no sign of islanders ashore. But the water was shallow, and we worked the men with knives; and they got pearls. Sometimes one or two in a day; sometimes a dozen. Do you know pearls, Joel? They're sweet as a woman's skin. I had never seen them before. And we all went a little mad over them.

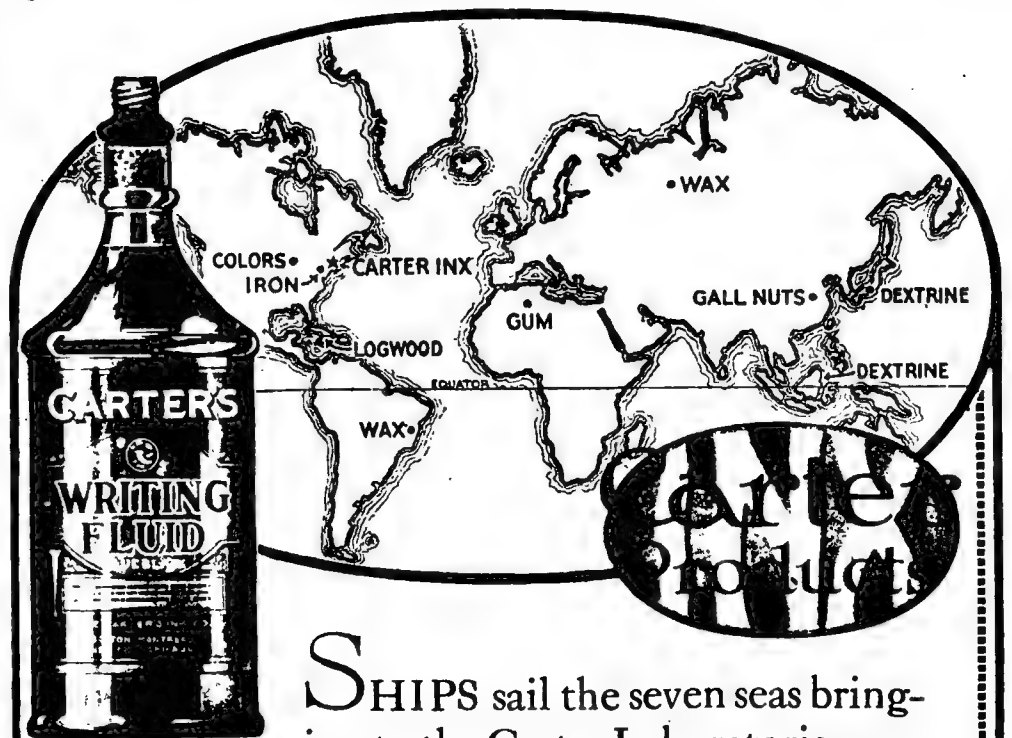
"They made Fetcher hysterical. He laughed too much. They made Quint morose. They made me tremble."

He wiped his hand across his eyes as though the memory wearied him; and he moved his great shoulders and looked at Joel and laughed. "But it could not last in that fashion," he said. "It might have been anything. It turned out to be the women. I said they seemed content. They did. But that may be the way of the blacks. They have a happy habit of life; they laugh easily.

"AT ANY rate, we found one morning that Quint's girl was gone. She was not on the schooner; and ashore we found her tracks in the sand. She had gone into the trees. And we beat the island, but we did not find her. And Quint sweated all that day.

"That night he looked at my little brown girl, and touched her shoulder. I was across the deck, the girl coming to me with food. I said to him, 'No; she's mine, Quint.' And he looked at me, and I beat him with my eyes. And as he turned from mine. Fetcher and his woman came on deck, and Quint tapped Fetcher and said to him: 'What will you take for her?'

"Fetcher laughed at him, and Quint scowled. And I—for I was minded to see sport—came across to them and said, 'Play for her; play for her!'



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"Fetcher was willing because he had the blood that gambles anything. Quint was willing because he was the better player. They sat down to the game in the cabin, after supper. Poker. Cold hands. Nine of them. Winner of five to win.

"Fetcher got two, lost four, got two more. I was dealing. Card by card, face upward. I remember those hands. And my little brown girl and the other watching from the corner.

"The hands on the table grew, card by card. Fetcher got an ace; Quint a deuce. Fetcher a queen; Quint a seven. Fetcher a jack; Quint a six. Fetcher a ten; Quint a ten. Only the last card to come to each. If Fetcher paired any card he would win. His card came first. It was a seven. He was ace, queen high. Quint had deuce, six, seven, ten. He had to get a pair to win.

"I saw Quint's hand stir beneath the table, and I glimpsed a knife in it. But before I could speak or stir, Fetcher dropped his own hand to his trouser leg, and I knew he kept a blade there. So I laughed, and dealt Quint's last card.

"A deuce. He had a pair; enough to win.

"**H**E LEANED back, laughing grimly, and Fetcher's knife went in beneath the left side of his jaw, where the jugular lies. Quint looked surprised, and got up out of his chair and lay down quietly across the table. I heard the bubbling of his last breath. Then Fetcher laughed, and called his woman, and they took Quint on deck and tipped him overside. The knife had been well thrown. Fetcher had barely moved his wrist. I was much impressed with the little man, and told my brown girl so. But she was frightened, and I comforted her."

He was silent again for a time, pressing the hot ashes in his pipe with his thumb. The water slapped the broad stern of the ship beneath them, and Joel's pipe was gurgling. There was no other sound. Little Priss, nails biting her palms, thought she would scream if the silence held an instant more.

But Mark laughed softly and went on:

"Fetcher and I worked smoothly together," he said. "The little man was very pleasant and affable, and I met him half-way. The blacks brought up the shells, and we idled through the days and played cards at night. We divided the take each day, so our stakes ran fairly high. But luck has a way of balancing. On the day when we saw the end in sight we were fairly even.

"Fetcher and the blacks and I went ashore to get fruit from the trees there. Plenty of it everywhere; and we were running short. I carried my pearls in a nickel-plated case that had held an electric flash-light. Fetcher had his somewhere about him. We went into the brush together, very pleasantly, and he fell a little behind. I looked back, and his knife brushed my neck and quivered in a tree a yard beyond me. So I went back and took him in my hands. He had another knife—the little man fairly bristled with them. But it struck a rib, and before he could use it again his neck snapped.

"So that I was alone on the schooner, with the two blacks and Fetcher's woman, and the little brown girl.

"Fetcher's woman went ashore to find

him and never came back. And I decided it was time for me to go away from that place. The pagans were dying in me. I did not like that quiet little island any more.

"But the next morning when I looked out beyond the lagoon, another schooner was coming in. So I was uncomfortable with Fetcher's pearls as well as mine in my pocket. There are some hard men in these seas, Joel, and I knew none of them would treasure me above my pearls. So I planned a story of misfortune and I went ashore to hide my pearls under a rock.

"The blacks had brought me ashore. I went out of their sight to do what I had to do and when I came back, after hiding the pearls, I saw them rowing very swiftly toward the schooner. And they looked back at me in a fearful way. I wondered why; and then four black men came down on me from behind with knives and clubs.

"I had a very hard day that day. They hunted me back and forth through the island—I had not even a knife with me—and I met them here and there, and suffered certain contusions and bruises and minor cuts. Also, I grew very tired of killing them. They were wiry, but they were small, and died easily. So I was glad when, from a point where they had cornered me, I saw the little brown girl rowing the big boat toward me.

"She was alone. The blacks were afraid to come, I thought. But I found afterward that that was not true. They could not come, for they had tried to seize the schooner and go quickly away from that place, and the little brown girl had drilled them both. She had a knack with the rifle.

"I waded to meet the boat, and she tossed me the gun. I held them off for a little, while we drew away from the shore. But when they were thirty or forty yards off I heard rifles from the other schooner, firing past us at the blacks in the bush; and the girl stopped rowing. So I turned around and saw that one of the balls from the other schooner had struck her in the back. So I sat there in the sun, drifting with the wind, and held her in my arms till she coughed and died.

"Then I went to the other schooner and told them they were bad marksmen. They had only been passing by, for copra; and the story I told them was a shocking one. They were much impressed, and they seemed glad to get away. But the blacks were still on shore, so that I could not go back for the pearls; and I worked the schooner out by myself and shaped a course.

"I came to Tubuai alone, thus, a day before you, Joel."

IX

FOR a long time after Mark's story ended, the two brothers sat still in the cabin, puffing at their pipes, thinking. Mark watched Joel, waiting for the younger man to speak. And Joel's thoughts ranged back and picked up the tale in the beginning, and followed it through once more.

They were silent for so long that little Priss, in the cabin, drifted from waking dreams to dreams in truth. The pictures Mark's words had conjured up merged with troubled fantasies, and she twisted and cried out softly in her sleep, so that Joel

went in at last to be sure she was not sick. But while he stood beside her, she passed into quiet and untroubled slumber, and he came back and sat down with Mark again.

"You brought the schooner into Tubuai?" he asked.

"Aye. Alone. Half a thousand miles. There's a task, Joel."

"And left it there?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Mark smiled grimly. "It was known there," he said quietly. "Also, the three whom I found aboard it were known. And they had friends in Tubuai, who wondered what had come to them. I was beginning to find their questions troublesome—when the *Nathan Ross* came in."

"They will ask more questions now," said Joel.

"They must ask them of the schooner, and she does not speak," Mark told him.

Joel was troubled and uncertain. "It's—a black thing," he said.

"They'll not be after me, if that distresses you," Mark promised him. "Curiosity does not go to such lengths in these waters."

"You told no one?"

Mark laughed. "The pearls were—my own concern. You're the first I've told." He watched his brother. Joel frowned thoughtfully; shook his head.

"You plan to go back for them?" he asked.

"You and I," said Mark casually. Joel looked at him in quick surprise, and Mark laughed. "Yes," he repeated. "You and I. I am not selfish, Joel. Besides—there are plenty for two."

JOEL for an instant found no word, and Mark leaned quickly toward him. He tapped Joel's knee. "We'll work up that way," he said quickly. "When we come to the island you and I go ashore and dig up the case that I hid underneath the rock, and we come aboard with no one any wiser. Rich. A double handful of them, Joel."

Joel's eyes were clouded with thought. He shook his head slowly. "What of the blacks?" he asked.

Mark laughed. "They were brought down on us by the woman who got away," he said; "Quint's woman. I heard as much that day; saw her among them. But—they're gone before this."

Joel said slowly, "You are not sure of that. And—I can not risk the ship."

Mark asked sneeringly: "Are you afraid?"

The younger man flushed, but he said steadily: "Yes. Afraid of losing Asa Worthen's ship for him."

Mark chuckled unpleasantly. "I'm minded of what is written, here and there, in the Log of the House of Shore," he said, half to himself. And he quoted: "'All the brothers were valiant.' There's more to that, Joel. 'And all the sisters virtuous.' I had not known we had sisters—but it seems you're one, boy. Not valiant, by your own admission; but at least you're fairly virtuous."

Joel paid no heed to the taunt. "Asa Worthen likes care taken of his ships," he said, half to himself. "I'm thinking he would not think well of this. He's not a man to gamble."

"Gamble?" Mark echoed scornfully. "He has no gamble in this. The pearls

are for you and me. He will know nothing whatever about them. A handful for me and a handful for you, Joel—for the taking."

"You did not think to give him owner's lay?" Joel asked.

"No."

"Where is this island?"

Mark laughed. "I'll not be too precise—until I have your word, Joel. But—'tis to the northward."

"Our course is west, then south."

"Since when has the *Nathan Ross* kept schedule and time-table like a mail-ship?"

Joel shook his head. "I can not do it, Mark."

"Why not?"

"A risk I have no right to take, and wasted weeks, out of our course. For which Asa Worthen pays."

Mark smiled sardonically. "You're vastly more virtuous than any sister could be, Joel, my dear."

Joel said steadily, "There may be two minds about that. There may be two minds as to—the duty of a captain to his ship and its owner. But I've shown my mind in the matter."

Mark leaned toward him, eyes half friendly. "You're wrong, Joel. I'll convince you."

"You'll not."

"A handful of them," Mark whispered. "Worth anything up to a hundred thousand. Maybe more. I do not know the little things as well as some. All for a little jog out of your way."

Joel shook his head. And Mark, in a sudden surge of anger, stormed to his feet with clenched hand upraised. "By the Lord, Joel, I'd not have believed it! You're mad; plain mad—sister, dear! You—"

Joel said quietly, "Your schooner is at Tubuai. I'll set you back there, if you will."

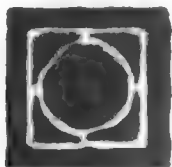
Mark mocked him. "Would you throw your own brother off the ship he captained? Oh, hard, hard heart!"

"You may stay or go," Joel told him. "Have your way."

Mark's eyes for an instant narrowed; they turned toward the door of the cabin where Priss lay, and there was a flicker of black hatred in them, but his voice was suave when he replied: "With your permission, Captain dear, I'll stay."

Joel nodded; he rose. "Young Morrell has given you his bunk," he said. "So—good night to you."

He opened the door into the main cabin, and Mark, his fingers twitching, went out. He turned, spoke over his shoulder, "Good night, and—pleasant dreams," he said.



The second part of
"ALL THE BROTHERS
WERE VALIANT"

will appear in the May issue.

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My 10 years with a corn

By a woman who typifies millions



I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

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POETRY of the WAR

The Marching Men

By Landon Gurlitz

HARK to the tread of the marching men
Back from the war and home again!
Sired by every race and creed;
Worthy in thought, and word, and deed;
Spurred by the old world's desperate need:
These are the country's fighting men
Back from the war and home again.

Borne on the crest of high desire,
To stake their all in the battles' fire,
To put an end to lust and shame,
To earn their place in enduring fame,
To light their torch in the great white flame:
This was the mind of the fighting men
Who went to the war, and are home again.

In answer to the clarion call
We gave our best, to fight and fall
On the battle-front of a stricken land.
We sent a message they'd understand—
The Black Wolf's breed—an iron hand.
They have heard the tread of our fighting men
Now back from the front and home again.

And as the tramp of the marching men
Rolls down the street and on again,
Stop where you are and utter a prayer
For the lad who lingers over there,
The fellow for whom we used to care,
For the agony some poor soul must bear:
There are empty ranks in the marching men—
Some boys won't come back home again.

Triumph

By Mary Stewart Cutting

THOSE with their soldier-dead,
How wonderful they are!
No grief-bowed mourning theirs,
No bitter moans and cries;
They stand with upraised head
Looking with radiant eyes
Above this earth, far, far
To where each golden star
Shines in the darkened skies.
They have the answered prayers!
They wear a glory, shed
From the bright spirits fled
Beyond the Western bar
Into God's Paradise.
—Those with their soldier-dead,
How wonderful they are!

The Return

By Theodore Howard Banks, Jr.

Ensign, U. S. Navy

WHEN I return, let us be very still;
One searching, passionate, soul-sufficing glance,
And a deep silence. Mirth would become us ill,
Because of the unnumbered graves of France,
Where love lies buried on each trampled hill.



The Flag of Man

(A Hymn of World Fraternity)

By Daniel Henderson

WEAVE for the world the flag of man!
Finish the fabric our sires began!
Out of our lives shall the thread be spun!
Out of our veins shall the color run!
Out of our aims shall rise its luster!
Out of our triumphs its stars shall cluster!
Wide as the heavens spin the span
Of Freedom's symbol—the flag of man!

Ply the shuttle and crowd the loom—
Weave the threads of the tyrant's doom!
Make the vision of prophets real
In the glorious cloth of the commonweal!
Blend the holy flags of the free
In the far-spun web of fraternity!
Spin humanity's hopes fulfilled—
Shackles sundered and cannon stilled!
Twine with the victor's shining sheaf
The somber threads of the people's grief!
Those who inherit must know the price—
Dye the folds in our sacrifice!

Weave for the world the flag of man!
Gather the races into its plan!
Aye, there shall still be struggle to spin
And divers goals for the tribes to win!
But show them joined in generous strife
To lead the race to larger life,
Lifting the torch of a splendid aim
Out of warfare's trampled flame,
Making the roads their armies beat
Paths to a common judgment-seat!

The Crutches' Tune

By Elizabeth R. Stoner

DOWN the street, with a lilting swing,
Each so bright that never a thing
Seemed to harass, so proud were they.
One leg gone, but their hearts were gay.

Clickety clack, went the crutches' tune.
God! How can they be brave so soon!
Brave, when I can not keep back the tears,
Thinking ahead of the crippled years.

With a rhythmic swing they passed me by,
And although, at first, I wanted to cry,
I didn't, because on each smiling face
Was the peace of God and the pride of race.

And the splendid pair, each with one leg gone,
Swung out of sight to the crutches' song.
And I thought I would give all my future joys
To feel just like those Canadian boys.

All night long, like an ancient rune,
Rang through my dreams the crutches' tune.
I shall never forget, though I'm old and gray,
The song that the crutches sang that day.



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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

(Continued from page 44)

not end with war. Reconstruction, and even the days after reconstruction, makes demand for the sane, the true and the constructive in public discussion. There are, unfortunately, no ready-made remedies for the failures of the press any more than there are patent cures for the other fundamental evils in our national life. But just as a "get the money" policy has been responsible for the break down, so may enlightened acquisitiveness prove the agency of correction.

Measured in terms of power, the press has not half the influence it had in the days when "extras" were unknown, and when editors recognized their high responsibilities. Election after election proves conclusively that the press is not the controlling factor that it believes itself to be or that timorous politicians imagine. Governors and mayors have been put into office repeatedly over the united antagonism of the press, and political policies have been written into law time and again over the protests of the "Fourth Estate."

The general attitude toward the average newspaper man is one of either patronage or irritation. In other countries, newspaper men go from their offices to the high places of government and back again, wielding supreme power; but in America, when political honors are being distributed, some petty post or secretarial position is blandly assumed to be the limit of journalistic ambition and ability.

The majority of newspapers are not making normal profits by any means. The circulation of the average daily is nowhere near its possibility in reference to

the population of its community. Publishers bewail this, and it may yet be that they will hunt for the reason in the right place.

And the reason is that they are too close to themselves and too far away from people. The press employs none of the keen laboratory methods to which other industries turn more and more. Unlike every other selling organization, it makes no effort to study its trade in order to find out what it needs or what it wants.

Either reforms will be brought about, or else loss of public faith and loss of intellectual leadership will be followed by collapsed circulations and absent advertising. And as this happens, other mediums will trench more and more on what the press regards as its own peculiar preserves. The magazines, undoubtedly. The motion pictures, perhaps. There are already four "film news weeklies" in operation, and the possibilities of the screen in this direction have been scarcely touched. In our fight for public opinion in foreign countries, the handicap of an antagonistic press was overcome in almost every instance by our use of the film as a medium of information and appeal.

But no matter the reason, reform *must* come. The press will have to get back to a responsibility to the whole people, as business will have to, and government will have to. The world is not going to be run for the business profits of trade imperialism. This country is not going to be so run. Neither is its business. And neither are its newspapers, as a part of that business.

Chanty

By Archie Austin Coates

THE ships go up and down the sea
In fog, and rain, and sun;
The ships go sailing far and free
On all the tides that run.
The world is high, the world is wide,
And proud we ride the main . . .
But every tide that takes us out
Will bring us home again.

*So bid farewell to Kate and Nell,
Their tears are all in vain . . .
For every tide that wafts us wide
Will bring us home again.*

The harbor town is fresh and fair,
But seas are blue and deep—
And who may stay when voices there
Come calling through his sleep?
The salty sea a lady is,
With hair of silver mist,
And when she will she sends a call
No steersman can resist.

*So bid farewell to Kate and Nell,
Their tears are all in vain . . .
For every tide that wafts us wide
Will bring us home again.*

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VERY soon the military and educational leaders of the

country will be called upon to devise together a definite program for providing every American boy, and for that matter every American girl, with the elementary military knowledge, the strength of physique, the qualities of mind and conceptions of national loyalty which will make them—in the new sense which our part in the war has given to the

word—good American citizens, as ready for the service of humanity as they are for that of their country. Will this be done in the far-seeing liberal spirit which the times require, resulting in a broad plan of citizenship development through our schools, or will it be done from a narrow specialized conception of our military needs, resulting in a regimentation of the spirit of the future American citizen by some grinding machinery of rock-crusher drill?

As a glimpse into the possibilities which a plan of the first kind offers, we print below the report of the High School Volunteer work of the first semester of the present school year in Muskogee, Oklahoma. It shows what may be done in a few months with the High-School-Volunteer idea in the hands of an able leader thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and in a community working in close cooperation with him.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Muskogee, Oklahoma

Battalion Headquarters, H. S. V. U. S.

December 31, 1918.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY,

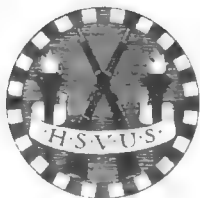
National Headquarters, H. S. V. U. S.

DEAR SIR:

The local organization report for the period ending December 31, 1918, is hereby submitted.

Immediately after having been relieved from my assignment as military training instructor in Port Arthur, Texas, and having accepted assignment as supervisor of military training in Muskogee, Oklahoma, I organized a cadet leaders' training-camp here in Muskogee. On August 1, 1918, our course began. We had succeeded in getting high-school boys together from various parts of the state, but more than ninety per cent. consisted of Muskogee lads. A modified army training-camp

H. S. V. U. S.



FOR BETTER

CITIZENSHIP

The Volunteers at Work

schedule and the official Cadet Manual were followed.

The total enrollment was fifty-three, and only two dropped out during the course, which lasted until September 9.

At the opening of school we consequently had a well-trained staff of leaders ready to handle the raw material. Some of these boys went back to their home towns after completion of the course and have been instrumental in organizing cadet units at their respective schools throughout the state. Two days after the opening of school we had recruited a full battalion and on the third day we were plugging at the school of the soldier. Prior to that, of course, we had held a competitive examination for appointment of leaders.

The secret of success in this line of work is, I believe, to have competent leaders ready to assume responsibilities at the very beginning of the school year.

The boys at our high school have been heavy cigaret smokers. To loaf away a couple of hours every night in front of a pool hall or cold-drink stand seemed to be as essential as food and sleep. A lady could hardly enter a drug-store without being forced to listen to some kind of profanity. Those "habits" are not overcome in a week, and since the boys became uniformed I was afraid that our organization might be criticized for some of these back-number habits. I

never take anything away from a boy unless I can substitute something "just as good." So we rented a suite of rooms in a down-town office building and called it "The Cadet Club."

The past month has been a progressive one.

When over two hundred men in uniform are going about throughout a city the size of Muskogee, it becomes necessary that they be looked after so that they conduct themselves in a gentlemanly way, that they don't loaf

away their time, or wear their uniform improperly. A man in uniform is watched with a critical eye by the public, and anything that he does not becoming to a gentleman is a black mark against the organization to which he belongs. In order that it may protect itself against this common evil, the C. H. S. Army has provided itself with a cadet patrol, similar to the military police of the U. S. Army, and charged it with the keeping of the good reputation of the corps.

The patrol is posted in the down-town district and reports all offenses of disorderly conduct and vagrancy to the officer of the day, whose headquarters are in the reception-room of the officers' club. The miscreants are then brought before the court martial, where, if found guilty, they are put on extra drill, or kitchen police. Thus far the patrol has been a success. At first many cadets were reported, but since they have found out that it is a serious business they are taking better care of themselves and are seldom numbered among the idling, loafing group that makes its headquarters in front of the cold-drink stands.

The past month has been an unusually successful one for the cadet corps. Its drills have been attended regularly by practically every member, and thanks to the interest and vim of all the enlisted men, they are making great progress in their infantry drill.

The first ceremony to be observed by our organization was the military funeral of our comrade, Private Ralph Butcher.

Details from our battalion did guard duty at the fairgrounds during the Oklahoma State Fair last fall. We had cadets guarding U. S. Army airplanes and valuable exhibits day and night for a week. The governor also inspected the battalion during the fair week and ex-

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School-Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained. The equipment needed, the method of organizing the corps, its regulations, and plan of military activities for the first year are given in detail in the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S., by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published as a regular text-book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The Constitution of the H. S. V. U. S., membership applications, and additional instructions may be obtained from Headquarters gratis. Literature covering the community and civic activities of the corps is in preparation.

Individual members of independent corps may be enrolled as unattached members of the H. S. V. U. S. Application for unattached members may be obtained from Headquarters. Entire independent corps may become regularly associated with the H. S. V. U. S. when sixty per cent. of their members join the H. S. V. U. S.

Headquarters furnishes each individual member, regular and unattached, a certificate of membership and button insignia, and each associated corps is given a regimental designation.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

pressed his satisfaction. We have paraded and passed in review for prominent army officers and they seem to be unanimous in their praise.

Wednesday, November 13, 2:30 P.M., a special assembly was called for the purpose of giving the students an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the U. S. Navy. The cadets awaited her arrival, after which Captain Soderlund had the honor of escorting her to her chair. She was here under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., and gave the student body a delightful motherly talk. The cadet corps escorted her back to the hotel.

The battalion unanimously elected Mrs. Daniels as mother sponsor. Speaking of sponsors, of course the battalion and the different companies and platoons have their individual sponsors.

Colonel C. H. Connor, M. C., U. S. A., authorized us to organize a First-Aid Corps under the auspices of the American Red Cross, according to the plan in the official Cadet Manual. Miss Olive Salmon, a registered Red Cross nurse, is in charge of the instructional side of this work. The members of this unit made themselves extremely useful during the most trying days of the recent influenza epidemic.

The Signal Corps consists of thirty cadets, physically disqualified for infantry drill. The corps is proficient and is progressing rapidly.

Our band has twenty-four pieces and is really a good military band. The Board of Education has engaged the services of a band director. Every drill morning at 7:20 the buglers sound the call to the colors, immediately followed by the "Star-Spangled Banner" played by the band while the flag on top of the high-school building is being hoisted. Some mornings we have as many as two or three hundred spectators at this flag ceremony. Once a week our chaplain, Rev. H. C. Shiffler, gets five minutes to address the battalion. He is a manly preacher, full of life and good *practical* ideas and thoughts, who appeals to the boy. He is not of the "candy type."

"Battalion—Attention! Squads left about—March!" and the three hundred men composing the Muskogee battalion High-School Volunteers of the United States swing around prepared for inspection. These words are heard every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning.

We would appreciate very much if you would take action on our regimental designation. If you, as we sincerely hope, should decide to grant us a charter for a new regiment we will do all in our power to have the new regiment reflect honor upon the national organization. Besides our own Companies A, B, C, D and E, plus the Signal Corps and the band, we have now the following units ready for affiliation: Co. F at the State School of Agriculture, Warner, Oklahoma, where I supervise the training once a week; Co. G and Co. H at the high school, Claremore, Oklahoma; Co. I at the high school, Oktaha, Oklahoma; Co. K, Co. L, and Co. M at the high school, Okmulgee, Oklahoma. There is the new regiment! The high schools at Nowata and Henryette are also anxious to organize.

(Signed) WILLIAM SODERLUND,
Supervisor of Training.

The Year One

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GERMANY—AT THE BEGINNING

(Continued from page 14)

that white oblong on the wall, under that red flag—"we found that the Duke of Anhalt had kept fifty-eight fat carriage horses all winter in his stables so that he and his might ride for pleasure. My sick wife pulled coal in a cart over the frozen roads that her babies might not freeze. That was equality of sacrifice as a duke sees it! Do you think he can ever come back?"

Yet these German democrats did not threaten to wipe out their plague spot, as the French did in their revolution. Habit, said Donath, was too hard to break. The duke should never rule again, but he might come back to his private estates and be bowed to by every Anhaltian who respected the *Adlers*, until democracy taught them better.

"We are not democrats yet," said Donath. "We who are democrats are making use of those who are only discontented."

Now came an unforgettable scene. The door opened, and into the smoke-filled room came a major-general, dressed in full regimentals, a pair of dapper orderlies at his heels. Three weeks before every man in that room would have leaped to his feet and stood at tension, his eyes strained toward the general, his head twisted at an unnatural angle, his fingers glued to his trouser seams. The heavy-booted men of the Rath kept their seats. Donath went on talking, though he waved his hand companionably at yesterday's great man. When he had finished what he had to say he walked over to the general. It was the general's hand that was thrust out first:

"I will have the cars for you," said the general, "in which to send the American correspondents on to Frankfurt. There has been a delay, but you will understand that when an army is retiring we have need for every car."

"We have so few cars nowadays," said Donath to us, in corroboration, "or rather, we have so few cars that still have tires. Rubber does not exist in Germany."

At Cassel we had an almost tragic evidence of the fashion in which these rebel Rathes dominated the army chiefs. We had been promised by a twenty-four-year-old youngster at Frankfurt that we should have an interview with General von Hindenburg. I do not think that any one of us believed, myself least of all. I still remembered that in 1915, at Königsberg, in East Prussia, I had been refused an interview because "General von Hindenburg refuses to talk to a nation which is selling shells to kill our good German boys." It hardly seemed likely that the events of the past few months would have softened the Field-Marshal's heart toward America. My premonition was justified. The Field-Marshal refused to see us.

THE officer of the Rath who had us in charge at Cassel differed from the usual military adjoint in that he was a true revolutionist. He was slender and corseted and diffident, and clicked his heels most sensationally when he saluted. Privately we thought him a person of little force, and were amused by his indignation at the recalcitrance of the Herr Professors of Cassel. They were rebelling against the rebels. Although a Kultur-Rath had been created for them in order to make their

adhesion to the iconoclasts somewhat easier, they had unanimously refused to be cultured.

"The old fools," said the little officer, angrily. "All their lives they have been drawing salaries and getting titles from the Imperial Government. Now they are too stubborn to see that times have changed."

He came to us with this plaint when we were somewhat merrily inclined. We were at dinner, and engaged in demolishing our fifth goose in two days. Goose meat is not covered by the meat cards in Germany, and so he who has the money may eat goose when he will. We had the money, and although we had lost our appetite for the German's best friend, hunger had driven us to it. Everything had become a joke to us in the reaction from the depression occasioned by too much goose. "We knew Hindenburg would not see us," we said. "We knew it all the time."

"Ah!" said the young lieutenant.

HE BOWED and heel-clicked formally to each of us as he withdrew. An hour later we were told to present ourselves at the Field-Marshal's office on the following day. The little lieutenant accompanied us, perhaps to see that his orders had been obeyed. We found the Field-Marshal a pathetic figure, his clothes hanging loose upon his huge frame, his gray eyes sad under his overhanging brows. But his eyes flared in anger at the sight of this unknown little man in an officer's uniform. Officers do not enter the Field-Marshal's rooms unbidden.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in a true field-marshal's roar.

"I am the president of the local Rath," said the little man. He bowed and heel-clicked valiantly, and if his spirit was shaken his knees were not. "I arranged the interview for these gentlemen and I have come with them."

That was all. But I shall remember von Hindenburg's face as he turned toward his chair, long after I have forgotten what he said. Enemy or not, the Field-Marshal had been a great soldier, and even to-day, with the empire crumbled about him, he remained the idol of the people and the army alike. Every man we met spoke bitterly of Ludendorff and von Kluck and von Tirpitz and the lesser figures of the war, but only affection and respect were manifested for Hindenburg. To see him forced to obey a Rath made up of men who are patriots, but can only seem to him a body of unclean rebels, had something about it which touched the heart.

"You have come to me at a moment of great depression," said the Field-Marshal, slowly. "This is the time of my country's greatest sorrow. What is it that you wish to know?"

One had no time in which to phrase courteous and circumlocutory queries. We blurted out the question in which we were all most deeply interested: "Why did you remain at the head of the German armies under the revolutionary government?"

"It was my duty," said the Field-Marshal. "I had a struggle with myself, but I felt it was my duty. I must stay in command until my men have been demobilized and have gotten safely home. Then I feel

I may lay down my arms. I am getting to be an old man, and I am very tired. When this task is completed I feel I shall have done my part."

He dismissed queries as to the possibility that the old Government may return to power and as to the form the German army may assume in the future, with a wave of the hand. "That is beyond my province," said he. "I can not discuss such things. Let events decide."

As we rose to go, the Field-Marshal added: "I hope our friendly relations with the United States will soon be resumed." There was a second's pause and he added: "We are suffering greatly." We bowed ourselves out.

Von Hindenburg dealt in commonplaces, but von Groener was cynically frank. He voiced the prevailing dissatisfaction with Ludendorff when he said that Germany had dissipated her armies over too wide a field. "The war should have been won in the west," said he. He had repeatedly warned the Government in times gone by of the unrest among the people, "but the man who brings ill tidings is rarely listened to. Now, they have made me receiver of a bankrupt concern." He foreshadowed Bolshevism in Germany unless the army were held together and America or the Allies provided food. Seven million men were being demobilized in disorderly fashion, although the Government had planned to extend that process over eighteen months.

"I saw Bolshevism spread in the Ukraine when I commanded there," said he. "Hungry men accept its doctrines."

His most interesting statement, however, was that he hoped that Germany would have a militia system similar to that of Switzerland in the future. "It will be a long time before we can afford the extravagances of the past," said he—"maneuvers and the like. But we can train our soldiers for national defense."

THIS was our first hint at the undoubted hope of the military clique to hold on to the power which has been theirs in the past. The Socialist leaders vigorously declared that there would be no army and no navy in Germany hereafter. They propose to live at peace, they said, and try to regain the lost German prosperity. Even some of the bankers echoed this item of the Socialist program. They hinted that Germany could only pay the vast bill which will be presented to her if she has access to the world's markets and the world's raw materials. Then if Germany were not handicapped by the annual cost of an army and navy, which took not only money but two or three of the best years of the young German's life, the state would get ahead once more. They hoped, they said, the other powers would remain militaristic.

"It would be very kind of them to voluntarily handicap themselves by the maintenance of great armies and navies."

Throughout our German experience we noted the apparent friendliness manifested toward us by politicians and people alike. It was at Frankfurt that the bug of self-interest appeared beneath the chip of amity. The members of the Rath there

said quite candidly that they hoped that America would send food to Germany and would be "fair" to Germany at the peace table. Even von Groener had admitted that the German armies had fought on until "they were breathless under the blows that were continuously showered upon them," but the politicians blandly insisted that peace had been made as an item in an implied bargain. "We might have fought on for another year," they insisted, "but we relied upon Wilson's fourteen points."

Putting aside the kernel of future danger enclosed in the boast we often heard that "the German army had never been defeated in the field," it is probably true that the average German does not hate America as he does France or England. The average German—the barber and clerk and tram driver—has been taught by the German press since the armistice was signed that the one hope for Germany in the peace negotiations is in the disposition of America to be just. The average German translates justice into leniency. Furthermore, the German people know very little of what the Americans did in the field.

The staff and the politicians know. They say candidly that Germany must have won the war if it had not been for the weight of fresh, enthusiastic youth that struck them at Château-Thierry and in the St. Mihiel salient and in the Argonne wood. "The French and British were tired, as we

were," they say, "but your young Americans attacked with utter disregard of danger and death. We could not stand against them. In the last three months of

German revolution. I have tried to make clear that the old Government was overthrown by a disgusted and disillusioned people. It became

evident, however, that those who attacked the sincerity of some members of the new Government were increasingly able to convince at least a portion of the people. The Socialist leaders were on the best of terms with the men of the old governmental machine. When we reached Berlin we made all our appointments with the Radical leaders through reactionary channels. An official of the old Foreign Office arranged for our talks with Scheidemann and Haase and Barth and others.

An even more convincing evidence of this cooperation was the case of Count von Bernstorff. Time after time efforts were made to induce us to see him. We eventually were forced to come out flat-footed and say that no American could discuss any question with a man who had made the use of a diplomatic position that Bernstorff had made in Washington. The men with whom we talked professed an inability to understand what they called prejudice on our part.

"Even if he were guilty as charged," they said, "which we do not admit, he should have been immune because of his



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Officers of the Junker class returning through Unter den Linden after offering their services to the new Ebert Government.

the war the only real fighting we did was against the American army."

The people did not know this when I visited Germany. They had been assured that America could never land troops in sufficient numbers to be a real menace to the German arms. When it was found that troops were being landed by the Yankees, the Government simply ceased to talk about the Americans. They were rarely mentioned in the communiqués, and then their part was subordinated to that played by the older foes. For all that, it would be an unwise catering to our national pride to insist that the German staff looks upon us as formidable:

"Your men are marvelous," they told me. "We could not believe that a pacific nation could develop such fighting men. They not only accomplished impossibilities, but they daily attempted things that trained soldiers could not have been forced to try. But your staff was amateurish. Oh, we know what you are about to say—that you sacrificed your lives in order to bring the war to an end more speedily. But in so many cases your lives were sacrificed to no purpose at all."

The German military leaders, however, realize for the first time the tremendous power of mobilizing resources which is latent in America, and suspect that this war will have taught us many things. We were wasteful, they say, and our effort was not well guided, and as is inevitable in a democracy we had too many politicians in control of posts that should have been turned over to men trained in technique. Still—

"We must be candid with you. You accomplished miracles."

So much for the preliminary phase of the

General von Groener, who took Ludendorff's place as Quartermaster-General of the German armies.



Photograph by Paul Thompson.



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Deputy Haase (Socialist)



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diplomatic position. In any case, he protested against the acts of Boy-Ed and others. But they were directed by the military clique in Berlin. He had no control over them."

"Under the circumstances he might have resigned," was our reply.

The reason, as developed, for this insistence upon a talk with Bernstorff was that "Bernstorff wanted to be put right" in America. The reason why he wanted to be put right was that it had been planned to send him to the peace table as the head of the German delegation. A wholly Teutonic inability to comprehend that this must be regarded as an insult to America is evident, but a more important fact is that the Ebert-Scheidemann majoritaires were working hand in glove with the reactionaries of the old régime. There is small reason to wonder that the true democrats in Germany protested against such a relation when it became apparent, nor that the Reds, headed by Liebknecht, were from time to time able to gain strength.

Not only did the new revolutionaries in the Government and the old reactionaries work together, but it seemed to me they thought in concert. There were differences, of course. Not every man of either faction could mouth all the shibboleths of the other. However, these differences were of the surface only. They did not touch the vital underlying fact that these men were not penitent. To them Germany had not been humbled. They even voiced a bitter pride that "Germany had been able to face a world in arms."

I once suggested to a group: "Having made the war and lost it, you surely can not hope that Germany can evade punishment?"

"But Germany has been punished," they shouted excitedly. "Think of our losses, of the lives it has cost us, of the colonies that are gone—"

"You engaged in a little gambling game," was my reply. "The losses to which you have referred were simply the overhead charges of keeping your establishment in operation. Now, having lost the game, you must pay the stake!"

"IS NOT our humiliation punishment enough?" asked these amazing diplomats. Nor did their position differ at all from that of most of the men I met. All felt that the world should be kind to a Germany conquered, though they admitted in the most naïve fashion possible that Germany would not have been kind to a conquered world. "We must have enforced the payment of great indemnities," they said without exception, "to pay the costs of the war." But it remained to a leader of one of the more radical factions to make clear one phase of German thought.

"We do not feel," said he, "that the German people should be punished for the so-called excesses of the war."

If I put emphasis on this, it is because he was representative of the best among the younger revolutionists and because his statement would be accepted by the average German civilian. Furthermore, he was the speaker of the evening at an elaborate supper at which we four American correspondents were guests. He frankly said that his desire was to impress upon us the German point of view.

"Many of these so-called excesses," he continued, "were done by the order of the

General Staff. At that time the staff acted upon its theory of 'frightfulness.' It was believed that by making war most terrible it could be brought to an earlier end. That has been shown to be a mistake. People can not be frightened in that fashion. If we were to engage in another war to-morrow we would not repeat this error of the past."

Having convinced himself that an error of this sort—the "excesses" to which he referred were the murder of civilians, the slaughter of hostages, and the spreading of terror by fire and every dreadful means at the Teuton disposition—should be excused, as it had been found that murder did not pay, the speaker then went on to make an even more striking admission. That it was somewhat at variance with his first statement did not seem to occur to him.

"Furthermore," he said, "it should be remembered that in the first days of the war we were all rather mad. The whole nation had gone somewhat blood crazy."

THE first phase of the revolution, then, as it seemed to me, was the directing into a well-diked channel of the torrent of disgust which coursed through Germany. The directing was done by leaders of the Socialist party. Some of them, such as Ebert and Scheidemann, may have been wholly sincere but have thought it advisable to maintain the administrative organization of the former Imperial Government, and to support themselves by the military forces under Hindenburg. Another element was led by such men as Haase and Barth—Haase said to me: "I have not wholly made up my mind as to the Kaiser's guilt, but I hope to see him placed on trial"—and was made up of men like Fritz Donath of Anhalt, who proposed to democratize Germany in an orderly way.

But back of these men—back of the surface order and content that prevailed in those first few days—were the Liebknecht group and hunger. I was unable to get from Liebknecht himself what his plans were, because he sent word that he would talk to "no representative of the capitalistic press." In the first days Berlin seemed as quiet and peaceful as though the Kaiser were still at Potsdam. No one even threw a stone at that ghastly row of white marble ancestors in the Sieges-Allée. The Liebknecht group was no more dangerous than kittens. Their caterwauling brought laughter to German faces. Nine-tenths of the Liebknecht audiences were idle soldiers who went to hear him speak as one might go to a show.

"The men are sound when they leave the front," I was told by an army authority. "But as rapidly as they are demobilized they are corrupted by Bolshevism."

At first I did not believe this. The German does not seem to me to be a congenital Bolshevik. At dinner at the home of Colonel von Livonius, who was once the German military attaché in Washington, Frau von Livonius told me that for weeks she had slept with her jewels close at hand. "When the robbers burst open my doors," said she, "I shall throw them through the window into the garden. In that way I may be able to save some." Everywhere the well-to-do Germans were drinking the prized vintages in their cellars. "We shall

leave the common wines for the Bolsheviks," they said, grimly. The landed proprietors were sending their trusted servants to their estates, to form home guards among the peasants. The Bolshevik menace may not have been a real one, but it was desperately feared.

Later I began to understand that hunger might sweep the land with a besom of disorder. This might grow into Bolshevism. Germany suffered not only a body hunger, but a hunger for work and order and happiness. Every one was hungry, save the rich—and the perfectly patent fact that they bought surreptitiously enraged the poor. The store of raw materials had been almost exhausted and so the factories were closed. The seven million German soldiers had been fed by the state. They rushed into demobilization—I have seen companies of soldiers throwing their arms into the canals and striking off down street as free men—but the free men were not fed by the state. With the habit of force still on them it was a most natural thing to break into a warehouse or plunder a dwelling.

It is not possible to exaggerate the hunger menace in Germany, though I must insist upon my belief that if a stable government had remained in power to enforce an equitable method of food distribution there need never have been any talk of famine. There were farming districts in Germany in which it was possible to buy a fairly good meal at a reasonable price. When we came to Trier in the latter part of November, the five-mark luncheon at the Hotel Porta Nigra consisted of a good soup, a slice of pork, and potatoes and another vegetable. A week later we paid eighteen marks for a luncheon in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin which was by no means as satisfying.

"I DID not buy a goose yesterday," a woman told me, "because the farmer wanted one hundred and sixty-five marks for it—and because I am so mortally sick of goose."

Considering the mark at its before-the-war value, that goose was priced at forty-one dollars and a quarter. It is fair to hold to this valuation, for the wage scale has not risen in proportion to the cost of living. Before the war, according to figures which seem to stand the test, the German workman of family paid one-half his income for food, but he was able to get very good food. Now he pays four-fifths of his increased income for poor food, largely made up of substitutes, so that the forty-one dollar goose was not really so much over-priced. Afterward the scornful marketer returned to the goose vendor:

"But I was too late," said she. "Some one else had bought the goose. You see, it was a real bargain. I might have tried out four pounds of fat from that goose, which would have been worth one hundred marks. Then the goose meat would only have cost me sixty-five marks."

Goose fat is the great table delicacy in Germany, now that there is no butter whatever. A small pot of goose fat, containing about what might be heaped on the point of a knife, brings three marks in a restaurant. The only pomatum used in the German barber shops to-day is goose fat, disguised and perfumed. Not even the pampered guest of a great hotel expects to get butter. We particularly wanted

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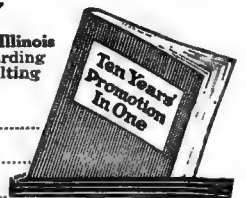
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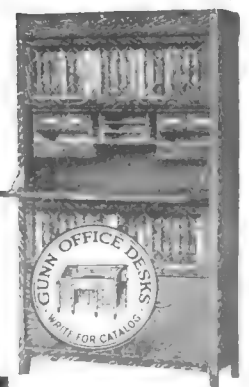
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butter while we stayed in Berlin, and offered fifty marks to our table waiter for a pound of it. Later on we added a ten-mark bribe to the price, but he could not help us. There was no butter in Berlin.

That statement must be modified. There was butter, one pound of it, in Berlin. In one of the bourgeois suburbs a dance was given, and the prize for "the most graceful couple" was a pound of butter. Off-hand, that sounds like a jest. The dancers were young men and women of good middle-class quality. The men wore evening clothes and the girls had paid not less than sixty marks for their stockings of silk substitute. But the dancing competition for that butter was almost ferocious. The butter was exposed to view, so that the competitors might seek inspiration from time to time by a glance at it. No one even suspected there was an element of humor in the affair. The winning couple were wolfishly congratulated by the unsuccessful. Their eyes shone.

Our need for butter was to temper the soft, carp-like river fish that furnished one course in each of the four-dollar-and-a-half meals served at the Adlon. It was an abominable fish to begin with, and it was served with no sauce whatever, after having been boiled in salt water. Only those who have been forced to eat such fish, meal after meal, can realize the soulrevolt against this pasty, slippery, slimy mess. After refusing fish for a few meals, though, one ate it with the eyes figuratively shut, and swallowed fast to avoid tasting. If the pampered dwellers in the best hotel in Berlin found themselves sickened by the food, what can have been the condition of the man who has lived on cabbage soup for almost three years?

As I have previously said, I do not believe the German is a congenital Bolshevik, nor did I credit the Liebknecht group with real power. But law and order had broken down. Those who know the old Germany know that it was not possible to move, even in times of peace, unless one's papers were in perfect order. In all the time we were in Germany, no one even looked at our papers. Our names sometimes figured on passes issued by the revolutionists, but they were almost invariably wrong. The driver of one of our cars had every pass that could be furnished him by the revolutionists in Cassel. Yet he was arrested by the revolutionists in a tiny village, and only released when Berlin sent a force of soldiers.

IT WAS entirely natural that collisions should take place now and then between bodies of discontented men, both being armed. There was a certain jealousy between the soldiers and the sailors which often appeared on the surface. The Liebknecht partisans, being more desirous of obtaining disorder than anything else, found themselves in a happy position. They had but to join themselves to one of the disagreeing bodies. Each street battle made the Liebknecht position stronger, for the unthinking masses would believe

that it had been brought about by his partisans. Yet he had been but the fly on the rump of the buffalo. One of the street fights of December, in which scores were killed, was due to a disagreement between the stubborn sailors and equally stubborn representatives of the Government. Liebknecht had no part, and yet he unquestionably gained strength because of it.

ONE amusing phase of this situation—to us—was the prevalence of spies. Every German suspected each other German. Each man who could employ spies sent them out by battalions. We talked with an official of the Foreign Office in a reception-room at the Adlon one day. In the midst of the talk he sprang from his seat and rushed to a door. When he had thrown it open he turned to explain:

"The last time I was in this room," said he, "I had a talk with ten bankers. In the course of the talk we caught four spies."

An ingenuous Uhlan of the German Military Secret Service had been set upon our trail when we left Cassel, doubtless by the order of the General Staff. He lost us en route to Berlin, but he was not dismayed. One evening there came a tapping at our chamber door, and in stepped the secret Uhlan, very stately and formal in his steel helmet and his gold-laced uniform. He explained that he had unfortunately missed our track at Halle, and had only recently detected us at the Adlon.

"Will you be kind enough to telephone to my superiors," said he, "and tell them that I have been in touch with you all the time? And as I must make out a report, will you be good enough to furnish me with an outline of your movements?"

We were assured by officials to whom we related this story, however, that more adept spies had been on our heels. It was their custom, they told us, to use waiters as spies, and there was no doubt that any important statement we had made at the meals, which were usually served in our apartments, had been reported to the Foreign Office. We had anticipated this, however, and had kept a careful watch on unwary tongues. In spite of this admission as to the universal use of spies, the men of the Foreign Office declared that their foreign service had been almost contemptible.

"All nations use spies, of course," they said, "but we had very little luck with ours. Now, the British Secret Service is wonderful. They knew all about our submarine service—even when the boats got in and when they were to leave. That is one reason why they were so successful against us."

In all the turmoil of the early revolutionary weeks, with street fighting spreading through what had been the German empire, with the great German army demobilizing in a most disorderly way, with robbery and loot almost a commonplace of the day, I was struck by the complete silence that every one observed about the recent royal family. It was not that there was a conspiracy of silence. The Kaiser had sim-

ply been forgotten. He had run away and then he had been deposed and there was an end of him. Later he had abdicated, but no one seemed to care about this. The day before his letter of abdication appeared I asked an officer of what had been the royal household, a man who professed a real personal liking for the former monarch, if the Kaiser had ever formally resigned his claim to the throne.

"Oh, I guess so," said he. "I don't know. I don't remember. What difference does it make?"

It was this man who told me what I believe is the true story of the Kaiser's fall. He had been urged to abdicate and had refused. Then the revolution had taken his throne away from him. No one thought anything more of him. He had ceased to be a factor in the situation. He was in no personal danger, unless, perhaps, from the bullet of some fanatic. He had but to keep quiet and he was assured of safety.

"Then," said the officer of his household, "he was informed that the next day a delegation of revolting sailors would wait upon him. They merely wished to put before him a statement of the reasons why they had revolted. They would have been perfectly respectful:

"Can not I be saved from this?" asked the Kaiser.

"There was only one way to save him. Of course, he could not stoop to meet such people as these. So he ran away."

ONE of these days the whole story of the letter of abdication will be told. I only know that the Kaiser signed two letters: The first was a mild and milk-and-watery document, probably written by the Kaiser himself in conjunction with his advisers, and as full of loopholes as though it were lacework. At a hurried glance it seemed quite an impeccable document. It was only that hurried glance that Herr Barth, one of the minoritaires on the Council of Six, gave it the day I was in his office:

"It is the letter of abdication," said Barth, "Listen!"

His secretary read a translation of it aloud. But before I could get pencil and paper a messenger rushed in and held a whispered conference with Barth. Then the Kaiser's letter was taken away and Barth turned to me. He asked me to promise that nothing should be said about it until after the news had been given out by Wolf's agency. "I do not know just what was wrong with that letter," said he, "but it can not go to the public in that form."

My recollection of the one reading of that letter is that it did not bind the Kaiser to anything, whereas in the letter made public he promised by bell, book and candle that neither he nor his descendants should aspire to the German throne. One may assume without violating the probabilities that he had tried to play a trick, and that when the trick had been discovered he had been disciplined.

Some day the world may know just what happened to the Kaiser.

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(Continued from page 49)

"Good Lord, woman," said Randall Gregory desperately, "do you take me for Edna Ethel Binney? My story—if I should write it—would be chemically pure of the dreary, conventional ingredients as you call them. There will be no wealthy Western uncle returned on Christmas Eve just as the coughing mother and the feverish infant are being turned out in the snow; no sullen Bluebeard melting to tenderness as he hugs home the hunchbacked newsboy to his suite at the Biltmore; no estranged husband and wife falling into each other's arms as they stuff lollypops into a tiny sock, no—"

"No anything, from all indications," said his Aunt Jobiska severely. "I'll tell you! We'll give it up for to-day and go off for a picnic supper!"

"I can't give it up, if I'm to do it at all. Five days—"

"Well, you're certainly not accomplishing anything now. Wait! I'll be back in twenty minutes!" Amazingly, she was, —breathless with haste. She slung a bag over his shoulder, took his hand and said, "Come on, Pobble!" They went up the trail, over the hills and far away, it seemed to Gregory. When the path was wide enough they went abreast, arm in arm; when it narrowed she went before, his hand on her shoulder. They forded a tiny mountain stream.

"The Pobble swam fast and well," she quoted, approvingly. "We're here now. There's a heavenly spring. Listen! Now you can sit still and guard the food till I'm ready for you to help."

It was astonishing the things she found for him to do. She brought the branches for the fire, but he had to break them up. She showed him where the spring was and left him to fill the coffee-pot.

"Here!" she would scold. "Do you think you're a passenger? You're a plain crew!"

He had never tasted such food, never quaffed such coffee. He had never, he reflected, wondering, had such an astoundingly good time. "Can't we do this often? That is, if you like it, too?"

"OF COURSE we can. I adore it!" She washed the tin cups and plates and he dried them and packed the bag again. "We'll wait for the moon. Aren't you going to smoke? All right." She held a match for him. He smoked in basking silence. After the blazing day this California night was the touch of a cool, smooth hand on his cheek and brow.

"Why don't you stretch out? There! You can put your head on my coat. I don't need it yet."

"In some pictures and in some stories," said Randall Gregory brazenly, "one puts one's head in the lady's lap."

"She hasn't any lap," said the girl promptly. "She is adorned in khaki riding-breeches—an uncouth, masculine creature."

"I wish I could see you. I don't know at all what you look like."

"I'm just as well pleased that you can't. I think I sound far nicer than I am. My nose is peeling and the first hundred thousand freckles of summer are mobilized."

He put up a daring hand. "It feels like velvet."

"It looks like linoleum." She patted his hand maternally and laid it down, but her cheeks were flaming. "There comes the moon! We'll go home by the road the long way round."

"The longest," he begged, "but we needn't start yet!" He clasped his hands behind his head and was still. She brought out her olive-drab knitting and her brown fingers flew. She could knit without looking at her work and she watched his face. Presently she halted her needles and leaned nearer, her eyes wide. "Oh," she said, breathlessly, "it's come, hasn't it?"

"Yes!" He sat up, his face glowing and held out his hands to her. "I've got it! I believe I've got it! Wait," he frowned, his grasp intense and close. "Yes—it's been tucked away in the back of my brain. You see, I've been bitterly thinking only of the people the war has broken—not of the ones it has made."

SHE drew a quick breath and tears welled up in her eyes.

"It's about a man and a woman. It begins before the war. She is very beautiful, but she is not good. Many men have loved her, but this is the first man she has loved. Oh, it sounds bald and crude, till I work out the words. The war comes, and he leaves her to go. There is a frightful, rending scene. She feels she has lost him—that he belongs to something bigger than she is, and she can't endure it. Well, he goes, and for a long time she shuts herself snugly away from the war. She refuses to take it into her consciousness. After her, the deluge. Then, one night, coming home from the theatre—she's a marvelous dancer, the greatest in the world—there's an air raid (this is London, you know) and she sees something ghastly. I'm not quite sure what it will be yet, but it awakens her. She goes into war work. Some women who know about her won't work with her. Finally, it comes down to a munition factory—out of her silken ease, you know. She hasn't heard from the man in all this time. She tries now to reach him, and learns that he is in a German prison. Then, of course, she begins to grow. She writes him about herself, and makes him up a Christmas box. Then comes a raid, with a bomb dropped on her factory. She is not killed, as are most of the workers, but when she comes out of the hospital there is an ugly crimson scar on one side of her face. The man has escaped from prison, and writes that he is coming to her." He drew a deep breath. "Just wait till I get the words for it!" he said exultingly.

"Go on," said his listener tensely. Her eyes never left his eager lips. He looked like an ardent boy in the white glory of the moonlight.

"I hate to telegraph it like this. I'll work out the whole thing to-night, and we can start typing early in the morning."

"Go on!"

"Well, she thinks, of course, that everything is over; he loved her beauty and her beauty is gone. She runs away to work in another place, leaving no word for him. And all the time she grows and grows. It's the hollow holiday season. There isn't

any peace on earth, but good-will to men is born in her. She spends herself on the drab creatures about her. She has money, of course, but she gives herself, too, and works a miracle of sorts. Then he comes." He got up swiftly and flung out his arms with a jubilant gesture. "I don't want to talk about the climax yet. Come! Let's go home, so the morning will come quickly!"

She guided him out to the road and laid a steadying hand on his arm as they swung down the miles, but he was almost unaware of her. He spoke seldom, and then in disjointed bits about the tale. "Good night," he said crisply at his door, "I shall want you early."

He sat for hours at his open window, plotting and planning, memorizing, revising. At last he went happily to bed, slept two dreamless hours, woke with a bound and was waiting for her at eight.

"Good morning! Are you ready? Very well." Directly he came she knew that he had decided. It was in the set of his shoulders, in the vibrant lift of his voice.

Her fingers trembled on the keys but she got herself in hand and the work went forward. Sometimes paragraphs and whole pages flowed from him—beautiful, finished—sometimes he sat for long silences, trying to recapture the words he had won in the night; sometimes gusts of cruelest self-consciousness swept over him, gagging him.

The second day was better. The girl became an automaton. Even when he made her go back and read scenes aloud to him she kept her voice down to an unmoved monotone, though the sheer beauty and power of the thing almost swept her away. She had, this young woman, for all her pulsing personality, the mighty gift of negation.

SO THE tale grew. The man who could not write to order made of his Christmas story a finer, deeper thing than he had ever written before. He called it "Good-will," and he led his man and his woman with a sure hand through sloughs of self-en-crusted, passion-ridden flesh to cool, clean heights of spirit. The author who scorned the conventional ingredients of Christmas infused his pages with the very essence of the sacred season; his characters climbed from greedy getting to fullest giving; the red welter of war, with its merciless elimination of the individual, cleansed them until they were whiter than snow. Six months later the world of his followers read and reveled and rejoiced, but they could not vision the battle-field on the hot California hill. Late on the third day it was finished, and the next morning it went by special delivery.

"Two weeks will be the very earliest we can hear from it," said Gregory, drowsiness descending on him like summer rain. He tumbled into his hammock and slept until sunset. When he woke his man told him that the young lady had left "Good-by" for him. She had been called away very suddenly, but she might return in a week. The servant had learned the golden value of silence, and he did not add that the late typist had driven an opulent-looking motor-car up to San Francisco, where people

were waiting to buy Thrift Stamps from her and boast proudly of having touched her hand.

She came back in six days and went at once to Aunt Jobiska's park. The sun was setting fervently with a threat for the morrow's heat. She stood for a long moment looking at him, at his color and the new line of his mouth, and the way he held his chin.

"I know you are there," he said before she spoke. "Come here."

But she did not move. "Have you—have you been planning a lot of new stuff?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

"Yes. The first is a poem. Please take it at once. Your machine is still here, you see, waiting."

Her bright face fell, but she pulled off her gloves and sat down. "Ready!"

He began steadily:

"The Pobble who had no eyes
Was alone in the ghastly dark
'Till his guardian fairy carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's park,
And she made him a feast—in spite of his sneer—
Of decent fortitude fried in cheer;
And now she knows, for she's tender and wise,
That the Pobble sees better without his eyes!"

"You dear!" said the stenographer.

"You dear!" he corrected her gravely.

"Come here this instant!"

She rose to her feet, but she looked rather wildly up and down the trail, as if she meant to fly.

"Come!" he said again, taking a firm step toward her and holding out his hands.

"You—you pretended you couldn't dictate," she said, "and you have become—a dictator." Then, as his groping arms found her, "Oh—wait! Your man—it's a telegram!"

It was a day-letter from the friendliest editor. "Corking!" he said in part. "Accepted with loud buzzahs. Top price. Keep it up, old son. Use all you can turn out. Can judge how keen we are for it when we turned down one by Edna Ethel Binney. Heartiest congratulations!"

WHEN their joy had sobered, "Will you take a letter Aunt Jobiska, darling?" he asked. "Then we'll go up on our mountain; shall we? But first there is a thing I must do. That woman wrote me a wonderful letter, and I was too cankered with jealousy and self-pity to answer it. It will take only a moment. 'Dear Edna Ethel Binney,' he dictated, 'will you understand, and in understanding forgive my surly delay? I thank you for that beautiful letter. I had not the grace to answer it then, but now a woman has led my captivity captive. I was never so free in all my days. With every good wish for you, Faithfully, Randall Gregory.' We can send it in care of any of her publishers, can't we?"

She did not answer. She could not answer. When he asked again she pulled the sheet out of the machine and held it against her cheek, and he could hear that she was crying.

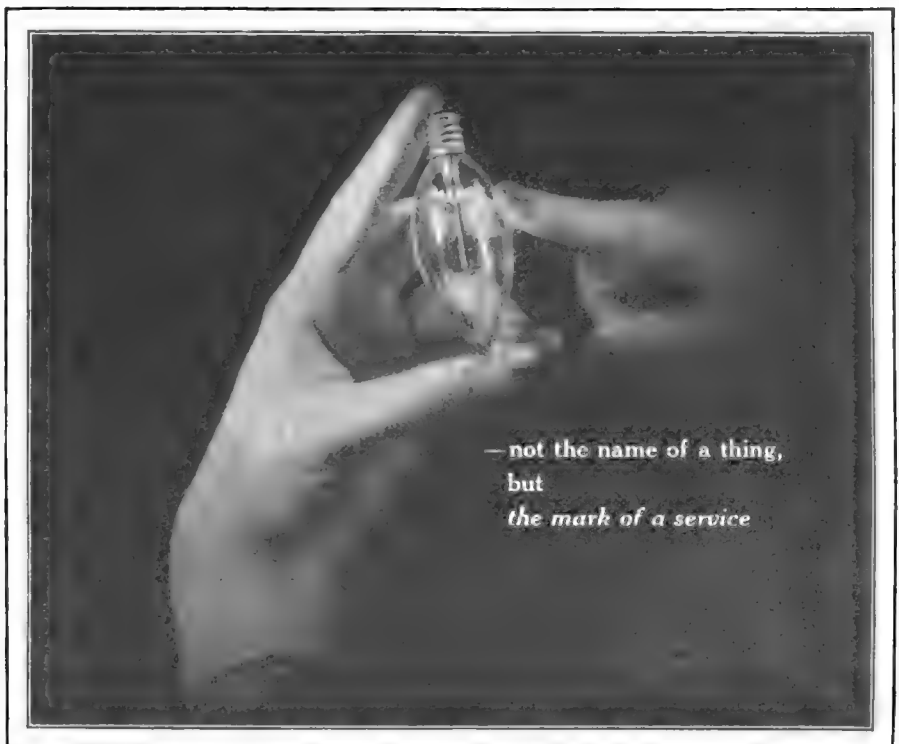
"What—"

"Oh," she said joyfully, "we needn't send it. It is delivered."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—are you ever going to forgive me? Edna Ethel Binney has it now."

Then, when his face flamed, all her soul



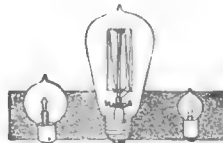
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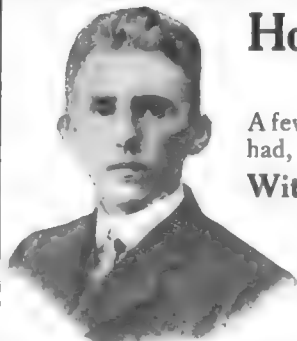
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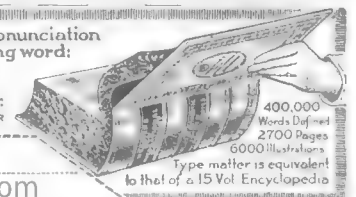
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in the great eyes he would never see, she ran to him and gathered him to her like a lover and like a mother. "Dearest! Dearest! Listen and understand. I couldn't bear it when he told me you would never write again. I knew I could help. Oh, wasn't I horrid and cruel to you at first? I never meant to let you know—until I saw what had happened to me. I made him write those lies to you. Nothing has happened to your mother's money. Your books are going bigger than ever." Then, as he took her hands from his shoulders and drew back, "You needn't try to send me away. I know you want me, and I'm not going—ever!"

"Can't you see how impossible it is? When I thought you were poor—a blessed nobody— But you! No! It's unthinkable!"

"It isn't! It isn't!" She stormed at him, laughing to keep herself from crying again. "Have you no business sense, goose? Think how it will boom us both!"

"I should be taking everything, giving nothing."

"Isn't it something to trade Binney for Gregory?"

He leaned closer to her and he was shaking as he had not shaken that day in the trenches. "Don't tempt me, unless you are surer than sure."

"I am surer than sure," she said steadily.

"Then—if you wouldn't let me interfere—I could have a secretary, a typist—"

"A he-one," she interrupted firmly.

Swiftly and strongly as a seeing man, he caught her in his arms and crushed her to him, but still he dallied on the threshold of his joy. "My dear love—how can I? There must be other men—whole men—"

"Oodles of 'em," said Edna Ethel Binney in shameless italics, "up on their toes, waiting, in case you—"

When at last he lifted his head, "One does not really require to see that at all," said the blind man contentedly.

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Marshal Bluebird

By Daniel Henderson

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Fluting forth your furtive trill
To hearten timid daffodil;
Bidding grass be up and sharing
In the dandelion's daring;
Plotting how the rose shall throw
Flame along the garden row;
Rallying to field and thicket
Sabred bee and drumming cricket—
More than wood and brook and plain
You liberate from winter's chain!
How our spirits leap and revel
At your coming, wee "Blue Devil!"



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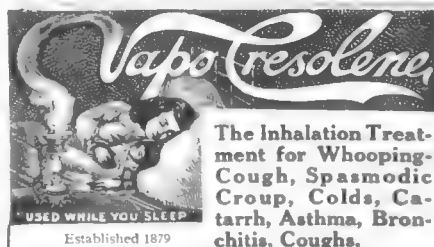
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Land for Soldiers

By Walter G. Stephens

BATTLE-FIELDS are being laid out to-day in the United States where we Americans can take up a new conflict.

The reasons for these new battles are curious, but sound. Here they are:

Outdoors is a fine place.

In every war the men who are taken out from under roofs where they are workers and are put into the open fields or on to the open seas become individual Christopher Columbuses. They discover, each man for himself, the wonderful new world of outdoors.

And most of them never leave outdoors all the rest of their lives.

War is the biggest outdoor job that mankind has ever discovered.

The second biggest outdoor job is fighting nature.

And so, to keep American men outdoors, when they come from the wars, a new war is being declared here at home against the sea, the swamps, the deserts and the forest roots that are holding in their power two hundred and fifty million acres of American empire.

Two states of Virginia are waiting liberation—almost the size of that France which Germany vainly spent twelve million men in trying to seize.

The headquarters, in the day of these new battles, will not be the gray old State, War and Navy Building at Washington, but the new white building of the Department of the Interior, presided over by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

Already the scouting parties of this department have been looking over these prospective battle-fields, and if Congress says the word, the war for this new empire will begin as soon as American soldiers and sailors can be mobilized for the attack.

After this empire has been seized from sea, river, swamp and forest it is to be occupied, owned and controlled by individual American veterans. It will be the honest booty of valiant fighters.

The Soldier's Estate

SOLDIERS, upon the conclusions of wars, are usually given lands. In the old days, only the greatest leaders received the land rewards. Thus the baronial estates of Europe were established. In more recent centuries the individual soldier received a land reward. In this war, every one of the leading countries on the Allied side—even including crowded France—has made arrangements whereby its veterans can obtain land in one way or another; that is, every leading country except the United States. The American fighters are practically the only men on the Allied side who haven't been told that when they get home there will be a chance awaiting them to get a piece of land.

Just as soon as it can possibly be done



Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

(and it may have been done by the time this article is read), America wants to send the word over to Europe and Asia that there will be land for her veterans as they come home.

Veterans of the Civil War received land with rejoicing. Lincoln signed the Homestead Act in the second year of the war. But there was something crude and heartless about the way the land was distributed. Out through the great outdoors, which he had learned to love, the Union veteran with his few possessions and his new wife trekked in his prairie-schooner toward the West, until he came to anchorage in the midst of the unfenced, unscratched virgin land. There the two fought an unequal combat with nature and the miseries of loneliness and isolation. He had few tools for his part of the work, and she practically none. A sod hut like a 1918 soldier's dugout was their home.

So many of them broke under it and sold out for a song that some of the greatest farming estates in America to-day consist of the monopolization of these soldier lands. It was by the unbelievable hardships of those who succeeded that our West was conquered and made great, but the price was bloodily high.

The men who are planning the great war for empire here in the United States realize that this is the twentieth century and that the great soldier land-award must be made in the twentieth-century way.

Under the plan of Secretary Lane, which Congress may have approved before this, the American soldier who joins the land war and receives his piece of land will find it fenced, plowed and ready for planting.

On it he will find a house and a barn, and all about him, in community fashion, he and his wife will find the homes of other soldier families.

The inhospitality of nature in the raw and the loneliness that the soldier of '61 and his family experienced he will never know. Like the farming villages of France, in which he will have lived, so will be the farming village in which he will take up his new outdoor life. The church, the lodge, the trolley, the movie, newspapers and indeed all civilization will be at his very door. This is the first, the fundamental point, in all the plans that have been made for our new soldier farmers. It is a cherished dream in Washington that these soldier farm villages will revolutionize, for all time, in America, the crudities of our farm life.

So much for the general object, the aim of the new war for empire in America. And now for the details of the struggle:

The United States is dotted with projects for land reclamation. And on each one of these projects, if the plan goes through and money is to hand, barracks are to be ready and machinery on the spot, so that returning soldiers who wish to enlist in the land fight may enter it immediately. Each veteran may fight where he pleases; it will depend, mostly, on where he wishes to take up his land.

Homes From the Sea

ALONG the Atlantic and Gulf coast between Baltimore and New Orleans there are fifty million acres to be wrested from the sea, swamps and high-flooding rivers. Surrounded by all the romance that attended the struggle with nature which produced the Panama Canal, he may join the trenchers and ocean fighters. His pay, by this plan, will not be a small soldier-wage. It will be the tip-top wage paid for such work anywhere in the United States. He may, in many instances, help to redeem the very piece of land on which he intends to make his home.

Other returning soldiers may select the dynamite units that will be sent against the root-bound millions of acres of cut-over forest lands. In Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Idaho, Washington and Oregon lie huge empires to be freed of roots and turned into rich farming-land.

In the Middle West and Far West there are trenches to be dug by the thousands of miles, rivers to be dammed and streams to be diverted into the corners of deserts. Some of these deserts are so rich that their crop-yielding soil extends down to depths of from one hundred and fifty to five hundred feet!

Almost every dream that a young man in the American Army has ever had in peace days about going to the East or to the West to make his home; every dream of leaving the office and getting "back to the soil" in some spot of the



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United States which he particularly favors, can be made to come true under the plan of Secretary Lane.

The young man who dreamed of a "fruit-farm in Florida," of "going to California," of a "ranch out West," of a "wheat farm," of "a dairy," or "a stock farm," or of "chickens" and, yes, or even of "a piece of land back West where the folks are," will have, with Uncle Sam's backing, a chance to make his dream come true.

The question of whether there are young men in our Army who have such dreams, who want these dreams to be realized, needs no answer. At the Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, some weeks ago, Secretary Lane took a vote among two hundred soldiers and found that forty of them wanted to go into farming.

Behind all the fronts in France for the past two years there have been classes in horticulture, agriculture, stock-raising and other such-like industries. The teachers were experts who had been put into uniforms and invested with befitting military rank, and sent to the soldiers to satisfy their demand for such learning. It was a Canadian idea and it grew out of the announcement to the Canadian soldiers that land would be waiting for them when the war was ended.

Investment, Not Charity

ONE of the tragedies of the war, for a certain Canadian, whose letters I have before me as I write, was this interest of the Canadian soldier in after-the-war farming. This man, at forty, having become a noted expert, teacher and writer on agricultural subjects, dropped his life work and joined the Canadian army. He wanted to get to the front with a gun. Here are extracts from some of his letters:

Bramshott Camp, England: Last night I lectured here to an audience of soldiers of all ranks on horticulture. They tried to get me into agricultural educational work among the soldiers, but I said "No. I started for the front and I'm so near it now that I'm not going to be stopped."

He got over to France, at last, behind the lines. Here is another extract:

Behind the Lines, Somewhere in France: At present I am conducting regular classes in horticulture. Is the United States considering any system of land settlement for the soldiers?

Another:

Behind the Lines, Somewhere in France: Last night I was asked by those in authority at the University of Vimy Ridge to accept a permanent appointment at this institution in charge of agricultural and horticultural instruction. I declined on the ground that I wanted to go up to the front. Later on, I may take up teaching at the University of Vimy Ridge for the duration of the war.

Another:

Behind the Lines, Somewhere in France: I have conducted a stock-judging contest the past two evenings at the University of Vimy Ridge. On Monday night, light horses; on Tuesday night, dairy cows. The contest was open to soldier students of the University of Vimy Ridge. Score-cards were used. The first night I felt a bit shaky, as it is a long time since I entered a show ring. It was not many minutes, however, before I got confidence in myself. Money prizes were given first and second winners. In addition to the competitors—fifteen in each case—a large crowd of spectators was near the ring.



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By Charles Wharton Stork

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I know your siren way
Of luring, teasing, tempting me
To run outside and play.

Your call is like the meadow-lark,
Your smile the sunlit dew,
Your loosened hair a golden snare—
But I'll not come to you.

For I've a Yankee conscience,
A strange and fearsome thing
That holds me down to desk and book
And blinds me to the Spring.

Yet mark you, Mistress Nature,
My drudging will be done
Mayhap a merry hour before
The bedtime of the sun.

Ah, then I'll chase and catch you,
And hand in hand we'll skip,
And then I'll clasp you breast to breast
And lip to laughing lip.



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The BRANDING-IRON

(Continued from page 55)

I believe—Middle Fork, Wyoming. I'll send him a wire. He knows me. She needs all outdoors to run about in. She needs joggin' around all day through the sagebrush on a cow-pony in that sun. She needs the smell of a camp-fire—Gad! I wish I could get back to it myself!"

Betty, having heard this out, began to laugh. She laughed till they gave her something to keep her quiet. But, except for that laughter, she made no protest whatever; she did not "kick and scream and cry." In fact, though she looked like a child, she was not at all inclined to such exhibitions. This doctor had not seen her through her recent ordeal. Two years before her breakdown, Jasper had been terribly hurt in an automobile accident and Betty had come to him at the hospital; had waited, as white as a snow image, for the result of the examination. They had told her emphatically that there was no hope. Jasper Morena could not live for more than a few days. She must not allow herself to hope. He might or might not regain consciousness. If he did it would be for a few minutes before the end. Betty had listened with her white, rigid child-face, had thanked them, had gone home. There, in her exquisite little sitting-room above Central Park, she had sat at her desk and had written a few lines on square, gray note-paper.

"Jasper is dying," she had written. "By the time you get this, he will be dead. If you can forgive me for having failed in courage last year, come back. What I have been to you before I will be again, only this time we can love openly. Come back!"

Then she had dropped her head on the desk and cried. Afterward, she had addressed her letter to a certain Prosper Gael. The letter went to Wyoming. When it reached its destination, it was taken over a mountain-range by a patient Chinaman.

THREE days later Jasper regained consciousness and began slowly to return to health. He had the tenacious vitality of his race and, in his own spirit, an iron will to live. He kept Betty beside his bed for hours, and held her cold hand in his long, sensitive one, and he stared at her under his lashes till she thought she must go mad. But she did not. She nursed him through an interminable convalescence. She received Prosper very early in this convalescence, by her husband's bed, and Jasper had murmured gratitude for the emotion that threatened to overwhelm his friend. It was not till some time, an extraordinarily long time, after Morena's complete recovery, that she snapped like a broken icicle. And then, forsooth, they had sent her to Wyoming to get back her health!

Having paced away some of her restlessness, Betty stopped by the cabin window and pushed aside one of the short, calico curtains. She looked out on the corral. A tall woman had just pulled up a bucket of water from the well and had emptied it into a pitcher. She finished, let the bucket drop with a whirr and a clash, and raised her head. For a second she and Jasper Morena's wife looked at

each other. Betty nodded, smiled and drew the curtain close.

CHAPTER THREE

The Jane Experiment

AFTER that night there began a sort of persecution, skilfully conducted, by Jasper and Betty against the ferocity of Jane, a persecution impossible to imagine in any other setting. Even the social simplicity of Lazy-Y found itself a trifle amused. For Jasper, the stately Jewish figure, would carry pails of water for Jane from the well to the kitchen, would help her in the vegetable garden and to straighten out her recalcitrant stove-pipe; Betty would put on an apron a mile too large to wash dishes and shell peas. She would sit on the kitchen table swinging her long child-like legs and chatter amiably. Jasper talked, too, to the virago, talked delightfully, about horses and dogs—he had a charming gift of humorous observation—talked about hunting and big-game shooting, about trapping, about travel, and, at last, about plays. Undoubtedly, Jane listened. Sometimes she laughed. Once in a while she ejaculated musically. "Well!" Occasionally she swore.

One afternoon he met her riding home from an errand to a neighboring ranch, and, turning his horse, rode with her. In worn corduroy skirt, flannel shirt and gray sombrero, she looked like a handsome, haggard boy, and that afternoon there was a certain unusual wistfulness in her eyes, and her mouth had relaxed a little from its bitterness. Perhaps it was the beauty of a clear, keen summer day; without doubt, also, she was touched by the courteous pleasure he showed in giving up his ride in order to accompany her. She even unbent from her silence and, for the first time, really talked to him. And she spoke, too, with a new manner, using her beautiful voice with beautiful carefulness. It was like a master-musician who, after a long illness, takes up his beloved instrument and tentatively tests his shaken powers. Jasper had much ado to keep his surprise to himself, for the rough ranch girl could speak pure English if she would.

"You and your wife are leaving soon?" she asked him, and, when he nodded, she gave a sigh. "I'll be missing you," she said, throwing away her brusquerie like a rag with which she was done. "You've been company for me. You've made use of lots of patience and courage, but I have really liked it. I've not got the ways of being sociable, and I don't know that I ever want to get them. I am not seeking for friends. There isn't another person on the ranch that would dare talk to me as you and Mrs. Morena have talked. They don't know anything about me here and I don't mean that they should know." She paused, then gave way to an impulse of confidence. "One of the boys asked me to marry him. He came and shouted it through the window, and I caught him with a pan of water." She sighed. "I don't know rightly if he meant it for a joke or not, but the laugh wasn't on me."

Jasper controlled his laughter, then saw

the dry humor of her lips and let out his mirth.

"Why, sir," said Jane, "you'd be surprised at the foolishness of men. Sometimes it seems that just for pure orneriness they want to marry her that leasts wants them about. The day I came tramping down into this valley, I stopped for food at the ranch of an old bachelor down yonder at the ford. And he invited me to be his wife whilst I was drinking a glass of water from his well. He told me how much money he had and said he'd start my stove for me winter mornings. There's a good husband! And he was sure kind to me even when I told him 'no.' 'Twas that same evening that the boy from Lazy-Y rode in and claimed me for a cook. Mr. Yarnall is a trusting man. He took me and didn't ask any questions. I told him I was 'Jane,' and that I wasn't planning to let him know more. He hasn't asked me another question since. He's a gentleman, I figure it, and he's kind of quiet himself about what he was before he came to this country. He's a man of fifty and he has lots back of him, only he's taken a fresh start." She sighed. "Folks like you and Betty seem awfully open-hearted. It's living in cities, I suppose, where every one knows every one else so well."

This astonishing picture of the candid simplicity of New York's social life absorbed Jasper's attention for some time.

"Wouldn't you like to live in a city, Jane?"

She laughed her short boyish, "Hoo!" "It isn't what I would like, Mr. Morena," she said. "Why, I'd like to see the world. I would like to be that fellow who was condemned to wander all over the earth and never to die. He was a Jew, too, wasn't he?"

Jasper flushed. People were not in the habit of making direct references to his nationality, and, being an Israelite who had early cut himself off with dislike from his own people and cultivated the society of Gentiles, "a man without a country," he was acutely sensitive.

"The Wandering Jew? Yes. Where did you ever hear of him?"

"I read his story," she answered absently, "an awful long one, but interesting, about lots of people, by Eugene Sue."

Jasper's lips fell apart and he stared. She had spoken unwittingly and he could see that she was not thinking of him, that she was far away, staring beyond her horse's head into the broad, sunset-brightened west.

"Where were you schooled?" he asked her.

He brought her back and her face stiffened. She gave him a startled, almost angry look, dug her heels into her horse and broke into a gallop; nor could he win from her another word.

A few days before he left he took Yarnall into his confidence. At first the rancher would do nothing but laugh. "Jane on the boards! That's a notion!" followed by explosion after explosion of mirth. The Jew waited, pliant, smiling, and then enumerated his reasons. He talked to Yarnall for an hour, at the end of which time, Yarnall, his eyes still twinkling, sent for Jane.

The two men sat in a log-walled room, known as the office. Yarnall's big desk crowded a stove. There was no other furniture except shelves and a box seat beneath a window. Jasper sat on the end of the desk, swinging his slim, well-booted leg; Yarnall, stocky, gray, shabby, weather-beaten, leaned back in his wicker chair. The door which Jasper faced was directly behind Yarnall. When Jane opened it, he turned.

The girl looked grim and a little pale. She was evidently frightened. This summons from Yarnall suggested dismissal or reproof. She came around to face him and stood there, looking fierce and graceful, her head lowered, staring gloomily at him from under her brows. To Jasper she gave not so much as a glance.

"Well, Jane, I fancy I shall have to let you go," said Yarnall. He was not above tormenting the wildcat. Female ferocity always excites the teasing boy in a man. "You're getting too ambitious for us. You see, once these rich New Yorkers take you up, you're no more use to a plain ranchman like me."

"What are you drivin' at?" asked Jane. "Do let me explain it to her, Yarnall."

Jasper snapped his elastic fingers, color had risen to his face, and he looked annoyed. "Miss Jane, won't you sit down?"

Jane turned her deep, indignant eyes upon him. "Are you and your wife the rich New Yorkers he says are takin' me up?"

"No, no. He's joking. This is a serious business. It's of vital importance to me and it ought to be of vital importance to you. Please do sit down!"

Jane took a long step back and sat down on the settle under the long horizontal window. She folded her hands on her knee and looked up at Morena. She had transferred her attention completely to him. Yarnall watched them. He was an Englishman of much experience, and this picture of the skilful, cultivated, handsome Jew angling deftly for the gaunt, young savage diverted him hugely. He screwed up his eyes to get a picture of it.

"I am a producer and manager of plays," said Jasper, "which means that I take a play written by a more gifted man and arrange it for the stage. Have you ever seen a play?"

"No, sir."

"But you have some idea what they are?"

"Yes. I have read them. Shakespeare wrote quite a lot of that kind of talking piece, didn't he?"

JASPER was less surprised than Yarnall. "At present, I have a play on my hands which is a very brilliant and promising piece of work, but which I have been unable to produce for lack of a heroine. There isn't an actress on my list that can take the part and do it justice. Now, Miss Jane, I believe that with some training you could take it to perfection. My wife and I would like to take you to New York, paying all your expenses, of course, and put you into training at once. It would take a year's hard work to get you fitted for the part. Then next fall we could bring out the play, and I think I can promise you success and fame and wealth in no small measure. I don't know you very well. I don't know whether or no you are ambitious, but I do know that

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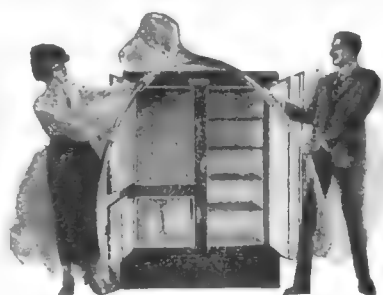
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every woman must love beauty and ease and knowledge and experience. For what else," he smiled, "did Eve eat the apple? All these you can have if you will let us take you East. Of course, if I find you can not take this part, I will hold myself accountable for you. I will not let you be a loser in any way by the experiment. With your beauty—" Yarnall fell back in his chair and gaped from the excited speaker to the silent listener, "and your extraordinary voice, and your magnetism, you must be especially fitted for a career of some kind. I promise to find you your career."

Every drop of blood had fallen from Jane's face and the rough hands on her knee were locked together.

"What part?" she asked in a quick low voice, "is this that you think I could learn to do?"

Jasper changed his position. He came nearer and spoke more rapidly. "It is the story of a girl, a savage girl, whom a man takes up and trains. He trains her as a professional might train a lioness. It is a passion with him to break spirits and shape them to his will. He trains her with coaxing and lashing, not actual lashing, though I believe in one place he does come near to beating her—and he gets her broken so that she lies at his feet and eats out of his hand. All this, you understand, while he's an exile from his own world. Then, in the second act—that is the second part of the play—he takes his tamed lioness back to civilization. They go to London, and there the woman does his training infinite credit. She is extraordinarily beautiful; she is civilized, successful, courted. Her eccentricities only add to her charm. So it goes on very prettily for a while. Then he makes a mistake. He blunders very badly. He gives his lioness cause for jealousy, and, to come to the point, she flies at his throat. You see, he hadn't really tamed her. She was under the skin a lioness, a beast, at heart."

Jasper had been absorbed in the plot and had not noticed Jane, but Yarnall, for several minutes, had been leaning forward, his hands tightened on the arms of his chair. The instant Jasper stopped he held up his hand.

"Quiet, Jane," he said softly, as a man might speak to a plunging horse. "Steady!"

Jane got to her feet. She was very white. She put up her hand and pressed the back of it against her forehead, and from under this hand she looked at the two men with eyes of such astonished pain and beauty as they could never forget.

"Yes," she said presently, "that's something I could do."

At once Jasper hastened to retrieve his error. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I've been horribly clumsy. Do forgive me. Do let me explain. I didn't mean that you were a wild—"

She let her hand fall and held it up to stop his speech. "I'm not takin' offense, Mr. Morena," she said. "You say you arrange plays, and that you have been seeking for some one to play that girl, that lioness-girl who wasn't rightly tamed though the man had done his worst to break her?"

Jasper nodded with a puzzled, anxious air. For all his skill and subtlety he could not interpret her tone.

The next instalment of "The Branding-Iron" will appear in the May number.

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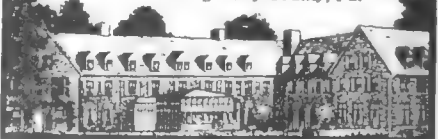
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WHITTLESEY'S OTHER ANSWER

(Continued from page 64)

sterling officers as was Lieutenant Gordon L. Schenck, commander of C Company, whom, in pride and in reverence, I call my comrade, still.

"Don't write about *me*!" That's the way the colonel said it, and that, exactly, is his genuine, deprecating estimate of himself. I can hear him saying it when the reporter plied him with personal questions. And how much more vehemently would he direct the injunction at me (he is a New York lawyer in civilian life) if he knew I was scrawling away about him from my diary!

I'm craven enough, however, to take advantage of the distance between Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where, as I write, he has put on mufti at his home, and Camp Sherman, Ohio, where I am serving as divisional liaison instructor. When the presses are irrevocably turning, I'll send a carbon copy of this story to the "victim." After that I'll get down my muddy helmet and prepare to withstand the fury of a few remarks more pointed and penetrating than machine-gun bullets.

It was while "New York's Own"—the 77th Division—was in its early stages of organization at Camp Upton, Long Island, that I first met the colonel, then a captain. I had been at the first Plattsburg training-camp with him, but not in the same company. My initial impression left me thinking of him as an affable, extremely reticent and somewhat professorial sort. At meeting, one could never suspect that he was possessed of a sense of humor keen as a safety blade; nor did externals hint that he was temperamentally the kind sometimes known as a "regular guy."

NEITHER our respective duties nor our military status made for association. For he was commanding Headquarters Company, 308th Infantry, whereas I was just a commonplace platoon leader in B Company, and very much engrossed with my khakied family of fifty-eight, fresh from the miscellany of the Melting-Pot City.

But, like cat and king, a platoon leader may look at a C. O., and when I observed him at the regimental mess, towering above his fellows, if I had any thoughts in the matter of physique, it was with some misgiving as to his prospective stamina under the arduous conditions of field life. He was slender to the point of being thin, and his six feet two inches of height did nothing to detract from his appearance of tenuous elongation. One night under shell fire a year later, when we were curling up together, as crowded as twin peanuts, in a funk hole south of the Aisne and north of Fismes, Whit brought a gale of laughter from me as he tried vainly to extend his legs, by exclaiming prayerfully: "Oh, why didn't God standardize me!"

I mistook the wiry sinews of him for physical delicacy—um, how grossly did I confuse the two! And in the sweat of my helmeted brow was I to pay for the error. For all his military lore, the colonel never learned as a practical matter that the regulation quick-time step covers only thirty inches. He could set a stride that was almost Prussian in its rigors upon his followers.

One night when our outfit—it was the

First Battalion—was setting out from a mite of a village called Florent, west of Verdun, preparatory to relieving the French, I lost ground behind him purposely, as a sort of silent reminder that he was unwittingly straining the boys, under full field packs, to keep pace with him. It was our custom to hike together at the head of battalion headquarters, a detachment of runners, scouts, telephonists, radio-men, cooks, medicos, etc., averaging roughly about seventy men. Of course, if I dropped back, the enlisted personnel had no choice but to follow my pace, or in military language, "guide" on me.

HE TOOK no notice of my ruse until nearly forty yards separated us. There he was, well in advance, quite alone and barely discernible in the gathering night. Suddenly he swung about and called out very formally and sharply (we were well in back of the line): "Lieutenant McKeogh, the battalion is guiding on *me*!"

"Yes, sir," I replied, and all but double-timed the outfit to overtake him. But mark this, you who are students in the "humanities," once I had reached his side he cut down the step until it must have seemed snail-like to his eager legs.

And when we "went over" from the French trenches southeast of Binerville on the morning of September twenty-sixth, the opening day of the famous Argonne drive, I implored him, time and again, not to travel so fast. The difficulty of keeping the single column intact in the dense woods was increased by the need of speedy advance. Yet, jungle that it was, the Argonne was so much tissue-papier-mâché to his individual attack.

It was not until two A.M. that the men had been disposed in the trenches from which we were to "jump off." Already they had hiked about five miles. The night was raw. Strung out along the firing-step, huddled together for warmth, they had dropped off to sleep, and despite the fact that at two-thirty our artillery thunder rolled across the heavens in unbroken peal for three hours, few of them even stirred restlessly.

We were chilled through and through when we began the advance at five-thirty. And, unlike the British and French attack, there was no issue of rum to reinvigorate us. But presently we were all perspiring as if in the steam-room of a Turkish bath. Major Whittlesey was leading.

At one point, while he was engaged in cutting some wire, I yanked off an overcoat and threw it away in the bushes, and heartily blessed the matted Boche wire, as old and as red as the war itself, that gave me the respite to rid myself of the coat.

You note the "get-aheadness" of my major? Against all precedent it was battalion headquarters, a comparatively non-combatant unit, that first reached the army corps objective on that opening day of the attack. The companies—the fighters—came up with us a little later. And we were in advance simply because our leader had the indomitable will to go—and go through anything.

In the four succeeding days that I was with the outfit we encountered plenty of opposition from machine guns, snipers,

trench mortars and artillery. But as long as we had a leader who simply ignored opposition (and I need not say there were no heroics in his attitude) nothing short of total annihilation could have stopped us. And remember, please, that we were attacking under conditions not exactly ideal; that we had ten officers instead of twenty-nine; that one was killed and three of them wounded at the outset; and that instead of the paper strength of one thousand men, we had less than seven hundred, and more than half of them, new from the States, *had never before been under any kind of fire*. Of our original Camp Upton battalion, just two hundred and seventy-five "old-timers" remained. When the outfit was relieved on the night of October seventh-eighth, just one officer, Lieutenant Paul Knight, came out with the major.

Our numerical shortage reminded me of the song we had adopted from the British while we were brigaded with them as reserves behind Arras in the early days:

We started with fifty-odd non-coms and men,
We started with fifty and now we are ten!
And if this bloody war doesn't end pretty soon
There'll be nobody left in the ruddy platoon!

Cheerio! Cheerio!
There'll be nobody left in the ruddy platoon.

Our boys thought it smart and veteranish to sing it then. But when, months later, we had been reduced to twenty-five per cent. of our original size, there was no singing. No, when you lose even a lieutenant-colonel under machine-gun fire—I am referring to Lieutenant-Colonel Fred E. Smith, of Washington, District of Columbia, the kind of man who, if he were a lieutenant-colonel merely, would not, because he need not, have been where the machine guns were riveting home their death bolts—when you lose such a man, there is song neither in your heart nor for brave pretense at your lips.

COSTLY as it is, however, the game of war has its recompenses. By very reason of the fact that comedy and tragedy share the same funk hole, as it were; because humor and sorrow are so sharply contrasted, humor is thereby the more humorous. I have in mind an occasion where we occupied the side of a ravine above which our artillery was bouncing 'em over on Jerry. The "red legs" were using the seventy-five, or eighteen-pounder, the famous French light-artillery piece. Their position was low behind us inasmuch as we had dug in at "dead angle"—that is, a crest inaccessible to enemy shells—high on the reverse side of the hill. Yet our guns were so close that when, during a strafe, Whit or I tried to read the London *Daily Mail*, procured whenever possible from the Blanzky-les-Fismes ambulance station, the concussion from their explosions would rustle our outspread news sheets.

On this particular afternoon our artillery had clipped off the treetop branches over our position, even slightly wounding one of our men. As a result of a note sent to them at Whit's suggestion, three battery commanders came to our command post, intensely apologetic for shrapnel muzzle bursts—unavoidable, it seems. I'm reproducing the message verbatim from the the carbon copy in my message book:

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1st B'n Hq., 308th Inf.,
Sept. 12, '18

To C. O. battery at foot of ravine:

Twice within the last fifteen minutes your shells have cut down some of the smaller branches in the trees over our heads here, at approximately 205.4—269.45. If your range contemplates a still flatter projectory will you advise us so we can keep cover when the heavier branches come down?

The major remarks that the sky is all yours.

C. W. WHITTLESEY,
Major, Commanding B'n.,
A. F. McKEOGH,
1st Lt. and Adj't.

Yet it may have been due solely to the inexplicable vagaries of shell fire that those same muzzle bursts had not meant death to some of our men.

How it was that Colonel Whittlesey came through unscathed is to me unaccountable, unless it was the fortune of the fearless. He was absolutely indifferent to self under fire. Not wantonly courageous, but seemingly oblivious of the danger. On the third day of the Argonne affair we came to a particularly peppery patch of narrow-gage railroad track.

I can't state the figures accurately, but I estimate conservatively that inside of fifteen minutes we had about twenty casualties at that place, among them, severely wounded, one of the best soldiers that went over wearing the U. S. R.—Lieutenant Clinton L. Whiting, in command of A Company, the only officer left with them. His wounds have since proved fatal. That track was enfiladed—or traversed—by machine-gun fire, and bullets came zing-zing-zinging along it as if they were trained by molecular attraction to parallel the rails in their flight.

UP AND down this track stalked the major, visiting first one company and then another; supervising positions; trying to spot the Boche nests. Always, where the fighting was sharpest, there was Whit to be found.

"For the luva Pete, major, won't you please keep off to the side of the track" I said to him from a shell hole in which I was bandaging a corporal's hand.

"Oh, don't worry about me," he replied.

"I'm not worrying about you, personally," I said, making a sorry attempt at being facetious; "but about the outfit. We need you around a little longer—unless you want to force the command of the battalion upon a lieutenant."

And hanged if he didn't continue to stand, uncannily serene, right in the middle of the track as we talked!

He was as modest, moreover, as he was cool. Despite the fact that his promotion to majority came through before we moved into the Argonne, he would not substitute the gold oak leaves for his captain's bars. We were bivouacked in a Boche trench one night and I was persuading him to let me officiate as chief affixer of his major's insignia.

"I suppose it would be wise to wear them," he said, as he groped with a fork into a can of beans incredibly delicious after a foodless day. "I suppose," and I knew his ready smile accompanied the remark, although I could not see it in the blackness, "I suppose a major gets better treatment than a captain in the hospital. But it's so dark you'd get them on crooked, Mac. Guess we'll wait."

And I'm willing to wager that when he led the pitiable remnant of his command

out of the line he was still a captain as far as insignia might indicate, although actually promoted to lieutenant-colonelcy in recognition of his achievement. Inside of two weeks he made that advance in rank—and at thirty-five years of age! What, apart from statement of the fact itself, need he said of such a record?

Closest adherence to duty was an obsession with him. When we were at the famous Château du Diable, chasing the Boche from the Vesle to the Aisne, it was the colonel of his own regiment to whom he firmly declined to give a few runners because our battalion was then acting as brigade reserve, and as such liable to orders from brigade headquarters solely. The regimental C. O. could not get authorization from brigade headquarters to compel his subordinate to supply the runners because shell fire had cut the wires in a score of places. And Whit was just as obdurate as the colonel was irate.

Hewing to the same undeviating line of duty he ordered the company kitchens closed the next morning at a certain minute although men were still on queues for their bread and sirup. Orders had come to go forward at another certain minute. And orders were orders.

Yet on another occasion during the Argonne show, when rations had finally overtaken us, it was the same stern disciplinarian, with the strain of Scotch in him whom I saw standing at the hasty-ratio dump, handing out uncut bread and cold, greasy bacon to the men, like any delinquent doughboy punished by assignment to "kitchen police." Nor would he himself eat until his men had been fed, and a few minutes later, the column having moved out, he was directing the enveloping movements around a hostile machine-gun nest with a piece of bacon between his fingers as a baton.

"We held out because he did," said one *blessé*, after their stand. "We was all right if we could see him once a day." And, knowing him, I know that they saw him many times a day.

I have not seen him myself since the morning of September twenty-ninth, when he sent me out with an automatic-rifle detachment to put out at our rear some machine guns that had originally broken our line of communications. "I am more interested than I can tell you in your adventure," he writes. "It was a good deal more harrowing than you and I had any reason to expect when you started out so blandly that morning."

Blandly, Colonel? It is generous of you to use that term. And I would have been more "windy" than I was at the time could it have been foreseen that later, when he instructed me, by messenger, to get back with two runners to the regimental commander, we would encounter the Boche in strength, closing in around our position from an exposed flank. A relief party was sent with ammunition and food to the battalion after I had reached the colonel, on the following morning.

Two days afterward the German beleaguement was complete. And after five days of noble resistance there came to Colonel Whittlesey a document that gave him the renowned sobriquet "Go to hell." That document, indubitably historic, will bear reprinting. Keep in mind while reading it that the men were now chewing upon oak leaves, and that their dead had to lie

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unburied because exhaustion and exposure and starvation had left the survivors too weak to handle swing shovels, too few to leave their guns. Here's the request for surrender from the besieging Germans; and they must have had comfortable quarters near by, for it was typewritten:

SIR:

The bearer of the present has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German intelligence officer every answer to his questions, and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing it doing wrong to his country in carrying forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the Second Battalion, 308th Infantry, with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present situation.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard in the German lines, and we are appealing to your human sentiments.

A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat — as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

THE GERMAN COMMANDING OFFICER.

As for the German commander's reference to the Second Battalion, it is not improbable that the prisoner belonged to that unit, for the "Lost Battalion" was not solely the First Battalion. The surrounded companies were B, C, E, G, H and what was left of A. The companies of the Second Battalion were under the command of Captain George G. McMurtry, a New York broker, whom Colonel Whittlesey speaks of as having been "the life of the party." Captain McMurtry was also awarded the Congressional Medal.

Now the story goes that the colonel sent back the pithy answer: "Go to hell!" As a matter of fact, he sent back no written answer whatever. To those near him he did suggest that the Boches could take the well-known *facilis descensus*.

But what good purpose could have been served by sending a refusal? It was an ideal setting for battle-front theatricals, if you will, but the colonel was conserving white paper, let us say. Further, to have sent a messenger would have necessitated showing a white flag, at least temporarily. And whether or not it's a case of truce flags, the one thing "white" about Whit is himself—and he's that, clear through.

No, he sent no message. But the most complete, practical and splendid answer that could have been made to the German proposal, he made, as he finished reading the note.

On the side of the hill our airplane liaison agent had spread out his panel to indicate the battalion's position to the divisional planes that had been trying to drop message cylinders and even food within reach of the command. That panel was an equilateral cloth triangle, more than six feet long. Moreover, with the exception of a small black patch, it was white. The thought sprang into the colonel's mind that inclined as it was on comparatively open ground the big signaling device was probably visible in the Boche lines. And it was white! Messages and food were essential enough, God knows; but suppose the Germans mistook that panel for surrender! Whit ordered it taken in at once. That was his answer.

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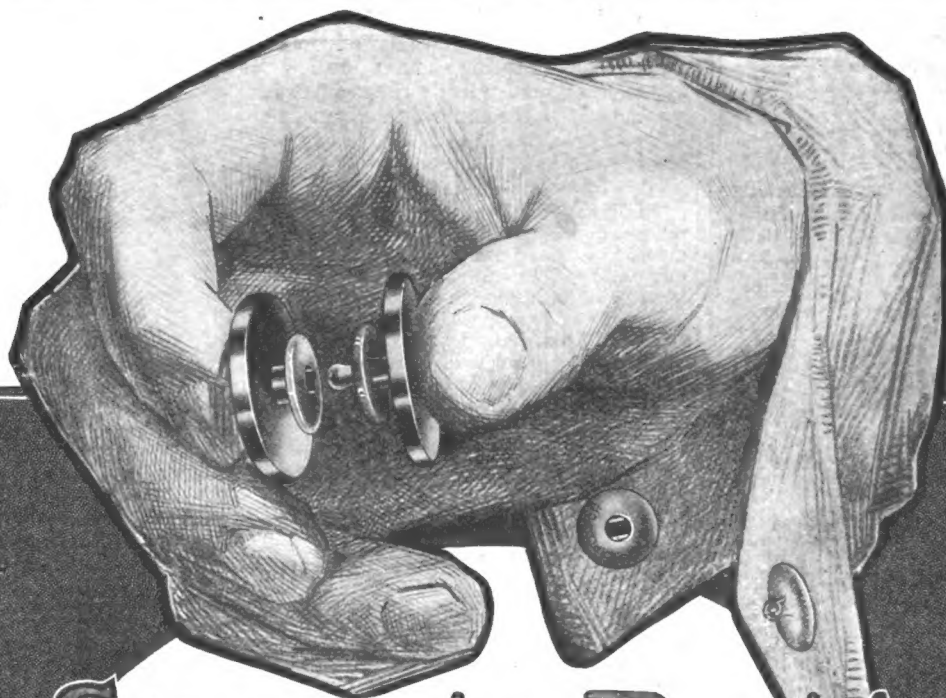
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